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# EMPIRE OF THE EAST

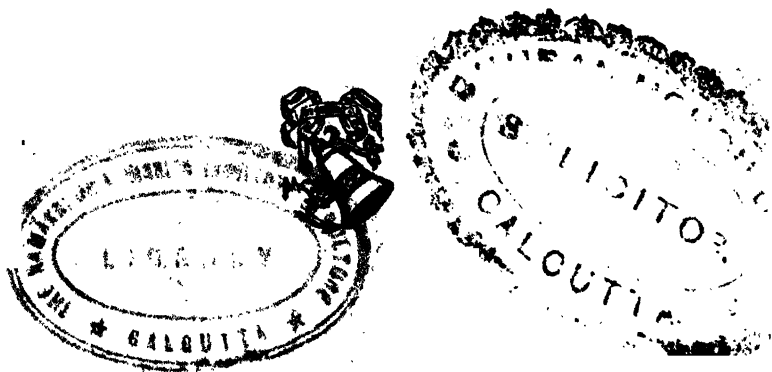
OR

## JAPAN AND RUSSIA AT WAR, 1904-5

BY

BENNET BURLEIGH

WAR CORRESPONDENT "LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH"



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## PREFACE

THIS is the story of my journey to, and residence in, the "Far East." It deals with the period of the Russo-Japanese War, 1904-5; narrates experiences therein; contains observations upon events, men, and manners; together with a forecast.

Examining and guarding myself, I have sought to set out naught but that which is true, well considered, and free from bias. To hold prejudice is as to nurse the quality of revenge—to entertain a spirit that, in man or nation, warps and dwarfs the judgment, wasting the blessed capacities of being. Nathless, this also I trust is right, that my first and best service is to place plainly before my countrymen whatever affects the welfare of the British Empire and the race.

THE AUTHOR.



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# EMPIRE OF THE EAST

## CHAPTER I

### A TALE OF A TRIP WITH A STORY

"WHAT think you of the state of affairs in the Balkans?" said the chief and his deputy to me, one day in October, 1903, in the Press palace, Peterboro' Court, Fleet Street, London. "There is sure to be war! So hadn't you better be off, and on the spot?"

"No; I don't believe anything serious will take place there at present," I replied. "There are at least two powers too deeply interested, that will insist on preserving the peace. Other correspondents have gone thither, I know; but they will only have had a journey, and no more."

"Well, then, what about the Far East?"

"Ah, yes; the increasing friction between Russia and Japan is quite another affair. Conflict may occur there any day, for there appears no way out of the position but surrender by one or the other, or war."

I started two days later, a passenger on the

## EMPIRE OF THE EAST

Cunarder *Lucania*, *viâ* America, for the Far East. Wars that are inevitable may tarry, but they befall. Is not conflict the woof and warp of the web of life, and abiding peace but the dream of the idle nirvani? So to inform myself of the "setting," and to watch the terrible drama of war, I hurried from home. I have often said that there is "no royal road to learning but travel." Many voyagings have shown me that it would be well for the race if the youth of the nation, after having concluded their apprenticeship at the schools, universities, workshops, or fire-sides, were sent abroad to wander, for a year or more, in strange lands. They would find much food for thought, though they sometimes might have to go without victuals. Wisdom, like virtue, is often begotten of a reasonable degree of hungering.

It looks absurd, on the face of things, going to the West from England and the continent in order to get to the East. But *viâ* America was the surest route, for the journey eastward by the Siberian railway, despite the time schedule of sixteen to twenty days, was an uncertain quantity, often nearer thirty than twenty days. But surely the delays will be obviated, and unless there is some countercheck, the Russian Siberian railway through traffic system from Europe to the potential Far East will seriously affect future travel and trade by the Suez Canal to China and Japan. The portent vexed me, as it should all my countrymen; for are they not "Rulers of the Seas," and heirs of the promise of the twentieth century?

How long would our commercial supremacy remain, if Russia and America outstrip us, by linking themselves closer than we to the prodigious riches and markets of the East? On this subject I could weary, though perhaps not alarm public complacency. The seas are the great highways of the world ; but meanwhile, relative to land carriage, transport over water is slow. Is there no alternative for England but to continue her pug-mill round of affairs, and watch the slow decline of her commerce? I think there is, and that it best lies with a deal with France, or without if needed. And the alternative is, the construction of a railway along the southern shore of the Mediterranean, through Egypt, down and across Arabia, by steamer over the straits of Ormuz (mouth of Persian Gulf), thence by Persia, Beloochistan, India, North Tonkin, towards Hong-Kong.

There should be a branch *en route* to Singapore, so as to loop in Australasia. This should bring India within eight days of England, China within sixteen days, and Australia within twenty days of the homeland. A hair-brained scheme? Not a bit. It is but four days even now to Egypt; and you can train from Quetta to Mandalay. Egypt and India would do their share, and I have reason to know that Australasia would not be slack. What more is wanted? That the Government, which has spent hundreds of millions on wars—and where are the assets?—should take up the matter. A guarantee of a few millions a year to provide interest on stock—

millions which would be as profitably invested as the Suez Canal shares—would secure the building and completion of what would ever remain as the greatest work of the world, binding the past to the present, to civilization and progress, with bars of steel. But I transgress ; to many this is dull reading.

Once more to the great Atlantic ferry. It was past mid-October, and an unkindly summer had let the leaves get nipped from the trees when I left London. The turgid Mersey was troubled when the *Lucania* left Liverpool, wind and waves jostling in mad revel upon and beyond the bar. Men, and e'en huge ships, are but as dust when the forces of Nature make riot. By plummet we have found the bottom of the sea, but we have not yet fathomed all its mysteries. Upon the *Lucania* were many passengers ; but the one I most readily recall was the droll Mr. Lucy, "Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*. Of course you never forget the captain of the steamer you cross by, and none the less so when he happens to be a Scotchman. A ship is a microcosm, under a beneficent despotism, where people happily put themselves on their best behaviour towards one another, and to themselves. Wherefore is it so ? Is it the waste of moving waters, the perils of the sea, or the prospect of the shortness of the voyage together, that makes for good behaviour all round ? And life at the best is only a brief scroll of days. Alack ! wouldn't existence be more of a charm, if the world round, ashore and afloat, the

amenities of life were always so assiduously cultivated! Utopia, on shipboard! Well, it is so; but it may have been because that the animal man was nicely lodged, regularly and sumptuously fed, that made us all so constantly courteous to each other. Was it sub-consciousness of our surroundings, or mere gusto of life that provided agreeable interchange of conversation, deck and cabin pastimes, and those social evenings whereat Mr. Lucy and others helped to instruct and amuse their fellow-voyagers of all classes? Yea, even the ladies most graciously wore their sweetest frocks, and on occasion appeared in "full war paint." And why? Not to snap and rival their sisters, or surely not (in nature so unfeminine a thing), to attract the male, most of whom prefer to see them without such trappings.

At last New York; but, oh, such a transformation! That aforetime noble bay, with its brood of islands, marred by a hideous background of lofty, unsightly buildings, packing-boxes piled to heaven, making a nightmare shore of dear Manhattan, and Brooklyn's heights. The magnificent bridges that span the East river are contaminated by their companionship. The very Tower of Babel had an excuse other • than greed of pelf, and could never have been so misshapen as these. I know America, like youth in all lands, is very sensitive to criticism. Yet one who hath both grandfathers buried upon its shores, and is further bound thereunto by other ties and disservices, may indulge in plain speaking. How

in the old days my eyes have been gladdened by New York's fair haven, Manhattan's glistening rocks and verdure shining between the North and East rivers! Lost now amid the ruck of untoward iron, brick, and masonry is the graceful curve of the "Battery," and all the verdant plots; whilst no longer conspicuous is "Trinity's" majestic brown stone spire—that spire which once dominated the lesser world of "Down-Town," and the thoroughfare of Broadway. Alas, poor Trinity! hid behind up-piled masses of Mammon, and the Battery dwarfed out of all apposite proportion. That circular, circus-shaped building by the Battery, the landing-place of the new-comer immigrants—what human tides have set thither from every land, and welled through its gates! Thence also creatures, filled with despair, with fear, with hope, with courage, and with high thoughts, have surged forth to irrigate a continent and bring great harvests. But this is reminiscent and history is waiting.

In America you miss the genial old-world Bonifaces, and with them most of the "hugger-mugger" of hotel life in Europe. Still, neither the "young man clerk," nor the vast lodging and feeding factories in the "States" make full amends for their absence. And under the woeful chill, and horrid shadows of thirty-story-high structures, vivacious New York "hustled." The people were brisk, the shops rich and brilliant, and most of the goods were as cheap as in London. And the ladies

the same as their mothers, soft, silken, and smart as kittens, brushing fearlessly along the streets, whisking their skirts as they turned, with a snap.

By rail I was whirled from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. We skirted great lakes and plains, boundless beyond vision, which kissed the horizon. Rivers and mountains interminable were passed. And so on we sped across the New World, past cities, villages, homes, and farms. Habitation, flower and fruit of vigorous life; over countless miles, where but yesterday, so to speak, were untenanted wilds, where aforetime passed but the Red Indian and wild herds. Yet farther afield, to Vancouver and other young sister cities fronting the Pacific, all rapidly growing in beauty and strength. Upon a Canadian ocean liner, the *Empress of Japan*, handsome and comfortable as a private yacht, was bridged the "Far East" and the "Far West." Relative terms, for which is east, and which is west, you ask oftentimes. At sea in latitude 180°, or thereby, you lose or gain a day in the calendar, as your ship is bound east or west. So America becomes your east, and Japan and China your west.

There were Japanese on board our good ship, for where nowadays do they not protrude—I will not say intrude? We had lost a poor sailor overboard early on our voyage, and it was one of the Japanese gentlemen who said to me—they are ever on the alert—"Cannot the passengers do something for the family, or for those dependent on the poor



fellow?" And my Japanese millionaire friend was right, and at the fortuitous moment; so as religion consists not only in striving to be good, but to do good, I broached the matter after church service in the saloon, and we were enabled to take up a goodly collection for the drowned sailor's dependents. Heavens, how the man had struggled for nigh a quarter of an hour in the chill waters, ere waving his hand in good-bye to us, he sank engulfed in the sea! It was passing the Aleutian Islands, which, as beads upon a string, stretch between the two continents, one realized how, at some remote period, the hardy, adventurous fishermen of Japan and Manchuria won across the ocean, and became the Red Indians of the American continent. But the ancient "Mound Builders," and the monumental constructors of the farther south, came doubtless from some other stock. So in due time, with many fancies and speculations, by the way, we sighted far Japan, through haze; hills, islets, and stretch of flat brown shore. Steaming into the spacious, busy harbour of Yokohama, we dropped anchor. Away upon the right spreads the wide bay and shallow waters whereupon looks Tokyo, the capital. Thanks to the kindness of that afore-mentioned Japanese gentleman, I was helped ashore in a steam launch, hustled through the custom-house, and within two hours of my landing was snug in a room in the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, admirably managed, of course, by a German-Swiss.





## CHAPTER II

### JAPAN, THE JAPANESE, AND CAUSE OF QUARREL

PRETTY, quaint, and picturesque are the chief characteristics of Japanese scenery. And the same might be said of the natives. Beautiful, handsome, and imposing, according to European and American conception, are terms which can be but rarely employed in Japan. But my restrained generalization is not meant to minimize everything in Mikado land, or to detract from the glory of snow-capped Fuji-yama, the grandeur of a few districts, or the loveliness of the inland sea. It is borne in you at once that you are in a strange country. There are the Oriental faces, the curiously garbed people, the doll's-house-style size of the dwellings, the singularly printed and garish-painted notices and signboards, the obsequious courtesy of the natives to each other, all cause wonder. Here were multitudinous contrasts to life outside of the East; egoism, in no narrow sense; ready adaptability, and vaulting ambition, linked with capacity for perseverance, in a yellow race. New problems being thrust in the face of the rest of the world.

Of the beginnings of Japan something ; but not much. Of belated Malay origin, probably, are the Japanese, and kin to the race, mayhap, that spread over North Europe, until cleared off by the white branches of the Aryan family. They claim a higher antiquity than a descent from Adam, for their first Mikado, or Emperor, Jimmu, B.C. 660, was offspring of the Sun-goddess Ama-terasu. And to-day, if ignorance and adulation have any weight, his descendant, the reigning Mikado, is still a god in Japan. In truth, custom hath so ordered it still, that no one must look down upon the Mikado, but regard him from a lower place than that upon which the Emperor happens to be. To China, Korea, and India they owe the earlier arts, and Buddhism, if not their older belief, Shintoism, or ancestor worship. But exact creeds do not thrive in Japan, and the spirit of the sectary appears quite foreign to their nature. They have jumbled together, for their own convenience, Shintoism and Buddhism, and in their temples and walhalla they have thousands of gods and heroes. Yet they seem to need them all, and more, for they don't hesitate to laugh at those they have got. Throughout their history they appear to have been a creditably truculent, aggressive people, as why shouldn't they, with so fine a feudal nursery system? Therefore "Bushido," or "military-knights-ways," is held to be the soul of Japan. 'So the modern Japanese has no religion, no system of rewards or punishments, but is only taught to revere

the past and admire the deeds of the Samurai, the fighting-men. Their legendary heroes are far more numerous and did more wonderful deeds than any we can boast of in Europe. And as for outlaws like Robin Hood, and Rob Roy, we are nowhere. At one period of their history, the Ainos, a white race, inhabited half of Japan. But the Ainos appeared to have had no other social system than the small family group, petty communistic circles, and they were gradually absorbed and pushed out by the Japanese. In the far northern islands a few Ainos still dwell, unable to defend themselves from raid, or abduction, by their neighbours.

It required no long residence in Tokyo to discover that the Japanese had made, and were pushing, preparations for war. The disposition of the nation is ever to repay all militant debts, if other obligations go hang. In that sense they had paid back more than once both China and Korea, and they cherished an abiding enmity against Russia for taking Saghalien, and other acts, besides the seizure of Port Arthur. And to think, as our officials on the spot knew full well, that the British fleet had but to enter **Port Arthur**, when the Russians would have withdrawn without firing a shot! Undue timidity, as much as truculence, brings about wars. Shortly after my arrival in Tokyo, I wrote that the Japanese preparations were so thorough, though there were no outward signs thereof, that within a very few hours of an order being given, troops

could be embarked, and the navy could clear for action.

Tokyo, with its two million or more of a population, covers a large area of ground, but that is owing to the number of one-story houses. Earthquakes have been too violent and frequent to warrant the erection of higher buildings. And wood is almost the only material used. Even their temples are made of it—columns, marvellously carved overhanging roofs, and all. But several of the Government buildings have been built of brick and stone, not merely of wood faced with cement and plaster. The Tokyoians and their rulers are trying to catch up and keep in step with the forward features of modern civilization. They have water, gas, and the electric light laid on; the milkman and the postman come to your door; there are electric trams in the streets, and telephones in most of the houses. Truly, all very wonderful in a people who kept themselves secluded for over two hundred years from the outer world. Entry into their country was only forced in 1853-54, by the American expedition under Commodore Parry. I hark not back to earlier days of navigators' visits, of St. Francis Xavier and the Roman Catholic missions, or the massacres, and suppression of Christianity. The feudal system was only abolished in 1871, the wearing of swords interdicted in 1876, and their constitution promulgated in 1889. So they have not been idle. In nearly every sphere

of activity the old order hath given place to the new. Except, however, in the newer industries, such as engineering and the manufacture of certain foreign articles, the artisans use quite archaic tools.

Parks, gardens, tea-houses, and theatres are of old, but the modern clubs, for peers, for commoners, are new institutions. In the principal club in Tokyo, of an evening, British, Americans, French, Germans, Italians, Russians, and other nationalities, together with Japanese, foregather to lounge, to read, to play billiards, to exchange politenesses, to hear and learn what the little birds have to say; there ministers of state, attachés, and officials, often among them Baron Rosen, the Russian representative, to bow, to smile, to chat, and show an unclouded front to the world. Life ran its daily course there as elsewhere, often tumbling through queer channels. The East, though its ways are usually the reverse of our own, has some strange similitudes with the customs of the West. But that which first impresses is the prevailing topsy-turvydom. If they can, they do things upside-down fashion, or, at any rate, with the left hand. They build the roof of the house before making the walls, mount a horse from the off side, have words for plain, and others for honorific use, unto the discarding of the verbs, including "to be" and "to have." A Japanese does not say, "I am hungry," but, "The honourable the stomach is empty."

That a war with Russia was hoped for, and would be popular, there was no gainsaying.



Patriotism swelled with every heart-beat, and their intense race pride, which had been sorely ruffled at the brusque nature of the Russian progress in Manchuria, fretted at the patient forbearance of their own Government. In certain quarters they denounced their own ministers as traitors, and threatened them with death. And all because these officials hesitated, and strove to avert war. I had at times doubts whether the authorities would be able to hold their own people's hands, if there should be no campaign against Russia. For such a struggle Japan had by no means so many disadvantages as most imagined. Russia had rather less than three times the population of Japan, giving the latter about fifty millions. And Japan's millions, men and women, were educated, settled in compact masses, not sparsely spread over a wide expanse of territory. Altogether Japan was far more mobile than Russia, and her means and position enabled her to throw her whole strength into the field with little waste of time. But the beginning of this whole "Far East" trouble? Why should I be writing round the subject? Wherefore Russia, Japan, Germany, France, England, America, and the other nations, with territory, settlements, and capitulations in China? but that they may the more quickly and surely share in the wealth and spoliation of the largest and richest country on earth, with the greatest, most peaceable and industrious population: to wit, China.

It was the time of the rice harvest. Happily, there was a bountiful crop. The little fields and paths were thronged with natives—men, women, and children, as seen upon screens and fans, but these were alive and real, and busily gathering with their hands the clustering sprays of grain. And behold crops yet green were growing in little beds of tawny and black loam. Late plum and other blossoms laid glorious blobs of colour upon the landscape, whilst rows of many bright-hued chrysanthemums quizzically bobbed and nodded, as if instinct with the mannerism of the land. There was the hum of work, of harvest and plenty, in the air, the delightful time—and still Japan, for the very crows put the “k” at the end of their call, crying in amorous glee, “Aw—awk.” The conical and rounded hills bristled with timber, mainly pines, but there were maples and oaks, their leaves burnished with autumn’s richest crimson. The fat oozy fields of the plain, and the terraced patches upon the hill-sides, whereupon giant, snow-mantled Fuji looked down, were full of harvesters, who stooped low as, with knife in hand, they cut close by the roots the spreading grain. Boys and girls gathered upon the higher ground alongside the fields, there beat the grain from the ears, and bound the straw into sheaves. Hand cultivation is still the rule, the spade and the hoe, and the chief article of diet, rice. If they would drain off their “paddy” fields and grow other grain than rice, it would rid the land of

mephitic odours and fevers, and the change of diet would probably do more for them than medicines and some forms of Western civilization. This more, Japan is by nature a country any race might be proud to own, and even as things are, there is much for Westerners to learn and to turn from.

Enough was seen in the late Chinese war to gauge the respective character and value of the Allied Powers' respective troops. It was notorious that the Russians were slack, that the discipline, fidelity, and fervour of the Japanese was perfect. A Japanese sailor who had lost the use of his limbs was being commiserated with, "Poor fellow! ah! my poor fellow, I pity you!" "You may well do so," the Tar answered, "inasmuch I am no longer able to fight for my Emperor and Japan." Another brave and only child was killed. The parents were made aware of their loss; instead of bewailing, they said, "How fortunate!" And at inquiry of surprised exclamation, they replied, "We mean he might have died at home like other people; but no, he has fallen in battle for the Emperor and Nippon." Yea, the world is very round, and men so human. In story and song, from the old days down, noble self-sacrifice, prompted by the spirit of race-mastery, or by better things? That the Japanese army was all right, I speedily concluded, though there was something to be desired—the shaking off the antiquated German close formation, and better shooting. Knowing the Russians to be badly

officered and careless, despising their relatively pigmy foemen, I said that they should remember history showed that neither the centaurs nor the giants were the ultimate victors, but men.

The negotiations between the two disputants entered upon the final stage. Japan demanded that, within a given date Russia should give certain securities with respect to China, but more particularly as to Korea. Russia's conquests and arrival on the Pacific, her acquisition of Vladivostok, but increased her craving for access to the more open southern seas. She engaged in enterprises in Korea and cast eyes on the convenient ports of Mukpo and Masampo, on the south of that peninsula. The possession of either would have lessened Japan's grip upon the Korean Strait and facilitated the acquisition of the whole Hermit kingdom.

## CHAPTER III

### THE REAL JAPAN—A LAND OF CONTRASTS—THE MIKADO'S SOLDIERS

ANY description of a country and its fifty millions, who in themselves are an exceptional race, attempted to be made in a volume must at best be but scrappy work. It is much as if you were to let the word "England" stand for all that there is within and without that potent group of seven letters. So as I see, clearly or otherwise, I will further outline the characteristic features of this Far East, and touch in some of the local colour. Westerners, such as we of the "Isles of the Sea," appear liable to the infection of "likes" and "dislikes" to strange places and faces. Tonics have to be taken at the earliest stages of that disease, for they are of little use once it establishes itself. Now, Japan is neither a paradise, as it has been painted by enthusiasts at fever heat, nor is it the reverse, as some misanthropes declare. Yet, if any of us could claim it as a birth-place, or talk of it as if it were a part of the empire, we should be justly proud of the country. Land and people combine to make up a picture replete

with novel quaintness, winsome prettiness, sweetness, real grandeur, and gladsome surprises. That its beauteous scope of seas, rivers, lakes, mountains, and vales are to the Japanese-born as a lifelong enchantment is, once seen, easily understood. That custom, blood-warmth, and their simple, joyous home lives give them innate pride and intense love of country is also, doubtless, very natural. Quite recently there were army manœuvres, held not far from Kobe, an important place on the Inland Sea, at which the Emperor attended, and tens of thousands of troops engaged in mimic warfare. These operations were mostly conducted within the proscribed area, but I have seen some excellent snapshot photographs taken by a French gentleman, who had permission to carry a midget camera into the district. From this and from later information I am able to confirm what I have elsewhere said of the fitness, efficiency, and spirit of the Japanese soldiers. They march well; their transport and commissariat arrangements are as good as our best, and their cheerfulness and spirit are native. Their cavalry is better than is commonly supposed, and their infantry, machine-gun detachments, and field artillery are ample and well trained. Whether with their fineness of finish, and what to Westerners are their rather "finnicky" ways of doing most things, they will withstand the rough shock of war with Russia, and not pass into hopeless confusion, remains to be tested. One thing they have just done that

ordinarily counts for infusing vigour—they have issued new regulations reducing the limit of age when officers of the army must pass into the retired list. But age is not always discreetly counted by years, and in Japan everybody is classed as a year old when born. So field-m Marshals, by their computation, must be cut off the active list at sixty-five years of years, lieutenant-generals at sixty-two, major-generals at fifty-eight, colonels at fifty-five, lieutenant-colonels at fifty-three, majors at fifty, captains at forty-eight, and lieutenants at forty-five years of age. But field-m Marshals who are members of the “Supreme Military Council” do not come under the above age limit. Would there not be congratulations, that would drown the groans of the few, if such regulations were issued in the British service ?

The organization of the Japanese army but dates from 1868. For nearly two hundred years the mikados have been but puppets in the hands of the shoguns. When they were deposed from power, the formation of a modern and up-to-date army was begun. The great Satsuma Rebellion occurred in 1877, yet by that time the Mikado’s Government was able to collect 15,000 of the new troops, and within a month the force was increased to 20,000 men. In 1894 the peace establishment mustered 67,000 men, and in the same year, ere the war broke out with China, it amounted to 100,000. Of late it has been largely modelled and trained on the

German system. They have conscription—first, of men who have reached the age of twenty, who serve three years in the standing army; secondly, they are placed in the First Reserve for four years and a half, and in the Second Reserve for three years, which means that they are liable to be called upon for service for a period of ten and a half years. Those in the First and Second Reserve are, however, only liable in time of peace to be called up for ninety days' drill each year. Besides this, there is a national army, composed of men between twenty and forty, who have finished the Reserve Army Service, and untrained men who, for some reason, have never performed military service. Both these last-named classes have been drawn upon during the present war. The Japanese divisions are units in themselves, and correspond somewhat to our corps. Their peace strength affords little real indication of what they can be, and have been, swollen to in time of war. On a peace footing the division consists of two brigades, each having two regiments, and these having each three battalions made up of four companies; one cavalry regiment of three squadrons, each subdivided into four troops. The squadron's peace strength is 5 officers and 135 men. The war strength of a cavalry regiment is 17 officers and 416 men; one artillery regiment of two battalions, each of these containing three 6-gun batteries; one R.E. battalion of three companies; one transfer

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battalion of two companies, and, when mobilized, the division further has a re-mount depôt, a télégraph depôt, a medical depôt, seven ammunition trains, and six field hospitals.

The war department, which is of some interest to us in connection with our own, is run under five heads—the principal, for military affairs ; the second, personal ; the third, administrative ; the fourth, judicial ; and the fifth, medical. I have placed them in their order of importance according to Japanese notions.

Of their infantry a good deal will appear later on. Little fault can be found with either the men or the thoroughness of their training, except that the German system of close formation is being found out as more or less unsuitable for modern warfare.

Their cavalry, both in peace and the early stages of the war, was barely worth attention. The men at best are but poor riders, and the “screws” were unfit for either scouting or troopers’ work. As to the veterinary department little need be said, for it has hardly passed the threshold of the farrier’s remedies stage.

The war strength of an infantry company is 5 officers and 250 non-commissioned officers and men. Their magazine-rifle weighs 8 lb. 9½ oz., the bayonet 13 oz. The length of the rifle is 4 ft. 2½ in., its calibre 0.256. The knife or sword-bayonet they carry is 1 ft. 3½ in. The magazine is loaded by

means of a clip which carries five rounds, it has an initial velocity of 2,300 foot-seconds, and is sighted from 400 to 3,000 metres. A soldier carries 120 rounds of ball cartridge in the field, the battalion transports 100 rounds, and the ammunition column 100. In training, recruits fire 80 rounds, and efficient soldiers 60 rounds of Morris tube cartridges annually. Besides that, they fire 125 rounds of ball cartridge at fixed and moving targets.

That powerful arm, their artillery, which has done so much to win them battles during the war, has a peace establishment of 13 divisional regiments and 2 brigades, each containing 3 regiments. A field-artillery regiment has 42 officers and 665 men. A battery mobilized for service has 5 officers, 198 men, and 146 horses. They use guns of both French and German pattern, but chiefly the latter. Their field-guns are something between our 12- and 15-pounders. The powder is very little different, if any, from the same material employed in Europe, though claimed as of Japanese invention. They maintain the strictest secrecy about their guns; on the march they screen them with canvas coverings, and allow no strangers to inspect them. Even in the case of guns of well-known Krupp manufacture they have warned off people who were going forward to look at them.

By the way, the chief Japanese arsenals, military and naval, are at Tokyo, Osaka, Yokuska, Kure, Sasebo, Maizuna, and Ujina, with second-class

ports at Takashiki, "Tshushima," Keelung, "Formosa," the Pescadores, Omanito, and Hakodate.

After the manœuvres in the autumn of 1903, travellers passing through Japan saw very few soldiers. Where were all those tens of thousands of smart little men bestowed? In the capital and near the big garrisons you occasionally met one or two. From their peaked caps to their substantial, well-made dark blue jackets and trousers, braided with red or yellow, and their perfectly kept up-to-date weapons and accoutrements, they seemed fit and serviceable for war. Of course, they also have their "swagger" regiments, for there are troopers and others who disport red breeches and light jackets or tunics. Only once in a while young fellows were to be met in a railway train or hurrying to or from some station, each carrying a little bundle of clothing. Of the twenty thousand troops reported as stationed in Tokyo little outward trace was discernible, the men were kept very close in out-of-the-way barracks. And the same applied to other ordinarily military-frequented towns. An impression was soon borne in upon me that the Japanese army was conveniently quartered in large bodies, where they could be quietly further trained, and at the same time be handy for eventualities. Japan, with her excellent means of water transport, supplemented by rail communication, could move vast bodies of troops from point to point of her territory very rapidly, or, if need be, within a day

could land an army corps in Korea, and follow that up with another like shipment in a few hours. The nearness of her coast to that neighbour, and her large mercantile steam marine, put that feat quite within her power. And, in the case of war, one knew that, very properly, Japan would not stick at embarking five or even ten times the "regulation" number of soldier passengers upon so short a voyage. Have I not swarmed into coal and ballast trucks with guardsmen and linesmen both in the Soudan and South Africa?

An incident to illustrate their alertness: a German sought to charter a Japanese steamer to convey a cargo for him to take freight to or from, I believe, Tientsin. He came up to Tokyo about the matter, where I saw him, and he was very wroth because they declined to let him have a steamer. The reason assigned, and it was quite true, was that the Government, under their terms of subsidy and contract, had ere then notified all the steamship companies that no charters involving the sending of Japanese steamers out of home waters could be granted without express consent of the authorities. And for good reason, the Japanese Government had not only kept the fleets in actual readiness, but had the whole of the large coast and ocean-going marine of the country in leash. But possibly other ground existed for declining to charter a steamer to the German, who was the secretary of a largely English-owned Chinese colliery. There may have

been an unfounded suspicion that the craft might have been employed to carry coal to Port Arthur, or that in the event of war she would have fallen as a prize to the enemy. That the Japs are a most "knowledgeable" people there can be no question. I mean, they are both astute and cautious, qualities they manage to combine with courage. How Oriental their patience has been, and how closely and wisely they kept their own counsel during the vexed negotiations with Russia and China, only those who were living in Tokyo fully understand.

To turn back to the troops who disappeared after the manœuvres. With as little fuss and as much discreet silence as was possible, the soldiers were marched away to various wayside stations. Then the regular running of the train service, but not the mail portion, was suspended for a few days, and throughout all the hours the troops were whirled away to their several destinations in "specials." Very few were transported by steamer. So far as I could gather, most of the soldiers were conveyed to the south. And all was done in such a manner as to avoid display. Here and there I had managed to see what I knew was the drilling of recruits and reservists. A patriotic ferment of mind possessed the masculine youth of the country. Schoolboys and college lads were more concerned in graduating from awkward squads and passing through the whole curriculum of company drill than in acquiring distinction in the milder arts. As

Japan has so considerable a population, the majority of whom, be it noted, are males, if she put forth her full strength for a whole-hearted fight, that must mean the capacity for sending an enormous army into the field, far larger than already spoken of—one fit to rival the forces of the big Powers, for she, too, could place the nationhood in arms.

If it were not, perhaps, for the rattle, for the glitter, for the colour, for the drums, or some supposed or real gain, most people would taboo even the name of war and wallow in cloying peace. And how will you have it with Japan and the Japanese? Their story, like that of countries I wot of nearer home, has been mainly the handling of good swords—a history of blows and knocks rather than a poesy pastoral. Yet Japan is the land of jocund nature *in excelsis*, where they have prodigal panorami, processions, not Lord Mayors' Shows, and make national festivals in honour of flowers, including the abundant, beloved, and gorgeous wisteria, and the cherry-blossom, in its season. Japan has had more or less—if you will have it so, more—innate reason for unrest than have had the fierce tribesmen of any other mountain-land. Nature herself here sets most unruly example. She suffers from the "shakes," and is rarely free of a fit of the shivers. In her dire throes buildings are thrown down and cities are wiped out by the uprising of waters, and the landscape of a district is changed beyond recognition in less time than it

takes to head a charity subscription. Several shocks occurred during my first month, though not violent ones, but I won't complain. It is small wonder that the natives prefer to live in single-story houses, and that their choicest type of architecture lies in huge and magnificent gateways. But Western audacity has introduced new buildings of brick and stone, some of which are four stories in height. They would be all right if they were constructed upon the solid steel, bridge-girder type, but they are not. When earthquakes are heaving hills about and shaking houses down I prefer residence in a single-story Japanese dwelling. It is easier, I am told, and less disastrous, though perhaps not so impressive, to scurry, even crab-fashion, out of a doorway, or to vault out of the window of a first floor, than to take a harlequin flyer from a fourth, landing with part of the glazier's sash round your shoulders.

It is a crowded country, this Great Britain of the East, full of the complex human nature of the Orient. Towns and villages are numerous, and they are closer together than anywhere in England. They are still of two orders—the whimsically native habitations and, almost cheek by jowl, the modern European style; grim buildings, wide, straight thoroughfares, electric tram-cars, and all fenced within and without with gaunt, lofty, smoky factory chimneys. Though their modes are not as ours, their craftsmen are clever and their workmanship

is often superb. In agriculture they are unequalled their fields are kept like gardens, their furrows are without a flaw, straight and evenly heaped. And yet all is done by hand labour, by hoe and spade. It was in Yokohama that I saw the first Chinese woman walking out-of-doors. She was mincing along in a pair of blue-coloured shoes of an English baby's first size, No. 0, going upon the tips of her toes like a young deer—or a goat. The sight of her cramped feet sent a thrill through me from my toenails to the roots of my hair, as I recalled the pang of, ah! so many weary walks with misfit boots. I deplore that atrocious custom of the Flowery Land, but I cannot reproach them, for there is a fashion of dress affected by the sister sex in Europe and America even more hurtful to the body. But the Japanese men and women go afoot free. The wear of wooden pattens or sandals is general, and the great toe, even when a sock is worn, is so gloved that it can be slid into place to carry the cross-cord. Thus accoutred, men and women waddle about upon high or upon low pattens, their gait crimped and halting. But as neither shoes nor sandals are permissible indoors, in the clean-matted Japanese homes, where the floors serve for chairs, tables, and beds, they often go barefoot or in stockinged feet.

Woman's sphere and limitations are even more clearly defined in Japan than in Germany. Her mission here is to be courteous and to smile upon the slightest excuse. And she fulfils her part to



perfection. He surely was a rude and untruthful fellow who wantonly said that "there was not a blush in a whole school of them." And he may have been but a bounder who interjected, "Don't you believe him, I know better than that." But I leave the contention. Woman has employment, as in France and elsewhere, to guard at the small sidings and gateways at railway crossings, and as we said of the lady nurses in another connection in South Africa, "She does her duty nobly, and carries the signal-flag like a poem." But dignified manners and courtesy is of this people's very marrow. Even the toddling babies in the street greet you with a grave bow, and have more of the graces of politeness than nine-tenths of so-called society in Europe. These big, little folks, the Japanese, with their mastery of the art of making gardens and grounds quaintly beautiful, doing all with such a rare grace and subtlety of touch, disclosing new possibilities, leave a feeling of admiration and sweetness in the mind. But my limbs will never, I fear, lend themselves to dining comfortably from dishes laid beside me on the floor, to be eaten with the treacherous aid of chop-sticks. Nor do I hope ever to become native to their *recherché* yellow plum pickles, eaten early and late by many Japanese. It is reputed that they can be kept for a hundred years, and improve, so biting is their sourness. I doubt not that they would keep for ever in England, and my youth has not been so misspent, nor am I so far sunk in

decadence, that I prefer vinegar to sweets in the mouth. And, "lastly," as I have often heard remarked in my younger days, there is gaiety amongst all classes, and laughter, often enough "holding both her sides," is heard in vivacious Japan. Let the lugubrious philosophers or fools deride laughter as they will, it is withal most human of sounds and delightful to hear in strange lands, where that third part of language—speech—is meaningless jargon. Way-down the picturesque, half-goblin, half-fairy, afforested hillside, from a tea-garden set out with rock-work, bridges, fountains, and flowers, from porticoes and pavilions, come the tinkle of ancient music and the merriment of girls' voices. They are always making holiday, and there are many visitors in the brilliant garden, dawdling or joying at the swings. And the girls and the women, as ever and everywhere, are full of gambols and graces. Their very hen-toed gait—due, it is said, to the cut and scantiness of their skirts—has a charm of its own. Is it that she is always acting to please—not her sisters, but our ruder sex? Anyhow, she has that knack, and ever gambols, unless her blood has been stagnated by the Salts of Sorrow. And as there may be many hours in a day, I went one afternoon to the theatre. They are open from ten a.m. till ten p.m., the performance going on all the time. The Japanese go with their families and squat upon the floor of pit or gallery, each little group in a boxed-off square of some five feet across, divided

from their neighbours by enclosing boards about eight inches high. Therein they smoke, make tea, eat, dress the babies occasionally, and take them out upon the rarest of rare occasions when they need spanking. It was the old style of theatre, where woes and mirth are represented with great deliberation, and the actors usually sit to tell the most prolix parts. There was a depth of grief about the maunderings of the young fireman hero that recalled an inscription upon one of my Greek knives, "I leaned against a tree, and recounted my sorrows, and the tree withered and died because of my tears." I came away after an hour of it. Yet the show was not without merit. But, alack! the correct mummer voices, by the book, in old Japan is to have it thrown out, rough and hawking deep. They strain and squeeze like a *prima donna* fetching a top note, and deep respect is won by the owner of the profoundest croaking. There was one of the actors, the hero, of course, who had such a terrible, rough, raucous voice that if he had shouted up a chimney he would have swept it clean by bringing down all the soot.

## CHAPTER IV

### SEEKING INFORMATION—AND ADVENTURE—CHINA AND MANCHURIA

FEW things are done in a hurry in the East, except the rising and the setting of the sun. The negotiations seemed likely to be prolonged, for your "political" pins his faith for salvation on palaver and paper. No politician can conduct a successful revolution or bring any war to a happy issue. It needs men of different mould and metal, as those who trusted to Alexeieff have probably found out. So, while the statesmen exchanged communications, I left Tokyo to see what was really taking place elsewhere. Japan is not Lilliput, but when you travel upon a metre-gauge railway, and in sleeping-cars where the bunks fit too much, and the doors compel you to squeeze through, you realize, well, that things are different. It is a tiresome journey to go by rail from the capital to the south, despite all the attractions of scenery and the novelty of much seen by the way. By steamer, only bad weather can mar the round of what is one of the prettiest water trips in the world. The speed of

the trains is but thirty miles an hour and less. You see something of the life and "activities" of the people as you jolt and roll along over steel rails and girder-span bridges. A new Japan, springing up and overlaying the older and more picturesque land. Midway are two go-ahead places, Osaka, a manufacturing city with smoking chimneys, a Manchester, and perhaps more, of the future, and its neighbour Kobe, an important seaport, where there are often lying hundreds of sailing craft and two score of ocean-going steamers. Thence on to Shimonoseki, where, upon a small steam ferry, you pass over the narrow strait that separates the mainland Hondo from Kyushu island, to Moji. Again you entrain there, and are wheeled to Sasebo, Nagasaki, or wherever is your destination. Nagasaki, to which I subsequently proceeded, is situated at the head of what the Scotch would call a loch. It is finely enclosed by bold hills, but the flora, the atmosphere, and the placidity of the place are all sub-tropical, and not as "'Yont the Tweed," "stern and wild," where the air is so laden and strong that it does not float insidiously into your lungs, but you have to worry and bite it off by mouthfuls.

I left Nagasaki for Dalny, once better known as Talien-Wan, on the Russian steamer *Argun*, which runs in connection with the Russo-Siberian Railway trains. That railway was, of course, the cause of much of the trouble, for it was distinctively a Russian Government undertaking, constructed and

run under their control. To guard its unthreatened mileage—for the Chinese are awake to the utility of railroads—about 80,000 troops were put in Lower Manchuria. Where we English would have put a brakesman and a guard, a Russian train is equipped with a uniformed company of such servants who are soldiers; and by the side of the track, every two or three miles, there are large blockhouses and military quarters, with a sentry on guard with rifle and fixed bayonet as gangster or signalman. The steamship *Argun* was a well-found steamer, with a good Russian table, including *ad lib.* Government-guaranteed vodka, free at meals. Ah! the good old days of steamship companies, British in particular, when even the P. and O., and others, served strong drink free, are gone; no matter! Vodka, as an appetiser, is pernicious, and only a passable substitute for "Scotch" later on. There is about as little graciousness and welcome extended to strangers upon a Russian mail packet as upon the most "haughty" of the ancient British services, and it is largely owing to human weakness and craving for sympathetic attentions that the Germans, by their excessive politeness, are securing the monopoly of the Eastern passenger traffic. One ceases to wonder thereat when uniformed officers of our own mercantile marine who have attained the rank of "third" won't speak with or notice common cabin passengers. The Russians had a considerable fleet of excellent steamers plying

in connection with their new trans-Continental Siberian route to Europe. They ran to and from ports in Japan and China to Dalny and Vladivostok. Direct trade with Port Arthur was not encouraged.

This, to the credit of Holy Russia, they strive at no half-measures. If they covet a country, or a township, or a house, they will, if they can, reach out and take it without a blush of febrile self-consciousness. A case I wot of. At Dalny a merchant had an eligible site, whereon was his place of business. It had cost him about \$1,500 for the land. He got, as an act of grace, \$300 for it, buildings and all, and an official put his own residence afterwards upon the property. But such incidents are too common for comment, and I fancy that particular merchant, by ready acquiescence, afterwards got his turn to "fleece" in another direction. Certainly he is growing wealthy, for he never fails to make the customary tribute of rich presents to the official heads. Corruption in the form of percentages upon articles ordered, and in the still worse shape of non-delivery of goods to be paid for, is common to Russian officialdom. These minor matters apart, Russia did strive might and main to ensure the success of her great adventures in Manchuria. The railroad and the ports, by means of which she trusted to control the trade of the West that was worth having with the much-peopled East, were being put into admirable order. I wrote letters of warning to all outside Russia to pay instant heed



COAST BATTERY, PORT ARTHUR : RUSSIAN.

[*Tr. fac. p. 36.*





to the situation that would be created if the control of China, with its teeming millions and the best trade of the East, passed into the grip of that supremely autocratic northern Power. Hague Convention notwithstanding, there was no discussion, no appeal, from her methods and plans, even when they happened to strike at the subjection of others' rights—except to force, as a remedy. Russia had spent twenty millions, if a penny, in Manchuria, and she had engaged in further lavish outlay to secure her in permanent possession. If there is vigour or patriotism left south of St. Petersburg and in the British Isles—for France seems not to care that the fleet of the “Messageries Maritimes” is decadent, and passing from the East—millions enough will be found to build a new iron line into China. It will be the best security for the “open door,” a portal not Russian, that, like a trap, only permits of entrance one way, but one that shall swing free on really business hinges. A feasible route for a French-English line lies along the south shore of the Mediterranean, or from Port Said, through Arabia, across a rail ferry, along a strip of Persia, to join up with the Indian railway west of Quetta, whence there is now “all rail” connection to Mandalay. With up-to-date carriages, such as the Russians were not slack to build for Siberian travel, it would be throughout the year a far preferable route to that through Russia, and it should bring India within eight days of London. I

apologize for again referring to the subject, but it is one that demands energetic handling.

In the East, steamers that could do seventeen knots an hour elsewhere, dawdle on at ten. They need not altogether lay the blame upon the inferior quality of the Oriental coal, but upon the slackness and traditions of the old world. Such loitering is only excusable in steaming through the magnificent Inland Sea of Japan, which is grand enough to be an ocean avenue approach to the gates of Paradise. Off Sasebo, the *Argun* "slewed off" out of the way of a squadron of nine men-of-war. The Japs, as usual, were hard at work fighting a mimic action. They were certainly industrious, and the ships and crews were kept going at target-practice, laying mines, and other very warlike duties. All their ships—hulls and funnels—had been painted black, the only distinguishing mark being two white bands round the top part of their funnels. Later on I saw that the Russian warships had also all been painted black, but they had no distinguishing streaks upon their funnels. And still later on, upon my return to Japan, I noted that the Mikado's war vessels had housed their topmasts, cut away all the usual excrescences of woodwork, and turned most of the ship-boats over into the arsenals. And yet another significant sign of the coming war—the Japanese Government had given notice that they required all the dry docks in the country for the use of the fleet. Many of the warships had been

docked and cleaned, and all of them were discarding the smoky native fuel, and filling up their bunkers with Cardiff coal. Islands and islets, from lands the size of ducal dominions to rocks no bigger than a discarded monolith, bristle in these wondrous Japanese seas. No sooner were we clear of the coast of the country of chrysanthemums than, after a few hours' run through the blue icy waters of the Straits, the steamer began threading her way through the rock-bound Archipelagoes that lie like banks of beads about the Korean peninsula. Old and weather-worn as the land looks, it is, in some respects, a new country, and, if report and prospectus do not belie it, very rich in minerals as well as in timber. It was a two days' run by steamer to Dalny. The Russians were seeking to make it the commercial haven of Manchuria, whilst Port Arthur was to be their great naval arsenal. There are tawny waters as well as blue seas, which run like a mill-race between many of the Korean islands. Near Talien-Wan Bay I caught sight of the camps of the Russian soldiers, which had been placed there to prevent any enemy from landing and seizing the neck, at the other extremity of which is Port Arthur. Upon the range of hills to the left, entering Dalny, I saw a group of new batteries, designed to drive off any hostile fleet from the spacious harbour and anchorage. Dalny itself was a town of pretensions; there were houses and buildings, though but little trade, and no commercial

population. The place, however, is favourably situated, in many respects, for the founding of a city. Lying upon a relatively flat and open space, by the shore, the main terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, with plenty of fresh water to be had at hand, it only needs commerce and security to become an important centre of distribution, and probably of manufactures. Millions had been pocketed and spent upon its quays, sheds, docks, breakwaters, and miles upon miles of railway sidings, the rails being laid down to the ends of most excellently designed wharves. But Port Arthur merchants, although they had "under instructions" opened "branches" at Dalny, fought very shy of the place, and were content to leave the "office boy" alone in charge of the "firm's" interests. Although then but three years old, the red bricks in most of the official residences and barracks were showing signs of crumbling. The place appeared to be withering in its infancy. But the Russians did not mean to be beaten without a struggle whilst they could raise money. Were not all their officials personally and pecuniarily interested! Tens of thousands of coolies were therefore at work upon the docks, quays, sheds, fortifications, and other structures, creating them, or putting them into better order. Thousands of other labourers were equally busy digging out a cutting for the railway sidings, removing hills, making room enough for laying a score of tracks. Indeed, everything was being done upon a scale

sufficient for the docking and wharfage accommodation, and the train service of a big, flourishing metropolis. And the Government, not finding this enforced commercial development sprouting, or, at any rate, coming up fast enough, had just started a huge trading establishment of their own. It was placed under a convenient steamship-railway department, and in their stores were to be kept all manner of goods for sale and shipment, for import or export. They had steamers and a railway, and these must have freights ; so " We'll sell, come ye all and buy," is the Government invitation to merchants, traders, and everybody in that annexe of the Tsar's dominion. And thus does autocracy start a side concern upon a socialistic basis.

## CHAPTER V

### A VISIT TO PORT ARTHUR AND MUKDEN—UNREADY RUSSIA—WEAK POINTS IN THE DEFENCES

LAKES like Ontario and Erie, and their elder connections, can only be drawn off through a Niagara ; Russia, bigger, richer, and in other respects mightier than Japan, can only reach into Manchuria and the Far East through a small pipe, so to speak, the Siberian railway. Therein lies the explanation of many things, but not of the Muscovite folly not to have made every and any sacrifice to have avoided war until a more convenient epoch. Had they sat quiet, as sure as the avalanche descends into the plain, and the Arctic ice travels south, they would, in course of time, had there been no war with Europe, America, or Japan, at no distant date, have become the real masters, and not merely a "man in possession" of Korea and China. But fate and folly often travel hand-in-hand to the discomfiture of States and men.

The steamship *Argun* took up a berth alongside the quay wall at Dalny, whereon were a few railway trucks and carriages waiting for her freight and

mails. As for the costly mole, or breakwater, I was told it had done more harm than good, for although it stopped the waves from rolling in when the wind is in the wrong quarter, yet the barrier dammed the outward tidal flow of the ice in winter. It was spoiling the harbour, and an ice-breaker was becoming a necessity, as at Vladivostok. Port Arthur, but a little way off, has a natural harbour, land-locked, open all the year round. I had carefully provided myself with duly visèd passports and a few letters of introduction. The day before arriving, our passports were taken up with our tickets on the *Argun*. At Dalny, an official, who came off with others, re-examined the passports, and meanwhile Russian sentries, with the everlasting rifle and fixed triangular bayonet, came aboard and saw that no one entered upon, or left the steamer, without express police or military permission. I got my passport, and in due course got ashore, and made for the one reputed best and only hotel in the town, driving thither in a drosky. Well, in Russia, unless you are in uniform—and I was not even in kharki, though I had on a fur coat—you are a “nobody.” Everything and everybody bows and waits upon the “uniform,” the measure of obeisance being regulated by the insignia displayed by the wearer. A casual fellow-passenger, a foreigner of distinguished family, and I, were shown into semi-underground rooms, in which dirty paper hung in sheets from the foetid walls, and the outlook from



the filthy apartment was upon a going piggery. I talked, and he turned over the bedclothes of his apartment and fled, pursued, he said, out of the room. I thereupon proposed sleeping in the open for the night; but that the police don't allow, even had the frost permitted. So the end was the production of a potent "open sesame" rouble, and a double-bedded basement room just habitable. But why do I write all this? Were there not costly new and magnificent-looking hotels under construction, both in Port Arthur and Dalny, to be opened next year?

Two empires meet in Manchuria, and their representative races jostle in the thoroughfares, the elder and softer civilization yielding passage to the new-comer. Woe is us! In our vaunted newer order of things, we all know something of the bagmen and canvassers—those boorish jostlers of public and private peace, who so vexatiously hawk their manifold small wares; but it is the characteristic of the blouse-clad, cotton-wadded, flowing-garmented grass and cloth shod Chinaman to acquiesce without a blow in anything once it is done, for he reverences the established order of things. No Mohammedan more readily accepts events as *Kismet* than the average Chinaman. So, for the time being, the magazine rifle with the triangular bayonet, and the long-tailed military uniforms and jack boots of Russia, had it their own way. Yet foreigners of all races, everybody but Russians, disliked the change.

And the foreigners declared that trading could be done on wider, safer, and better lines with the Chinese, plus even the mandarins, than with the untoward Russian officials. Another item, not a foreigner among that class in Russian employ, unless he has become naturalized, but looks with confidence to having his service dispensed with, and getting his passport to leave Holy Russia, the moment they can manage to do without his technical experience.

I took train next morning for Port Arthur, which, as the track wound around the hills of the lower promontory, whereon that place is situate, it makes nearly a forty miles journey, though in reality it is but half that distance as the crow flies. Near Dalny the five-feet-wide gauge of the Siberian Manchurian Railway was rather switchbacky. But otherwise the road bed was good, and the coolies were lessening the slope of the inclines as quickly as possible. The railway carriages, first, second, and third, were, as a rule, superior to those in use in many parts of England, and they were kept well warmed, too often to the detriment of proper ventilation. The top running speed was never over twenty-five miles an hour upon that section. Long stops were frequent, for there were many stations, and each had its comfortable military quarters, guard-houses and barracks, the buildings all of solid blue bricks. It took nearly four hours to reach Port Arthur, a town possessing, in name only, several hotels, and one good restaurant, and no more. Ere

the wash of the surrounding hills ran down into the narrow valley and its branchings, and was carried seaward, the little loch or fiord behind the gap in the range that gives haven and shelter from storms at Port Arthur, must have been a big, a deep, and a fine anchorage. Time has silted up the harbour, and it will take several years to make wide channels up to the new quays. Within the confines of the irregular enclosure of hills, there are, however, several square miles of possible harbour for relatively easy making at Port Arthur.

Not very much had been done towards extending its anchorage area since the Chinese authorities were turned out by the Russians. But works, whereat over 10,000 coolies were employed, were in progress. These included the filling up of the old fresh-water lake, near the inner dock basin; the making of three 700-ft.-long new docks, for the refitting of their warships; the removal of the whole of the old towns, Chinese and European, to new quarters two miles farther up the valley; the creation of railway sidings, wharves, roadways, bridges, and what-not. And besides all these, provision had been made, and millions of roubles were expended, for levelling and cutting away hills for fortifications, the making of a great palace for Admiral Alexeieff, the Governor, and—yes, a Russian Cathedral. Besides, there was more in progress—to wit, lines upon lines of streets, tenements, shops, with, of course, the phantasy of parks, squares, and public

gardens, whereon was a bandstand and some rock-work, but not a tree, and barely either a shrub or suggestion of grass.

Forts of no mean kind, and of great magnitude, could be counted, not in units, but by tens, between Dalny and Port Arthur. The industry displayed on every hand in railroad construction, house-building, the erection of fortifications, the making of docks, roads, and the improvement of the harbour, was admirable and commendable. Nor do I, nor can I, easily enumerate all the works that were being pushed forward with, perhaps, ruthless but unflagging zeal and much prescience. A day in Port Arthur, apart from the talk of the Russians, was enough to convince any one that the Tsar's people had a grip upon Manchuria they intended never to slacken. Day and night operations went forward. A newspaper printed in English was to be issued from the *Novi Krai* office at the beginning of 1904; public waterworks, electric trams, electric lighting, and much besides were all upon the card. At the same time the Russian Government, as represented by Admiral Alexeieff, was feverishly busy laying mines, preparing the fleet for war, and searching for contractors who would deliver Cardiff coals in lots of 70,000 tons, less or more, up to 200,000 tons, early in 1904. Some day it may occur to the British official mind that it is advisable to have a small commission of inquiry to see whether a section of the Welsh coalfields should not be set aside for

the exclusive use of the Home Fleet. Wisdom and economy might even go hand-in-hand in such a matter, for it concerns the policy of national insurance, a truly serious matter.

I have said elsewhere, and I still hold, that Port Arthur was over fortified. Its frowning works, mounds of earth, and bastions of granite rock, its concreted glacis, and its trenches, encircling and crowning some score or more of often remote and disconnected hills that could be dominated from other heights, rendered them open to attack and capture in detail. And to such a form of assault they were further peculiarly exposed, for the scorings of the soil are numerous and deep. Gullies traverse the hills in all directions, and there is magnificent cover for riflemen, often up to within 300 yards or less of the nearest outlying defences of the main works. Again, scarcely any of the forts were completed, or had any guns in position to check an attack delivered from the land side. It is different towards the sea-front, but even there the harbour may be reached, though there is a boom nightly spread across the entrance to the inner basin, and the mouth of the haven can be blocked by the big old Chinese boom, with its *chevaux de frise* of projecting spars shod with pointed iron. And torpedoes and mines had been laid to protect the entrance. Should the forts fail them, the mining expert was expected to touch the button, and blow any too daring enemy's craft into fragments.

It was intended, when the harbour had been deepened over a greater area, to open a new channel, cutting through the narrow neck of silted sand, in a direction opposite the existing basin upon the far side of the waterway. By that means the commercial marine would have its own part of the harbour with direct access to the traders' wharves and the new railway sidings. There is a rise of eight to twelve feet of tide at Port Arthur. The two latest battleships out from Europe found no difficulty in getting into the harbour, although they were said to draw over twenty-eight feet of water. They were at once taken into the basin, where they were touched up and painted black within two days, like the other warships then in port. For some reason the Russians had divided their fleet, keeping the best part of their fast armoured cruisers at Vladivostok. It was stated that the powerful steamer ice-breakers there could keep that fortified port an open harbour throughout the severest winter. I know not if the Russians had raiding designs, in the event of war, upon the northern Japanese ports, such as Hakodate, or intended rushing through the channels and putting in an appearance off Yokohama. But if so it would matter little, and would not sensibly affect the main struggle, which must take place elsewhere. In Port Arthur there were in all fourteen warships, not counting torpedo-boats or torpedo-destroyers. Of the fourteen craft, seven were battleships, three or

four of a type like the *Sevastopol*, which was still in the basin. Most of the ships were anchored in three lines ahead, behind the jutting point known as "Tiger's Tail." In the outer lines were the heavier craft. Besides these, but also included in the fourteen, there were two battleships and a cruiser anchored between the hills at the outside of the harbour entrance. All of them, like the Japanese ships, had their fires alight day and night, ready to get under steam at short notice. From what I saw of the fuel-stacks, I should say that the Russians could scrape together in briquettes and otherwise, about 200,000 tons of Cardiff coal, or its equivalent. The Russians rarely went out either for target-practice, or for steaming manœuvres. From such information as I could gather, and from what I saw for myself, they are slack in their sailor duties, for the officers spend much of their time ashore, and the ideal of Russian life seems to be finding enjoyment and solace in such amusements as a very "tarry" town affords : a circus, a wretched theatre, parties, with dissipation of the Cossack or Tartar kind. And the army men are quite as "spreedy" as their brothers of the brine. But it is no worse, mayhap, than Portsmouth was a cycle or so ago, when prize-money was plentiful, and man-o'-warsmen took life as Hogarth has painted it for us. Yet, withal, the British sailors fought well enough in those days. Again, it may be that as the Russian ships were not taken either out or into the harbour

under their own steam, but were hauled by tugs, and were directed by local pilots, there was an excuse for their not being out and about at sea every day. It takes much time to get them all towed out and in, but the fact that the officers do not handle their own ships under the vessel's own steam bodes either a want of confidence, or a lack of experience upon the part of their naval commanders. The pilots and tug captains, by no means all Russians, were also set a new trial, for the fleet had to be towed out and into harbour during the night. As the entrance was straight, wide, and clear, though but of moderate uniform depth, and the rocky hills stood out boldly, there was no serious difficulty or risk in the adventure. From a frequent inspection of the fleet's targets after practice, it is evident the shooting is of a very mediocre quality. The target was never towed at any great speed, nor was the range a long one, but it was rarely ever hit or put in danger. Of course I am told it was different with the garrison gunners in the big shore batteries that frowned from every hill—they could shoot well, and many of their cannon were of great size.

Russia had probably less than 70,000 troops south of Mukden. Therein was military wisdom, for the soldiers had to be fed, and the line could not be fully used to carry forage and provisions to store at Dalny and Port Arthur. Hence, also, no doubt that they had very few cavalry in that district. Not more than 4,000 or 5,000 troopers. Their Cossacks



were mounted upon the shaggy, but sturdy, little Manchurian ponies. But the Russians were building permanent barracks and quarters enough to suffice for the housing of 200,000 soldiers. The bulk of their stores, men, and material, they kept back at Harbin. That place had become a great centre of military activity, and there was reported to be in and around the town about 80,000 to 100,000 troops, including many regiments of Cossacks and regular cavalry. I take it that the railway trains, which can be safely run at an average speed of thirty miles an hour, could bring down men and supplies from Harbin at very short notice. The Russians declared that they could run through twenty trains a day if need be. But they could not bring half of that number day by day for, say, a week. However, they had taken careful census of the population and of the material in, around, and south of Mukden. The quantity of food and forage available had all been tabulated, and the number of persons who were to be sent out of Port Arthur and Dalny set down. I ran through from Port Arthur to Mukden in about seventeen hours, despite the evil system of long waits at stations, determined upon the "mightiness" of some official's convenience. The express trains were really carriages above the average of English Pullmans, the sleeping compartments being divisible, so that two might share the space and a seat together, a device arranged by means of folding-doors. Upon the

way up I saw the whip most liberally used by the Russian soldiers upon the backs of the native coolies working about the stations and the quarters. But let us be just: often the circumstances were such that a Western soldier would have made use of the stick. I will add that I did not think there were more than six months' war supplies in Port Arthur. The garrison did not number 20,000 men; but efforts were being made to hurry in reinforcements, and to add to the supplies that could be drawn upon in the event of a siege.

Barracks, barracks, and military quarters, built and building everywhere, was what I saw all the way up to Mukden. There one saw the accustomed crowd of Russian uniforms, Russian letters, and the Russian flag floating over that of the fiery Chinese dragon. For the sake of appearances, they have put a lower quartering upon the flag of Holy Russia, upon which was blazoned the celestial dragon. At Mukden station there were more barracks of blue brick, built and building—accommodation for two or three brigades, including one for cavalry. I hired a ricksha, with a coolie for driver and another for pusher, and set out upon a long five-mile run through the ancient three-walled capital of Manchuria, the home of the Manchu kings, for the suburb of Tung-Whang, where the foreign missionaries dwell. The country thereabouts is flat, almost treeless, and was then bare and brown, though the air was as a rasp to the skin,

so keen was the all-pervading black frost. As for road, there was none, and the Russians were too busy garrisoning Mukden, with eight hundred men, and putting up electric arc-lamps in the ancient city, to bother about highways. They had insisted on the Chinese shopkeepers making use of the electric installation, and having incandescent lamps in the houses, at a cost of five roubles per month each light. I found Russian sentries on guard at the gates, as, later on, I found and sent home photos of them and their officers, in occupation of the palace of the Manchu dynasty, standing by the throne, and in the temples, and other so-called sacred buildings. In fact, the Russians had disbanded the soldiers of the Chinese Viceroy, leaving him only a bodyguard of a dozen men or so, each of whom is allowed a rifle but no bayonet. And these rifles, like all such weapons the Russians permit to be in the hands of others than their own troops, have, in a sunk cutting, an official Russian seal, and the native must also bear upon his breast a tin saucer, upon which are his number and designation in Russian characters. It was an hour and a half's run out to the suburb of Tung-Whang, or Lung-ti, and in the course of the journey I passed in and out through the huge gateways, protecting towers, and brick walls that encompass the inner citadel, a mile square, and the larger twelve-mile-circuit wall of outer Mukden. It is a town of between 300,000 and 400,000 inhabitants, awfully Chinese in its smells, its narrow, dirty

streets, its crowds, garish glitter of colour, and wealth of ornamentation. What I saw and what I ruminated upon in that long ride among these strange people, I, a stranger there, would take too long to tell. Yet one may pass in review years in a twinkling, as the drowning sees in a flash a panoramic view of his lifetime. Look and think hard I did. Without any startling incident I at last reached my destination, where I was more than hospitably welcomed.

It was Sunday, and Christmas was coming, so the ruddy coral mistletoe berries of Manchuria were being used for decorating the Christian homes. The mistletoe of Manchuria, which grows abundantly, significantly, in the land of the fiery dragon, has its berries all of a blood hue. Yet it was mistletoe, though not our own pure snow-white berried plant, first employed for emblematic purposes by the Druids. But habit and aspiration will ever be taking up sides, even on colour-lines. There had been service and work in the morning, in the hospital and the mission church. Following their rule, the missionaries of that Scotch-Irish Presbyterian body were holding their own private service in the house of one of their number, my host. I got leave to join that devout group of brave men and women, who fearlessly travel thousands of miles to spread the gospel throughout the length and breadth of Northern China. In simple manner they held their service, sang their hymns, and read from the Scripture. Never shall I forget that holy service held within

the confines of a compound, overlooked by a crumbling Buddhist temple, with its whilom gaudy stone and clay images all broken, and strewn with the sorry rubbish of the neighbouring dirt heaps.

Mukden affords a tale of Christian martyrdom. But a short time before, in the period of the late Boxer outbreak, the Roman Catholic mission was wrecked and burned, and the inmates massacred. They had shut the gates and withstood a brief siege. The furious mob, of soldiers and populace, brought guns and blew down the barriers. Thereupon the bishop, clad in his vestments, saying Mass, followed by priests and sisters and converts, chanting the solemn litany of the Church, went forward, and all were ruthlessly sacrificed with shocking brutality. Let the commercial world of the East rant and declaim as it does against missionaries because they have other ideals than the getting of dollars! They have unselfishly sought to do the noblest work, and men and women, however mistaken some of them may be, are doing much to leaven for good the vast empire of China. They have built, besides missions, hospitals and dispensaries; have distributed literature, and taught the natives to trust to science rather than incantations and charms. Traders will for ever have to recognize the missionaries' right to come and go, to preach and to teach; and anon, the American men and women, who are going to these old-new fields in China to project their intense spirit of civilization, will also have to be reckoned with.

## CHAPTER VI

### PORT ARTHUR BACK TO TOKYO—OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY—ON THE EVE OF WAR

MUKDEN was having the Russian electric light installations switched on when I hurried back to Port Arthur. There was to be no war before the late spring, if then. So with characteristic indifference to what the future might have in store, born of constitutional laziness—call it mental lassitude—the Russians let many matters drift. They neglected even to take the wise precaution to ensure the instant development of the rich Manchurian coal mines at Yentai and other places, from which they might have drawn abundant supplies of fuel for their railway and camps. Instead, they were drawing upon their stores in Port Arthur, and replenishing these at great cost by sea-borne coal. The ingenuous duplicity of the Russian officials towards the outer world and themselves is amazing, and yet despicable, for surely their tales deceive no one. I was gravely informed, and the officers neither carried their tongues in their cheeks nor smiled, that all the troops they had massed in the country, and the fleet at Port Arthur, were merely to protect the railway

and overawe China, to keep that Power quiet. Yet had they settled down at Newchang, as if it were their own town, and their troops dominated the whole area up to and across the Liao river, to the Great Wall at Shanghai-Kwan. Under Alexeieff's eye at Port Arthur there was activity enough, works proceeding at the forts and the railway. Evidently they were preparing against possible investment. They declared that they would also fight to prevent Dalny being occupied, and to keep the Japanese south of the Yalu river. I spent a week in Port Arthur. As the available frowsy hotels were run by frowsier women, I slept on shipboard within the naval basin, and saw much of the Russian preparations to get their fleet ready "to smash the Japanese," and was enlightened upon many subjects. I heard the names of distinguished personages, including that of the Empress Dowager, and most of the Grand Dukes, freely used as participants in exploitations. They were all said to be deeply interested, with Alexeieff and his coterie, in all the big concessions, Manchurian and Korean, in the grants of valuable mining rights, and the great timber lands bordering the Yalu.

For so brave a people, the Japanese displayed curious hesitancy in dealing with Russia. I have no doubt that they quite grasped the fact that the great northern Power was not ready, and desired above all things to complete her preparations at Port Arthur and Dalny before risking war. Yet they

exchanged courtesies and talk, when before all else they should have decided to act, or been content to take up an attitude of quiescent subserviency to Russia. I could not believe that it was simply their natural courtesy that lent them such extraordinary patience in diplomacy as well as good manners; for it is not politeness that usually wins great prizes in the struggle for existence, though, of course, we all admire that trait, even when carried to excess, in others than ourselves. The people, unaware that their leaders were seeking to make sure on all sides, angrily chafed at the authorities. We most of us knew that the prolonged interchange of polite despatches was not altogether due to excess of habitual courtesy, but for the better reason that they had counted the risks, and had decided it was wiser certain war stores and ships should at least be on the high seas, on the way to Japan, ere they commenced hostilities. The purchase by Japan, and the departure of the armoured cruisers, *Nisshin* and *Kasuga*, from Genoa illuminates the situation. These vessels, formerly the *Morina* and *Rivadaria*, it may be remembered, were bought in a hurry from the Argentine Government. *Kasuga* means "Spring Day," and *Nisshin*, "Daily progress." When some thirty-seven years ago the new era began, a Japanese navy was created. The first two vessels of the fleet were named the *Kasuga* and *Nisshin*, and both did good service ere they passed out of commission. I am not striving to show that I have even a speaking



acquaintance with the Japanese, though my attention had been called to an authoritative publication for students, "The New Standard Verbalist," printed in Tokyo. Therein I found a very full list of "English swear words." But these I do not want, and there are no "cusswords" properly so-called in Japan, polite or otherwise. But the "Verbalist" furnished me with some genteel "cockneyisms," as used in London society, that I am storing by me. One of them is, "I say, governor, give us a hoist with this yere biling of greens." Let that be added to "English as she is spoke."

There were those in Japan who knew the risk of half measures, and yet spoke boldly for having it out with Russia, even to forcing her out of Manchuria. In the New East there is a spirit that measures itself against the times, and would move with them all the way. In a portion of the opposition press, the Government was openly accused of slackness, of half-heartedness, of preferring peace at any price, because of the timidity of their minds. These critics perceived that if Russia were let alone in Manchuria, it could only be a question of ten years, less or more, as to the date when she would shoulder Japan out of that peninsula.

In January two divisions of troops, and a division of the Imperial Guards, were ordered to be prepared to embark at a moment's notice. It was intimated that they might have to go on board ship. That is, nominally, between 40,000 and 50,000 men of all

arms. For some time Japanese cruisers had been on the alert, looking for a likely place for effecting a landing. The ports favoured were Masampo and Mokpo, but should chance admit, the plan was really to carry the men up to Chemulpo, and beyond. This was beginning, in a tentative fashion, to secure a grip for the advance of a larger body of troops. It was one of the open blunders of the then administration, that the construction of the Fusan-Seoul railway had not been more vigorously pressed forward. But when the acute stage of the negotiations had been reached, the necessity for having that railroad made was appreciated, and every nerve was strained to get the track laid down, if but in the roughest style, so that the line could be used. The possession of the islands of Tsushima, which lies midway in the channel between Japan and Korea, secured the control of the straits. From shore to shore, counting the intervening islands, the expanse of open water is not great, being but little over 30 miles between the headlands; but the total distance from Hondo, Japan's main island, to Korea is 130 miles, or thereabouts. With a sharp look-out, and covered by a few cruisers, the Japanese transports with troops, it was thought, would be enabled to cross the straits at any time and land men. But everybody realized that if there were war, the fleet must first secure the supremacy of the seas for Japan, and that the Russians would try and fight under the guns of their batteries.

They professed, as I have said, to be ready to risk a naval engagement, but that was probably "buncombe." I wrote on January 1, 1904, that the Russians would have to be "smoked out" in some fashion, or risk being shut up altogether, as the Spaniards were at Santiago. And at the same date I further observed that the officers commanding the Japanese torpedo craft would behave with great gallantry there was no doubt, and I looked to see names made famous by deeds of derring-do, for many commanders had begged to be permitted to deal a deadly blow at their country's foes, resolved to cast away their own lives in the hazard. In torpedo-boats the Russians were quite outnumbered.

At that time of year in Seoul, the Korean capital, the weather was cold, the thermometer being, except for an hour or so on very warm days, several degrees below zero. All the rivers of the country were frozen hard, and thus were passable for wheeled vehicles, but there was no great depth of snow on the ground. The Koreans realized that the end of their separate sovereignty had drawn near. One day they were in favour of being made Russians, the next of being turned into Japanese. It was all very much a question of who had kicked them last and hardest, as to how their sympathies turned. The legations, if protected by troops, were safe enough, and so was the town, so long as the 500 Japanese troops remained in the capital, for the Koreans are great cowards; but if the Japanese



JAPANESE TROOPS, NEAR SEOUL, KOREA.



should have had to go away for a time, then the 10,000 unpaid, poorly clad Korean soldiers might, because of the power of numbers, begin to pillage the town. Therein lay the only serious risk of precipitated hostilities; but as an armed force the Koreans were too despicable to cause trouble, either to regular Japanese or Russian troops. For some time the Korean Government had been but the creature of Russia, though every now and again the Japanese Minister would assert himself. It was a real comic opera court at Seoul, where the king went in fear of his own shadow; and when he had a tiff with the Prime Minister, that creature, like a dog that has disgraced himself, kept out-of-doors and skulked around the outhouses, trembling lest his master should see and catch him. I don't suppose that Premier would have gnawed a bone if his royal master threw it at him, for in Korea they have the old Italian and later Turkish style of doing away with objectionable servitors and officials, by inviting them to a banquet ruinous to health and life. Only the "medicine man," the magicians, and the gentle sex are reasonably secure of life in Korea, and between them they give the rest of humanity in that whimsical land of dragons, myths, and fears, an occasional bad time.

The Chinese have no "r" sound in their alphabet, and the Japanese no "l," but the Koreans, placed midway between the "Dragon" and the "Rising Sun," have both an "r" and an "l" in their speech.

Everything comes to him who waits, even the stirring times of war. I had been in Tokyo for nearly a month ; I thought I had come to stay but a week. Yet there I was, waiting for the Japanese to decide when they would begin to shoot. As for Russia, of course she always has cunningly preferred to get what she wants by any art—many of them, it is said, far less honourable than open war. Was it not Ruskin who wrote or was parodied in an essay : “ I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war ; that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace ; taught by war, and deceived by peace ; trained by war, and betrayed by peace—in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace ” ?

I am not desirous of arguing, or of puffing my calling ; but war, terrible and cruel as it is, which shocks all civilized senses in England, may, like the old priest's sacrificial weapon, or, better, the modern surgeon's knife, be the means of saving men and races. Vast in area and population as Russia is, she cannot yet be justly classified as advanced in civilization, ancient or modern. It is different with Japan, which has even had a new, grafted upon a very old, civilization. Her people are as orderly, educated, and law-abiding as any nation in Europe, though their manners and customs are very different from ours. In Russia, it is government by violence and terror for the most part ; the knout, the blow, the prison. No doubt there are

Russians and Russians, just as there are Japanese and Japanese ; but I deal with these nations as a mass, and the Japanese are unquestionably a civilized people, astute, yet wisely careful of their position, with the traditional doubt and hesitancy of the Orient engrained in their nature. From the coldly military strategetic point of view, I believed that the delay in grappling quickly with Russia would cost Japan, in the end, at least a hundred soldiers' lives per day of hesitancy.

Six months earlier Japan would have had little or no difficulty in turning the Russians neck and crop out of Korea and Manchuria. In January, 1904, their task, though not by any means impossible, gauged by the relative strength of the nations, had become a difficult and costly undertaking, involving much loss of men and material. Was it worth the struggle? Speaking again from the military standpoint, I hold that it was, both in immediate and prospective results. I assumed—not rashly, I believe, but upon the whole evidence—that Japan would be the victor. That meant, for her, the attainment of even a better position than she was in at the close of her war with China ; for on this latter occasion our ally Japan, supported by Great Britain and America, will surely find that she is not again to be ousted from the position she may gain by her prowess in arms. Which further implies a clear title to supremacy in Korea, to the ejection of Russia from Manchurian sovereignty, and



a right to renew and keep a grip upon the Liaotung Peninsula, the position she was formerly forced to evacuate, owing to the joint action of Russia, France, and Germany, which they made upon the pretext of the "open door" policy, and that Japan's presence was a menace to China. Millions have been spent by the Russians in improving Talien-Wan, known as Dalny, and Port Arthur. These places would be a most valuable asset, as part of the spoils of war. The Japanese occupation of these ports would be as the plugging of the end of a pipe, the pipe being the Russo-Siberian continental railway, upon which the Japanese would be able to impose their commands as directors of its traffic. In brief, it would give Japan a controlling voice with China in Manchurian affairs. With discretion and activity, Japan and China should have at least ten years to set themselves in order before Russia would be able to make any serious new attempt to absorb the "Flowery Kingdom." Russia's official ambition for world-wide dominion is no myth, and she has set herself to enrol under her banners the millions of China. How great the danger would be to the smaller civilized nations, were she to succeed in dominating China, surely needs no persistent telling. England has India and herself to think of; and again, not fearing the reproach of harping for ever on the same subject, I press upon my countrymen's attention the necessity of speedily constructing a railway *via* Egypt, Arabia, and Persia into

India, which would bring London within eight days of that part of our empire. One hundred millions or more spent upon such an enterprise would be an invaluable investment—better far than Suez Canal shares. It would bring not only India, but Australasia, closer to the homeland.

This, mayhap, is not a tale which was expected from me. But those who have fought in war, and those who go down to the sea in ships, see strange things. Roundabout as my methods appear to be, I think I have herein set out the essence of the whole situation, with its menace not only to Japan, but to England and America, and to the world; a menace to its peace and progress in arts and civilization. It seems to be a fact that, whereas the Japanese are skilful and industrious mechanics, efficient in all the arts, the Russians have not yet emerged from that stage wherein they can afford to dispense with the technical cunning possessed by the handy craftsmen of the older nations. This, of course, will be denied, but the men who are running such industries and organizations as Russia possesses are, for by far the most part, Russianized foreigners, chiefly of German extraction.

For over six weeks the Japanese Government had been sitting upon the safety-valve of public feeling. Left to the people, there would have been war against Russia when she first manifested her intention of fortifying and absorbing Manchuria, and took up the attitude of dominant power in

Korea, by crossing the Yalu and seizing its forests of excellent timber. But the Katsura Cabinet wended its way, prolonging negotiations by talk, which seemed to have ceased to have any object other than to pass time. By their attitude they undoubtedly evoked great distrust in the public mind, as was shown by the expression of opinion in the very extensive and enterprising Press of Japan, vernacular and English journals. It would be a genuine surprise to many in Europe to see what, upon the whole, a very well-conducted and widely read newspaper Press the Japanese possess. In character and news go-aheadness it is far in front of many European countries, some of which think a great deal of themselves. Still, with all their determination to keep the secret, and to reserve control of the course of the negotiations to themselves, the Japanese Government certainly did not neglect the far more serious obligation of making preparations for war. Their arsenals were working night and day. Transport waggons and all the paraphernalia necessary for a campaign had been got ready. The army and the fleet had been, so to speak, kept on tension, standing at the "ready" for weeks. Indeed, the strain had become rather worrying to officers and men. Full provision had been made for coaling their warships and transports. And speaking of the latter, over fifty of them, sailing under the Japanese flag, each of more than 2,000 tons burthen, were chartered and fitted up for

the transport of troops to Korea, or to Port Arthur, or elsewhere, as events warranted. A simple calculation, setting down 2,000 soldiers as the number that would be carried by each ship, shows what the Japanese could do in moving an army. These transports were mostly lying off Sasebo, near Nagasaki. The shores of that district also bore further evidence that the Japanese were really preparing for a struggle. Along the graceful slopes of the coast, by indented bays, cosily screened by prettily rounded hills, robed with snow in the winter season, clustered the tented camps of the sturdy little men of "Dai Nippon." If you had seen them stripped for wrestling, the great national game, or for the jujutsu, another form of it, you would think twice or thrice, big as you may be, to close with one of these brawny, active fellows, and then you would not, unless you wished to be thrown.

Looking after the sinews of war had not been neglected. For some time there had been frequent consultations, whereat the Government had been often represented by the Prime Minister and the Finance Minister, with the leading bankers and the millionaire merchants and chief business men of the country. The progress and result of these interviews were satisfactory. No pen could do justice to the widespread proffered contributions made by voluntary impulse of the people who approved of going to war with Russia. These patriotic citizens included both men and women of

all ranks in life. Not only did the very poor hasten to the nearest official and tender their mites, but the rich gave of their means in what would be called most generous fashion. Nor was the whole measure of their patriotism and enthusiasm to be reckoned by single or occasional donations, for thousands put themselves under obligation to contribute so much each month towards the expenses of war.

The nation that rises to that standard, and can keep up to that dignity of universal personal interest in the well-being and right to live of its country, is not likely to be easily beaten, or to be altogether crushed. The Government had not even forgotten that necessary item in modern warfare, the setting up of a Press censor. I had already more than once fallen under his erasure. Yet I wrote with care, so as not to betray the interests of these people whose flag I was under, and whose hospitality I enjoyed. But, then, on the other hand, we are foreigners though allies. Personally, in a degree, I appreciated their fair spirit of tolerance and courtesy. Fancy were the case reversed, and England at war, and an inundation of foreign correspondents came seeking authorization from the War Department in Pall Mall to accompany the British forces under Lord Kitchener, what would happen? I feel my facial muscles moving beyond control when I think of it. We were to have press permits to follow the army, but not until war was declared. I had a notion that the first fight would be a naval

one, but it was soon apparent that no foreign correspondents would be allowed to go on board any of their men-of-war. I had tried to get passage, but, as an American friend said, "Why, you may as well hope to make snowballs in August in South Carolina as to get that permission." Furthermore, the Japanese published ordinances prohibiting the navigation of certain of their waters, such as those near dockyards, arsenals, and ports, except under express direction. They also made arrangements for levying extra taxes, borrowing money, taking over railways, and all other material preparations necessary for the conduct of a vigorous campaign, which, it was clear, they meant to undertake against Russia.

## CHAPTER VII

### AN INTERLUDE—BEHIND THE SCENES—THE ELDER STATESMEN

WITH characteristic pertinacious care, the Japanese have for years pried into other nations' affairs. With them espionage has been bred in their bones, and fostered by custom, approved and rewarded by Government. They have collated information about all places, of late more especially about Russia. Natives, much above the rank of the middle class in Japan, as well as coolies and common women, have been systematically sent out to gather information, and make reports to the Mīkado's Government. In that way, during periods of profound peace, they have obtained descriptions of camps, fortresses, and armaments. Officers of the Japanese army and navy have thought it no shame to pass as barbers, cheap-jacks, photographers, and what not, in order to be enabled to spy out important and State secrets. The French, the Germans, the Americans, and ourselves, have not escaped such sinister attention at their hands. Coast-lines, warships, harbours, and batteries have

all been made their special study. They know as much about Wei-hei-Wei and Hong-Kong as our own authorities, and of San Francisco and the Philippines as the Americans.

Your Japanese is the real "man round the corner," for he is ever lying in wait, and "out of it," somebody says; but that's in another sense. And he understands how "to play to the gallery," to pose, to make and take advantage of sentiment, better than any people I have ever known. It may be, as some assert, that that feature of theirs is to be commended.

The habit of all officials and governments is to promise much to those they wish to stand well with, and to do nothing, or as little as possible, towards keeping faith. Experience thereof is soon gained at home and abroad. They fêted and feasted the strangers who passed their gates; "kowitzed" to them, radiant in smiles as a blinking "helio." There were numerous receptions and entertainments, whereat gay, gushing geishas waited, softly gesticulated, danced, and sang. Masques were given, indicative of their warmth of admiration for the elder brotherhood of "John Bull" and "Jonathan." There was much pretty blending of colours and twinings of the flags of Japan with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. At a function of the kind given on Friday, January 15, 1904, to the British and American naval and military attachés, and the press correspondents, sketches were given



after a grand, native dinner. To many Europeans the dishes are not over palatable, all at best being but scrappy, even to the chop-stocks. I have known colleagues return to the hotel ravenously hungry after such banquets. But, wherefore, oh, veracious history, must I seem so ungrateful as even to look a gift-horse in the mouth? The banquet was a strange, kaleidoscope dream, although the champagnes were sweet, and the saki tasted like over-watered whisky toddy. Here is a translation of a verse sung in the Masque at the 15th January entertainment :—

“Gather our warships,  
Our troops, too, gather?  
That's all right!  
We have done it so long since  
We are e'en tired of waiting.  
Cheer up! Our ally approves,  
And our friend America sympathizes  
With our war for civilization.  
Be bold and fearless!  
Now is the happy time  
For the people of Japan  
To show to the world  
What, by means of solidarity,  
The nation can accomplish.”

With how little wisdom the world is governed excites surprise, but it is as often provocative of astonishment and vexation to see with how little judgment the affairs of a great empire are mis-managed. There was the Boxer outbreak, which certain of those who should have known of its coming were so ignorant about as to deride the warnings they

received from American Consuls, as the dream of alarmists. Let what followed thereon in China, and what has since occurred in Japan, pass for the time. This much was apparent—there was to be war with Russia, and Great Britain was Japan's ally. It was sure to be an epoch-making conflict in many respects, and one in which, in our own interests, we ought to have pressed upon our ally the necessity of permitting numbers of our best officers, at the earliest moment, to witness the mobilization and operations of the Japanese fleets and armies. Something was done, but a little late in the day, in the way of letting the relatively few military attachés we had in Japan proceed to the front. But with respect to the navy, which had for us far more important problems to illustrate and solve, but one British attaché was allowed upon the Japanese fleets, a most excellent and able officer, Captain Troubridge, R.N. But he could not possibly cover the whole area, or keep watch from on board a battleship, a cruiser, and a torpedo-boat at one and the same time. So our Admiralty have missed a unique opportunity of learning directly by, and profiting from, the experiences of Admirals Togo and Kawimura in their sea battles. Furthermore, for comment, it is neither the tradition nor the custom of the majority of the nation's representatives abroad, to stoutly uphold the hands of their fellow countrymen, merchants, or pressmen, as do the Americans and foreign Powers. So the British

public suffers in many ways because of our officials' confirmed *laissez faire*. But that is a subject upon which I wrote and growled enough about, when in Tokyo, so I need not again beat the "drum" to call attention thereunto, or sound a call for urgent reform in another branch of the public service than the War Office.

This, however, was conveyed to me in Japan, on the highest authority: that if the British representatives in Tokyo had adopted an active and not a passive attitude, and had been the insistent means of communication between the journalists, the War Office, and the navy, there had been far less friction, more latitude conceded, and the public interests at home had been better served. I have regarded it as unfortunate that the bulk of the information transmitted from Japan for home publication has been, and is, in the hands of those who directly or indirectly have official connection with the Mikado's Government, or by local association have become more Japanese than the Japanese.

There were many regulations issued from time to time affecting the foreign war correspondents. Not unnaturally, the Japanese press was allowed far more numerous representation in the field, than all the newspapers of the rest of the world. And for a further possibly sound reason, the Japanese journalists were permitted to sail on their ships of war, and to take the field before the foreign war correspondents. From the first, the gentlemen

belonging to the vernacular press were granted greater freedom of movement, more licence to telegraph, to write and to criticize, which was also as it should be.

The *Official Gazette* published substantially the following ordinance: "(1) Correspondents' applications for permits must come through a consul or a minister, and the name of the paper must be stated. (2) Persons applying to accompany the troops must have been at least one year engaged in journalistic work. (3) Correspondents that cannot speak Japanese may take an interpreter, but must send in his name, accompanied by a guarantee, bearing the signature of his employer, such guarantee to state the main facts relating to him. (4) Foreign correspondents may also take a servant, but must observe the same preliminary routine as in the case of an interpreter. (5) Several newspapers may be required to have combined representation. (6) Each correspondent must carry a permit, which will be furnished by the authorities. (7) Correspondents will be attached to the staffs of the divisions. (8) Correspondents should wear foreign costume, and should carry on the left shoulder a white badge with the name of their newspaper in red. (9) Correspondents should carry their permits to show them whenever required. (10) Correspondents must observe all directions issued for their guidance by the staff to which they are attached. Any disobedience of such directions will expose a

correspondent to be sent back. (11) All correspondence, epistolary or telegraphic, must be submitted for examination by the staff before being sent. All use of cipher will be unlawful. (12) All possible facilities will be afforded to correspondents, and provisions will be supplied, if necessary, in the field ; also, they will be allowed, on application, to share in the use of vehicles and vessels engaged for the public service. (13) Correspondents violating the military criminal code, or the military intelligence regulations, will be liable to be punished by court-martial. (14) The above provisions, from (6) to (13) inclusive, shall be applicable to interpreters and servants of correspondents."

The headquarters' staff did not hesitate to misrepresent to, and deliberately deceive, many correspondents as to the army they were to be assigned unto. There was from the first a lamentable want of frankness in the Japanese treatment of the foreign journalists, numbers of whom would have gladly left Tokyo and returned home, had they known the real intentions of the Japanese staff, as to their disposition, and the nature of the restrictions they had determined to impose. It was not until after a threatened and, finally, an actual foreign journalistic strike, that the Japanese authorities became more complaisant in their treatment of the members of the Press. Any energetic official interposition would have saved us endless annoyances, petty and great. The chicanery of

small tricks, including the burking and dealing with telegrams, and the loss or suppression of letters, was doubtless aggravated by their national contemptuous disregard for any class other than the military. Later on the War Department in Tokyo issued a Note Verbal to "Messieurs the Foreign War Correspondents." It was couched in grandiloquent terms as to what they intended to do for us. When the performance is compared with the florid promises they made, it becomes a paper for laughter. The opening lines were, "With a view to afford every facility to the distinguished representatives of the foreign Press in their mission to accompany the Imperial Japanese Army, and to report on the progress of the war, the War Department has spared, and will spare, no effort to that end;" and so on. That they failed, and not by accident, so to do, their subsequent and published action made confession of. They issued, besides, regulations for the running of a canteen for us by a native contractor. The rate was £50 a month for plain European food for each correspondent. That did not include extra meals or any drinks. We signed that contract, and received, as return for value, about a dozen of passable meals, each of which would be dear at 2s. a head. I thought then, and was later convinced, that the conception of having us put under a contractor was to keep the correspondents "bunched," so that they could be better watched, and prevented from breaking away from

their officials. Had we been allowed to pitch our own tents, in quarters to be assigned us, and mess ourselves, we should have been infinitely more comfortable, and far freer to do our work, and have avoided some of the constant and offensive espionage. Here are the regulations General Kuroki issued for the control of the Press :—

1st Army Ping-Yang :

Art. 1. All the press correspondents with the Army shall act according to the regulations.

Art. 2. The general affairs concerning press correspondents shall be under the management of adjutants and their supervision and the inspection of their correspondence shall be under the Staff Department. Lodging and subsistence of press correspondents in the field shall be directed by the quartermaster.

Art. 3. Press correspondents shall be commanded by the supervising officer, obey the orders of this Army Headquarters, and act according to the instructions given by it.

Art. 4. Press correspondents should look and behave decently, and should never do anything disorderly.

Art. 5. Press correspondents should take care not to do anything harmful to the troops, and never enter the office rooms of the headquarters.

Art. 6. When thought necessary by the Army Headquarters, press correspondents may be attached to some of the Army's detachments, in which case press correspondents shall be commanded by the commander of that detachment, or by the supervising officer, and obey his orders.

Art. 7. Press correspondents shall not go about on the battlefield except at the time and place shown by the supervising officer, or the detachment commander.

Art. 8. All the correspondence of press correspondents (including their reports, private letters, telegrams, etc.) must be inspected by the supervising officer before sending. The supervising officer after inspecting such correspondence shall seal (if enveloped) and stamp "passed inspection" upon the envelope, the note paper, or the telegraphic application paper, and then give it back to the sender.

The name of the correspondent and of the press he represents must always be written on the envelope or the front page of the report.

Art. 9. Correspondence without the inspector's stamp is not allowed.

Art. 10. Correspondence in a foreign language may in some cases be requested to accompany its Japanese translation, or the kind of language to be used may be limited.



Art. 11. Correspondents must pay particular attention to the following items :—

- (1) Things liable to disturb the public peace or dispirit the troops should not be written.
- (2) Only the facts of the past may be written in regard to the actions of troops and never the things to happen in future, or of mere supposition.
- (3) Strength of our troops, their numbers, their locations, and the time and place of despatching correspondence, must not be written, unless it is allowed by the supervising officer.

Art. 12. One representative shall be chosen each among the Japanese and the foreign correspondents. These representatives are to go between the headquarters and the correspondents in regard to matters concerning the correspondents in general.

Art. 13. These regulations are to be applied to the interpreters and servants of press correspondents.

A little about the chief actors in the unfolding war drama. The overthrow of the Shogunate, although it has benefited the masses, has but changed the form of Imperial tutelage. The Mikado is to-day in the hands of his ministers and chamberlains, who in themselves are practically dictated to by the "Genro," or nominally retired

statesmen. Notwithstanding the godlike qualities claimed for the Emperor by his official *entourage*, his Japanese Majesty, "Mutsuhito," is a very ordinary-looking personage of medium height, and tolerably dark in complexion. Whatever he may have been, now that he is past middle life, though gorgeously appavelled, he cannot by any stretch of imagination be termed either handsome or imposingly kingly. His tastes are simple, he is delightfully good-natured, talks commonplace, without effort, and is able, when he is not made to appear miserable by having to sit on a saddle and be led about on horseback, to enjoy a quiet joke. The Empress is a kindly little woman, short and stout; like all Japanese ladies intensely patriotic, and a devoted wife and mother.

Marquis Ito, the most prominent and perhaps best-known man in Japan, as he certainly is beyond its seas, was born in Yamagutchi, near Shiminoseki, October 2, sixty-five years ago. In physique he is typical of his race—sturdy, wiry, and wise. With the grace and courtesy of the Japanese he combines the dignity of the politician of the European diplomatic world. He is the ex-leader of the Seyukai, the "Political Friends" Associations; to-day it may be called the National Conservative party of Japan. In this crisis he takes his place naturally as chief of the elder statesmen, *i.e.* the "Genro" (hard G), a body of advisers to the Crown, who are at the same time colleagues of

the Cabinet, with the powers of a Board of National Defence. In short, the "Genro" is not merely an advisory council, but has such weight that its directions, endorsed as they are with the Emperor's mandate, are commands. Among the other members of the "Genro" are Marquis Yammagata, head of the army, with the title "Chief of the Staff;" Marquis Yamamoto, Chief of the Navy; Marquis Oyama, Commander-in-Chief in the Field; Baron Sone, Finance Minister; Count Matsukata, and, I think, Count Inouye, but the latter has been kept much behind the scenes since the scandal in connection with the death of the Queen of Korea. Marquis Oyama, the figure-head of the Japanese armies, is a stumpy, tawny ancient, who looks as if he were a wooden automaton, discreetly feasting, smoking, and laughing. Apart from their reverence of the antique, the natives themselves do not take him seriously, but regard him as a convenient lay figure, behind whose authority General Kodama and the other members of the headquarters' staff in the field, elaborate the plans and do all the work. Baron Sone is regarded by the majority of bankers and business men in Japan as a rank duffer in office, but Marquis Yammagata and Marquis Yamamoto carry experience and capacity into their departments, with the influence of great names in Japan.

Marquis Ito's early life was a remarkable one, showing how men and events come together in the shaping of a career. It is known how he first went

to England, and the opposition he had to overcome before he was enabled to reach our country. At that time he was unable to speak our language, and, having to leave secretly, he went to a ship then in port to secure a passage. The captain thought he wanted a job as a steward or as a sailor, and, being in want of hands, shipped him, but not as an A.B. During the voyage he worked so hard at English, as well as his other duties, that when he landed he was able to make himself understood. What he saw in England made him desire to Westernize his countrymen, and it is largely, if not almost solely, due to him that Japan is now everywhere looked upon as a country to be reckoned with among the nations. When he returned from England to Japan, in his desire to introduce Western ideas he made many bitter enemies and had numerous escapes from assassination. But thoroughness was with him a creed, as much as with his feudatory antagonists. His present wife, hearing his armed foes entering the house one day, instantly hid him under the *tatamis* (Japanese straw mats covering the floor), and sat upon the top, and so he escaped. He has a most charming country residence at Oiso (pronounced O-ee-so, after the Japanese fashion of sounding every syllable). It is a seaside place, not far from Yokohama. He has also a pretty house at Akasaka, a suburb of Tokyo, the capital.

Marquis Ito enjoys the confidence of his

Imperial Majesty to a far greater extent than any other statesman. He attends all the important conferences, and it is not overstating the case to say that the present premier, M. Katsura, and the principal members of the Cabinet, are men who have been taught and trained by him, and who owe to the marquis their dignities. His energy and perseverance in overcoming difficulties are remarkable. Like most of his countrymen, he is extremely cautious, and slow to decide upon any question involving serious issues. We should say in England that the one weak note in the Japanese character is that of a certain something in the back of the head, maggot, that makes them procrastinate and put off a decision that must be come to, always risking being "a day too late for the fair." But, on the other side, once they have decided, they come with all their strength, hitting with the full concentrated force of their whole powers, without thought of slacking until they win through. And there is this other quality, that whilst they deliberate the Japanese do not forget to make preparations for eventualities. The marquis speaks English fluently, and is a friend to any British subject brought into contact with him. I had the pleasure of several interviews with the marquis, whereat many subjects were discussed, and herein I have set down some of the impressions I brought away with me. But one more remains—and will for ever—that of his clear-seeing eye, and his genial, kindly manner





KORTAN VILLAGERS SET THE FIRST EUROPEAN.

of receiving the stranger. He could be Prime Minister to-morrow if he was so much as to hint a wish to take up the reins.

There were plenty of materials for comic opera in Korea, and particularly about the Korean Court, in the days before the war, when Russia and Japan were wheedling, wooing, and bullying that degenerate land. The actors and their trappings, it is true, were tawdry, but the country itself is as a rich jewel held in the unclean hands of a beggarly crew. Undoubtedly, the *deus ex machina* of the situation was the Russian Minister, M. Pavloff, one of the most active and, as many thought, most unscrupulous, of agents. But he would have had to bestir himself in the latter respect to better the resourcefulness of the Japanese. The Korean King was, perhaps naturally after his experience, more favourably disposed to the Russians. Had he not fled, sought and obtained shelter for two years in a shanty near their Legation after the plot that led to the death of his spouse? As to the Korean army, nominally 20,000 strong, it was a curious force, so protected against itself and the State that the Ministers had carefully removed all the ball-cartridges from the men's pouches and placed these dangerous things beyond reach. They were armed with 10,000 Japanese and 10,000 cheap Gras rifles. Amongst the men of North Korea in the army there were tiger or leopard hunters, and trappers, who made good and truculent soldiers.



These were of the stock who had within recent years defeated two expeditions sent against their country. But the great majority of the troops were worthless beyond description. Korea has been the prey of concession-mongers, wherein some of our own countrymen have not fared badly. It is an ideal land for prospectors, full of promising outcrops of precious metals. It evidently contains workable mines of gold and silver, copper, tin, and lead, not to speak of coal and iron, and beyond the Yalu there are indications of the presence of petroleum.

The Koreans are of good physique, being the equal in that respect to the stout Egyptian "fellah." But they are servile and chicken-hearted to the last degree. What with centuries of oppression, and being the subjects of many conquerors, they seem to have had all the innate pugnacity of human life quite knocked out of them. Yet, with fair treatment and proper handling, there is in them material for the making of good citizens and stout soldiers, as naturally they are a sturdy, industrious race. Rice is the staple diet of the population, and, by the way, they had been fortunate to garner an enormous crop. Yet a country that looks to the cultivation of rice as the staple article of diet must be a land where the peasant is a slave to toil and the soil.

Bad government seems ever to have a direct and a reflex action; upon the Koreans it has degraded their whole national life, failing to inspire

them to work toward better conditions. Needless to say, the people have no school system, and are without education. The Japanese have had some of the youth of the country sent to Tokyo to be educated, and these will likely be made use of in offices of State later on. And yet these Koreans had a relatively advanced civilization in the first century, and had an alphabet consisting of eleven vowels and fourteen consonants, a system that could be learned, but which has since been degraded by Chinese influences, and made useless for a working world. The Japanese have, unhappily, not Westernized their method of learning, for they still use the cumbrous Chinese characters. There are about 5,000 characters, and it requires years of study to master the reading of an ordinary book.

There were about 100 Russian soldiers in Seoul, all of whom were closely quartered in the Legation. The buildings were situated upon a commanding eminence, surrounded by a high wall, about half a mile or less from the palace, which they easily command. The Japanese Legation was about an equal distance, but in another direction, from the royal abode. It also was very well situated for defence in the event of difficulties, or for commanding the palace. The British Legation is in the town, erected upon much lower ground. The buildings are the only substantial structures in Seoul, and include a fine barracks. There were about thirty-seven marines on guard within the Legation

compound. Mr. Jordan, an astute and able minister, attended there to our country's interests.

The Americans, of whom there were some forty marines in their Legation, were living in a sort of shanty within their compound. They were a capable and resolute body of men, amongst whom I found four British reservists, each of whom had his proper discharge. Although the Koreans have to pay very heavy land taxes, something like 40 per cent. of the value, the Government did not seem able to enforce any taxes upon the population of Seoul, the capital. The land of the country is entirely owned by the nobles. The climate, in mid and south Korea, taken the whole year round, is good, even in December and January, and being dry, is not too bitterly cold. The frost, however, is keen and strong, rivers and ponds being frozen solid. There are plenty of wild fowl, pheasants, ducks, and other birds; deer and wild boar are also abundant.

The Russians in Korea did not mince words or make any disguise of their intention to rule both there and in China. They laughed at Japan being likely to check them, and professed to have no fears of any interference from any other Power, England and America included. The Colossus was still upon his stilts.

## CHAPTER VIII

### GRIM-VISAGED WAR—BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE— CHEMULPO AND PORT ARTHUR

“To horse, to horse, the standard flies,  
The bugles sound the call,  
The voice of battles on the breeze  
Arouse ye, one and all.”

IT was “to ship, to ship,” up anchor and away, with the Japanese, as it would first be with our own island kingdom in the event of war. Councils of war and Cabinet councils were being held daily in Tokyo, and the members of the headquarters’ staff of the navy and the army, as well as the Genro and the Government, sat almost continuously. The delayed Russian reply was known to be unsatisfactory to the Japanese authorities. It had been looked at from all points of view, even, I suppose, upside down, and the Mikado, drawn from his serene, super-mundane seclusion, had bestirred himself, sitting for hours at the council board. Russia, apparently unable to realize she was unready, and that Japan, under the surrounding circumstances, was a dangerous foe, proffered with leisurely, lordly hand her terms, as if master of the situation.

These substantially were, that Manchuria and China were to be outside any negotiations; that Japan might exercise a modified suzerainty in mid and south Korea, but was neither to build nor to occupy fortresses, and that a neutral zone was to be created along the Yalu and Timun rivers, the west and east frontiers. Strategically viewed, this was giving Japan nothing, securing Russia in what she had acquired, and granting her time for a new appetite for the acquisition of more territory. Meanwhile, so as to have their enemy all to themselves, the Japanese had managed to exact promises from the Chinese that they would remain neutral. Their interest with the powerful Governor of Pe-chi-li, Yuan Shih Kai, and the Court party, and probably even that clever, wonderful woman, the Empress-mother, who was well disposed, happily gave security that the conflagration should not become general. That France and England were on good terms, and America wished to limit the area of conflict, all helped to provide a strict ring for the two combatants.

There were well-grounded reports that Russia was hurrying troops down to the Yalu in January. The Japanese, more subtle, were encouraging emigrants to flock into Korea. They had obtained control of the Korean railway concessions, and had become anxious to see the line built and completed, from one end of the country to the other—from Fusan, the nearest seaport to Japan, up to the

northern frontier, to Wiju, upon the Yalu river. At the end of January, 1904, the Japanese Government having appropriated a large sum for the completion of that railway, Mr. Fuenichi, the director, sailed from Kobe to Fusan, accompanied by 140 civil engineers. Had I not for months before seen the Japanese carefully instructing gangs of men in Tokyo and elsewhere how to rapidly make a new line and lay metals?

In anticipation of war, the Legations increased their guards in Korea, merchants unloaded their stocks, and timid people flocked from Chemulpo, Seoul, Port Arthur, and other points likely to be attacked. There was a review of the troops of the Tokyo garrison, whereat the Mikado attended. He had also taken much interest in the preceding autumn manœuvres of his army. Russia had been steadily increasing her fleet in Eastern waters until its tonnage was considerably in excess of what Japan could muster. Other Russian battle-ships and cruisers were under orders and on their way out, which would have secured to the Tsar a big preponderance of sea-power, and put Japan at grave disadvantage. Troops and stores were also being sent round by sea from Europe to Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

As considerable importance attaches to the exact dates marking the successive developments of the Far Eastern crisis, it may be convenient to give the calendar of the negotiations as follows:—

*June 23, 1903.*—Serious divergence of views between Russia and Japan recognized at a Council of State in Tokyo.

*August–September.*—Negotiations transferred to St. Petersburg.

*September 23.*—Russian Minister leaves Tokyo in order to consult with Admiral Alexeieff at Port Arthur.

*October.*—Six interviews at Tokyo between Russian Minister, Baron von Rosen, and Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Komura.

*October 30.*—Japanese proposals wired to St. Petersburg. In this despatch Japan urges that each Power should have the right to quarter a police force for the protection of the railways both in Manchuria and Korea, and to send troops into both these countries in case of emergency.

*October 30–December 10.*—For forty days Russia fails to reply.

*December 11.*—Reply at length received from St. Petersburg. Russia takes no notice of the Japanese requests with regard to Manchuria, and proposes a diplomatic partition of Korea. All the territory of Korea north of the 39th parallel—roughly, a third part of the whole area of the country—should be a “neutral zone.” In other words, an immense extent of Korean territory immediately joining Manchuria should be open to Russian influence.

*December 22.*—Japan’s rejoinder rejects the

Russian compromise with regard to Korea, and reasserts the claim to the open door in Manchuria as well as in Korea. Subject to the latter condition, Japan apparently agrees that spheres of influence might be delimited. The only "neutral zone" admissible, however, would be one extending for twenty-five kilometres along both the Manchurian and the Korean sides of the Yalu river.

*January 6, 1904.*—Russia "vaguely hints" an intention to respect Japanese rights in Manchuria, but repeats her request for the neutralization of a third part of Korean territory.

*January 13.*—Japan replies in a despatch studiously courteous in form, but amounting to a moral ultimatum. She claims the "open door" for all nations in Manchuria, demanding perfect equality in all respects between the status of her nationals in that province and the nationals of the White Powers, and absolutely rejects once for all the proposals for a diplomatic partition of Korea.

*January 20.*—I cabled, "Unless Russia yields, a diplomatic rupture is certain."

Japan was hurrying men and stores to places where they could be made more instantly available. Her land and water transports were fully occupied. Still Russia made no answer, foolishly letting things drift upon such a dangerous "sea of troubles." The dogs of war were straining upon the leash, and the guns were laid with shot. Early in February, 1904, Russian and Japanese officials conferred as to the



best means of enabling their respective compatriots to leave in the event of war. Red Cross organizations were preparing for work, and "war funds" were flowing into the Japanese treasury. The Japanese fleet had gone to sea, and was somewhere in Korean waters about February 6, 1904. Cruisers acting as scouts had preceded them for days. By means of the ordinary telegraph system, and the "wireless" fitted upon all their ships, the Japanese were able to keep in constant touch with Admiral Togo, who had taken command afloat of the navy. Diplomatic negotiations with Russia were formally broken off by Japan on February 6. On February 4 I had wired to London, "There is music in the air," meaning thereby martial strains. On that same date I had seen thousands of newly mobilized soldiers, ready equipped for war, hastening to respective rendezvous. Transports with troops on board, and steam up, were waiting to slip their cables and haste to the scene of action. Furthermore, on February 6 Japanese officials seized the Russian commercial steamers *Shilka* and *Manchuria*, as they lay in Nagasaki harbour—indication enough of what was coming, though at eleven o'clock that same night both craft were temporarily released with an expression of regret; but the seizures were only premature by a few hours. The second reserves, navy and army, were called out in certain districts; the die was cast.

The sea-power was to be and was the gauge of

victory in this as in many other wars. Disregarding vessels not in the Eastern waters, and not counting certain old and small craft belonging to either Power, this is how matters stood :

|                         | Russia. | Japan. |
|-------------------------|---------|--------|
| Battleships ... ..      | .. 7    | 6      |
| Armoured cruisers ...   |         | 6      |
| Protected „ ...         | 9       | 14     |
| Torpedo gun vessels ... | 3       | 2      |
| Torpedo-boats ... ..    | 16      | 40     |
| Torpedo-boat destroyers | 30      | 24     |

In provision of naval arsenals and docking accommodation Russia was very deficient, whilst Japan's position was quite secure. The Viceroy Alexeieff held supreme command of all the Russian forces, but an ancient Vice-Admiral, Stark, was to lead out the fleet to battle and victory. Admiral Stark had contracted the worst forms of Russian disregard for taking time by the forelock, and contempt for his foe. So upon the eventful night of February 8, he gave a grand entertainment ashore, whereat most of the senior officers of his fleet attended, ate and drank with Muscovite disregard for immediate and ulterior consequences. Long before morning numbers were wildly drunk and making a bacchanalian revel of the night. It was in that plight they were caught when the Japanese opened hostilities.

Admiral Togo, commanding the Japanese fleet, had an English training. He was a cadet in the training ship *Worcester*, in the Thames, and

subsequently went to sea in a British man-o'-war. He also studied for a time at Greenwich Naval College. In the war with China he won his title of "the Fighting Admiral" when captain of the cruiser *Naniwa*, which fired into and sank the Chinese troopship *Kowshing*, when those on board refused to take his orders. The refusal to surrender, followed by the sinking by the enemy of the troopship, is an incident which has been repeated against the Japanese themselves more than once during the present war. Admiral Togo is a typical well-to-do looking Japanese, yellow featured, black-eyed, with the peculiar setting of the optics of his people, short and stout, with wiry hair turning grey, bearded, and nearing sixty years of age. In manner he is reticent and quiet, without being morose.

The beginning of the end came in this wise: At half-past four in the afternoon of February 8, the Japanese warships, *Akashi*, *Chiyoda*, *Takachiho*, and *Naniwa*, with seven torpedo-boats and three transports, entered Chemulpo harbour. There were 2,500 troops on board the transports. After brief communication with the Japanese on shore, and without any interference from the Russian cruisers, *Variag* and *Koreetz*, which, with the transport *Sungari*, were then in the harbour, the Japanese soldiers were smartly landed in perfect order. They were marched from the Hatoba, or landing-place, and billeted within the Japanese concession, where after the Mikado's vessels withdrew out of range.

Next morning, February 9, 1904, the local Japanese Consul warned the British residents that Admiral Uruiu, commanding the Japanese squadron, had given the Russians till noon to leave the port, failing which, he would open fire upon them. There were also at this period in Chemulpo waters the French cruiser *Pascal*, the Italian *Elba*, an American and a British gun-boat, the latter the *Talbot*. At half-past eleven the *Variag* and *Koreetz* weighed and steamed out to meet the Japanese, who were lying some miles below, behind the islands at the entrance to the harbour. The men-o'-wars' men on the foreign vessels manned ship, and cheered the *Variag*, which went out with colours flying. Her captain had declared that he was going out to fight, sink, or swim. And the *Koreetz* followed her sister ship, though knowing, as they declared, they had "no chance." The *Koreetz*, which had 8-in. guns, steamed ahead and opened fire at 11.40 a.m. upon the Japanese vessels as they rounded the land of one of the islands, coming out to engage the enemy. A few minutes later the *Variag*, as well as the *Koreetz*, became engaged with the whole of the Japanese cruisers, which kept circling back and forward, firing rapidly, and coming gradually to closer waters. It was reported that the *Koreetz* had one of her boilers injured and was set on fire, and early in the battle she steamed back behind the island, close to the inner harbour. She had sustained a number of casualties, and with some

difficulty the flames on board were extinguished. The *Variag* also appeared to have suffered much, even more. She also was on fire, and appeared to be sinking astern, when at 1.15 she hurriedly retreated, and the firing ceased, for the Japanese did not apparently seek to pursue them nearer the town, probably being desirous for the safety of its inhabitants. There were numerous casualties on board the Russian ships, nearly 50 officers and men being killed outright, and 464 wounded. Immediately they dropped their anchors, numbers of boats came to their assistance from the French and British and other vessels lying in the harbour. The wounded sailors were transferred, some to the shore, others to the French and English warships, the latter taking over 240 of the crews on board. It was all done as hurriedly as possible, as the Russian commander, to prevent his vessels falling into the Japanese hands, had determined to destroy them. The *Sunguri* was set on fire, hulled, and sunk. The *Koreetz* was blown up, and with such violence that the whole of her forefoot was broken off, and, settling down, lay upon the bottom, keel upwards. The *Variag* had two minor explosions, and slowly heeled over, resting upon her port side. By six o'clock in the evening all the Russian ships, which had been unwisely sent into those waters, were destroyed and at the bottom. The captain of the *Variag* was very nervous lest his vessel should fall into Japanese hands, and he besought Captain Bailey of the *Talbot* to hull the

ship by firing into her, an invitation that officer wisely declined to comply with. A discussion in the nature of a small scandal arose over the attitude taken up by the American naval officer. He refused in any way to be a party to assisting the Russians to remove their wounded and clear their ships for destruction, so that the crews might not fall as prisoners, nor the vessels as captures, into the hands of the Japanese. And, on the face of the facts, and in view of the circumstances, the American captain of the *Vicksburg's* position was the proper one. The Japanese had withdrawn, and there was no further imminent risk to life or limb. The tide that sweeps in and out at Chemulpo runs at a greater speed than the Severn. The river is full of mud flats, from which access can be gained to the town. There was nothing to have prevented the Russian captains from beaching their vessels close in, and landing all their sick and wounded, as well as the other members of the crews. There were, besides, hundreds of suitable native craft available for landing purposes, and the *Sungari*, which was uninjured, could have easily accommodated all the Russians. For Great Britain, as a sea-power, to have set a precedent, as it appears to me she has done in this instance, of conceding to neutrals the right to interfere, and that not in the interests of humanity or to save life and suffering, but solely to afford a defeated foe the means of escape; and, further, to destroy property and prevent its falling into the hands of those

who had a legitimate claim to its capture by right of war, is a blunder not to be repeated, an inter-meddling to be most sternly discountenanced in future.

Port Arthur, in itself the cause of the war, was not being overlooked. The Russian men-o'-war, which had gone out on a short cruise towards Dalny and the Yalu, had returned to the harbour. On the evening of the 8th of February, although it should have been known that the Japanese fleet was lying near, everybody was idling, as they did for the most part in their everyday lives in that wretched place. The lighthouse and the guiding harbour-lights were burning; the officers, naval and military, were drinking harder and with more than usual zest, enjoying themselves ashore. On board the Tsar's men-o'-war, the simpler, cleaner-minded sailors chanted their evening prayers, the sound of their strong, mellow voices rolling across the placid waters afar in the chill, clear night air. A dreamy haze clung like a semi-transparent gauze to sea and land. The booms at the entrance to the harbour, and the basin, were out and afloat between Golden Hill and Tiger's Tail opposite; in the entrance lay the guardship and two attendant cruisers, the rest of the fleet was moored in the anchorage near Tiger's Tail. Three torpedo-boats patrolled beyond the guardship, keeping slack watch. One of the warships had her electric light going, switching about in a careless, haphazard fashion. Suddenly,

from nowhere, somewhere, three or four Japanese torpedo-boats, followed by a few others, a detachment of one of the mosquito flotillas from Togo's fleet, dashed through the harbour. It was getting near midnight. The sleepy Russians took little or no notice of this daring attack. Rushing at the fullest speed, with flames streaming from the funnels, they made straight for the Russian battleships. Torpedo after torpedo was discharged at the enemy's craft, who, quite taken by surprise, only made a feeble show of resistance. In serious, pitiful truth, and you may so regard it from a Russian or Japanese point of view, had Admiral Togo boldly, and not tentatively, effected a surprise, using a score or more of his torpedo-boats; not one of the Tsar's battleships and cruisers but might have been sent to the bottom of the sea on that eventful night. The forts were the first to awake to what was happening, and quickly the shore batteries of 12- and 3-pounder quick-firing guns were turned upon the Japanese intruders. The junior officers on board the Russian ships also awoke. Searchlights and guns, right and left, were turned upon the daring enemy, and a fire so hot was showered upon them that they withdrew in a more or less crippled position, but, nevertheless, they had behaved magnificently, and wrought great work for the country. Five or six Russian men-o'-war had been torpedoed, and among these, as Alexeieff himself reported, the battleships *Retvizan*



and *Czarovitch* and the cruiser *Pallada* had been badly damaged, the one forward, the other aft. Indeed, the *Retevizan* and another battleship had to be beached, and the former was put practically out of action for the rest of the war. It was all done so swiftly and orderly, that many believed the operations were only some marine manœuvres which were going forward. After their first repulse, the Japanese torpedo-boats returned about 1 a.m., and made a second and equally successful attack upon the Russian fleet, and then got away.

If anything could have sobered the Russian naval officers, it should have been what had happened during their absence ashore. Throughout the remainder of the night, Port Arthur was in a state of great alarm. A few shots had been fired by the Japanese, but no great damage had been done anywhere except to the vessels that had been torpedoed. The *Novik* and one or two other lesser Russian craft chased the Japanese torpedo-boats, and became themselves engaged outside with the protecting ships of the Japanese. The *Novik* was hit later on, and had to go into the basin to be repaired. A British steamer, the *Columbia*, lying in the harbour, found herself later on in a dangerous and unsatisfactory position. At eleven in the forenoon, sixteen Japanese warships, including Togo's flagship, the *Mikasa*, appeared on the horizon before Port Arthur. At a quarter past eleven they began firing 12-in. shell near the

torpedo-boats and the disabled battleships. The *Columbia*, which lay in the wake of this fire, and was ordered to remain where she was by the Russians, boldly slipped her cable and ran the gauntlet out of the harbour, keeping close under the shore. She escaped with no more serious injury than a small hole in the after-deck and some marks caused by splinters from shells. Other British and foreign merchantmen were hit, and had wonderful escapes from calamity.

Simultaneously with these assaults that had been delivered at Chemulpo and Port Arthur, attempts were made by Japanese emissaries to blow up railway bridges and cut the telegraph lines in Manchuria. At last Japan had fully committed herself to war and the arbitrament of the sword. That the chances were all in her favour I have sought to show in various ways and places. Yet here is a ridiculous Russian assumption of what the Tsar's officials believed would be the course of events: "Japan's army on a complete war-footing yields but a seventh of the number of troops that will flock to the Russian standard. In size Japan is equal to two-thirds of our Trans-Caspian province. It is inadmissible that we should be unable to withstand a little strip of land amounting to two per cent. of our territory."

## CHAPTER IX

### OFFICIAL DECLARATIONS—THE TSAR AND MIKADO— ADVANCE OF THE JAPANESE ARMY TOWARDS THE YALU

WHEN blows had been dealt, the “politicals” hastened the discharge of their more serious duties, to formally declare war. Leave-takings of Ministers at Tokyo and St. Petersburg took place, each side trying to outdo the other in courtesy to speed the parting enemy. Russian troops, though not in anything like the numbers estimated in the Press, mustered along the banks of the Yalu, and recognizances were made across that stream by both cavalry and infantry. The vaunted Cossack also attempted raids and scouting expeditions, but contact with the Japanese infantry soon made him too careful to be of any great value to his own side. More troops were hurried from Peking to Chemulpo and Seoul, and they took tight grip in their hands of the Korean kingdom. The Russian Minister and the Legation guards at Seoul were conducted to Chemulpo and sent out of the country. Then an advance was begun towards the Yalu. Long lines of troops, clad

in snug winter garments, accompanied by still longer lines of transport—one-horse carts, native vehicles, coster-barrows, single wheelbarrows, and carriers with heavy loads upon their backs—streamed up the pass along the Pekin road towards Ping-Yang and Wiju. The outbreak of war necessitated the detention at Shanghai of the Russian warship *Mandjur*, a vessel of an old type, but which nevertheless carried two 8-in. guns. For a time the Russians tried to bluster the Chinese and prevent them interfering, but eventually they were constrained to disarm the *Mandjur* and land a portion of the war material. Whilst they had been seeking to ignore China's neutrality, threatening to go to sea when it suited their purpose with the *Mandjur*, they had compelled the Japanese to detach several of their warships to watch the vessel, so that she should not escape into the open sea. Another tactical blunder the Russians made, and which weakened their fleet at Port Arthur, was that they had not only detached the lost *Variag* and *Koreetz*, but four good cruisers. The last-named were left isolated at Vladivostok. Had the Tsar's fleet been united, and his ships been anything like moderately well-handled, the Japanese admirals would have found the tackling of Port Arthur, or the sending of hundreds of transports into Korean waters, a far more hazardous enterprise than either turned out to be. Admiral Togo attempted a second bombardment of the Russian forts and ships at Port Arthur, and, on

occasion, sent in other flotillas of torpedo-boats. But as the Russians took to laying mines, and the fire of the forts was found to be extremely dangerous, the Japanese desisted, and decided to try and block the mouth of the harbour by sinking merchant-men across the entrance.

The Foreign Office at Tokyo issued a long and somewhat important document on the 8th of February, giving their official history of the negotiations. The gist of the paper is, I think, contained in the following extracts :—"On the 12th of August last, the Japanese Government proposed to the Government of Russia, through their representative in St. Petersburg, the basis of agreement, which was substantially as follows :—

- " 1. Mutual engagement to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Chinese and Korean Empires.
- " 2. Mutual engagement to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in those countries.
- " 3. Reciprocal recognition of Japan's preponderating interests in Korea and Russia's special interests in railway enterprises, in Manchuria, and mutual recognition of the respective rights of Japan and Russia to take measures necessary for the protection of the above-mentioned interests in so far as the principles of Article 1 are not infringed.

- “4. Recognition by Russia of the exclusive right of Japan to give advice and assistance to Korea in the interest of reform and good government.
- “5. Engagement on the part of Russia not to impede the eventual extension of the Korean railway into southern Manchuria so as to connect with the East China and the Shanhsikwan-Newchwang lines.”

The last reply of Russia was received in Tokyo on the 6th of January last. In this reply, it is true, Russia proposed to agree to insert the following clause in the proposed agreement:—

“Recognition by Japan of Manchuria and its littoral as being outside her sphere of interest, whilst Russia within the limits of that province will not impede Japan nor other Powers in the enjoyment of rights and privileges acquired by them under existing treaties with China, exclusive of the establishment of settlements.”

But this was proposed to be agreed to only upon the conditions of maintaining a neutral zone in Korean territory and non-employment of Korean territory for strategical purposes; conditions, the impossibility for Japan of accepting, which had already been fully explained to them.

“The Japanese Government have throughout been actuated by a principle of moderation and impartiality, and have demanded from the Russian Government no more than the recognition of a

principle which has been repeatedly and voluntarily announced by Russia herself, while the Russian Government have persistently refused to accede thereto, and, while unduly delaying, on the one hand, their replies whenever they had to make one, have, on the other hand, augmented their military and naval preparations. In fact, a large Russian force is already on the Korean frontier. The Japanese Government, while animated by a sincere desire for peace, have been exercising the utmost degree of patience, but now they are reluctantly compelled by the action of Russia to give up all hopes of reconciliation and break off their negotiations."

Two days after hostilities had actually commenced, the Mikado and the Tsar hastened to publish declarations of war. The Tsar's proclamation read: "We proclaim to all our faithful subjects: In our solicitude for the preservation of that peace so dear to our heart, we have put forth every effort to assure tranquillity in the Far East. To these pacific ends we declared our assent to the revision, proposed by the Japanese Government, of the agreements existing between the two empires concerning Korean affairs. The negotiations initiated on this subject were, however, not brought to a conclusion, and Japan, not even awaiting the arrival of our last reply and the proposals of our Government, informed us of the rupture of the negotiations and of diplomatic relations with Russia.

“Without previously notifying that the rupture of such relations implied the beginning of warlike action, the Japanese Government ordered its torpedo-boats to make a sudden attack on our squadron in the outer roadstead of the fortress of Port Arthur. After receiving the report of our Viceroy on the subject, we at once commanded Japan’s challenge to be replied to by arms.

“While proclaiming this our resolve, we, in unshakeable confidence in the help of the Almighty, and firmly trusting in the unanimous readiness of all our faithful subjects to defend the Fatherland together with ourselves, we invoke God’s blessing on our glorious forces of the army and navy.”

The same day, whilst granting commissions to naval ensigns, his Imperial Majesty said to the cadets: “You are aware that the day before yesterday war was declared against us, and that a treacherous foe, in the darkness of the night, without any provocation on our part, has attacked our fortress and our fleet. Russia now needs her navy as well as her army, and I have come to-day to see you and tell you that I promote you to be officers. In promoting you three months and a half before your time, I am convinced that you will do all in your power to enrich your knowledge, and will serve as your great-grandfathers and your grandfathers, who served Admirals Tchitchagoff, Lazareff, Nachimoff, Korniloff, and Istomin, to the profit and renown of our dear Fatherland. I am convinced



that you will devote all your powers to our navy, over which waves the flag with the cross of St. Andrew. Hurrah!"

The Mikado's Imperial Rescript declaring war was: "We, by the grace of Heaven, the Emperor of Japan, seated on the throne occupied by the same dynasty from time immemorial, do hereby make proclamation to all our loyal and brave subjects as follows :

"We hereby declare war against Russia, and we command our army and navy to carry on hostilities against her in obedience to duty and with all their strength, and we also command all our competent authorities to make every effort in pursuance of their duties and in accordance with their powers to attain the national aim, with all the means within the limits of the law of nations.

"We have always deemed it essential to international relations, and made it our constant aim to promote the pacific progress of our Empire in civilization, to strengthen our friendly ties with other States, and to establish a state of things which would maintain enduring peace in the extreme East, and assure the future security of our dominion without injury to the rights and interests of the Powers. Our competent authorities have also performed their duties in obedience to our will, so that our relations with all Powers have been steadily growing in cordiality.

"It was thus entirely against our expectation that

we have unhappily come to open hostilities against Russia. The integrity of Korea is a matter of the gravest concern to this Empire, not only because of our traditional relations with that country, but because the separate existence of Korea is essential to the safety of our realm. Nevertheless, Russia, in disregard of her solemn treaty pledges to China, and of her repeated assurances to the other Powers, is still in occupation of Manchuria, and has consolidated and strengthened her hold upon those provinces, and is bent upon their final annexation. And, since the absorption of Manchuria by Russia would render it impossible to maintain the integrity of China, and would, in addition, compel the abandonment of all hope for peace in the extreme East, we determined in those circumstances to settle the question by negotiations, and to secure thereby a permanent peace.

“With that object in view, our competent authorities, by our order, made proposals to Russia, and frequent conferences were held during the last six months. Russia, however, never met such proposals in a spirit of conciliation, but by her wanton delays put off the settlement of the serious question, and by ostensibly advocating peace on the one hand, while she was on the other extending her naval and military preparations, sought to accomplish her own designs.

“We cannot in the least admit that Russia had from the first any serious or genuine desire for

peace. She has rejected the proposals of our Government. The safety of Korea is in danger. The interests of our Empire are menaced. The guarantee for the future which we have failed to secure by peaceful negotiations can now only be obtained by an appeal to arms.

“It is our earnest wish that, by the loyalty and valour of our faithful subjects, peace may soon be permanently restored, and the glory of our Empire preserved.”

Martial law and press censorship ruled from Japan to Korea and Manchuria. You are forced to go about with your tongue in your cheek if you adopt to live in an Eastern atmosphere of war. But you may use your eyesight, to some extent, and exercise your memorizing powers. Of the spy you cannot be rid; he reads your public and private correspondence, eavesdrops upon all occasions, tinkers with your camera, damages the lens and the shutter, and, as a last resort, lets in light and steals your negatives. Numbers of correspondents were arrested for using cameras in assumed restricted areas. A brave and genial Frenchman, Captain Kann of the *Figaro*, hit upon a plan of aggravation to pay them back in their own coin. He went about in prohibited areas, snap-shotting with no films in his machine, his excuse to the authorities, police and military, when arrested, being he was not photographing, but only practising how to hold the camera.

There is an elasticity of a kind about art and poesy alien to prose, unless the latter happens to be Japanese. Although in the official despatches they took good care to speak with a degree of accuracy, it was, as a rule, but the truth in part that was told. But the native artists and poets indulged in flights of imagination familiar to Oriental fancy. They stimulated their public with pictures and sketches full of movement, of breezy and almost demoniacal activity. The drawings were not as a rule exact, but they invariably conveyed a full sense of swift action, and of the unconquerable nature and invincible spirit of their fleet, their armies, and their people; sailors, soldiers, and civilians, men, women, and children. Wherefore should I rail at the relatively honest Japanese artists whose imaginary pictures of battle deceive none but the most ignorant. Pictorial art in Europe and America is not above resorting to representations of home-made creative scenes. Have we not all seen, even in London, illustrations of sea-fights and land-fights, void of any verisimilitude to the event they purported to represent; battle sketches done by those who saw not the place or event, and which could probably have been as accurately devised sitting in Fleet Street or the Strand.

With singular capacity the Germans have piled up for themselves in the Far East a bitter store of antipathy. Yet some of their officials are of the very best type. What more courteous and

knowledgeable minister could any country have than Count Arco Valley in Tokyo? It is not against him, for he is everywhere popular, but his Government and people that the Japanese, like the Chinese, are biding their time to deal with. Here is something of an Oriental epigram. The Japanese have christened the Germans "Kivajidorobo," *i.e.* fire thieves; that is, a man who would not necessarily by his own hand set fire to a house, but who would watch and wait his chance for a grab during a conflagration.

Japan having asserted her naval supremacy by her successes at Chemulpo and Port Arthur, began to reinforce and push forward her armies. It was unsafe to embark her legions, or enter upon a grand campaign in Korea and Manchuria, until she had secured the sovereignty of the sea. Ere the middle of February, they thought it no undue risk to send troops on board the fleets of transports in waiting off Moji, Kobe, and Nagasaki. Artillery, infantry, and cavalry were being transported as rapidly as possible to Korea. The footmen were a remarkably admirable class of intelligent, well-set-up young fellows, mostly between twenty and thirty years of age. Cavalrymen and artillerymen were much of the same type, except that the troopers had the look and the gait of men who would be at sea in a saddle. And their mounts—never have I seen such a sorry lot of scrub-ponies, all more fit for the knacker's yard than for a soldier's charger. They were not even passable for service for mounted

infantry work. Large steam transports, some of them fitted with horse-boxes above and between decks, lay in Nagasaki. Each craft was over six thousand tons burden. Amongst them were the "Marus," or ships, *Shinano*, *Tambo*, *Rohilla*, *Kamakura*, *Bombay*, *Tainan*, *Shimi*, and *Idzumi-maru*. Stout sampans, which make fine surf-boats, and draw very little water, were hanging from these steamers' davits.

In the course of a few weeks, the local authorities, in view of this very contingency of having to embark troops, had filled up a mile or so of low marshy riverside ground, made a bridge or two, and laid two miles of rails down to the wharves. Buildings had also been erected, and stabling for horses. The platform and station were prettily decorated to welcome the arriving troops, who were fed on arrival, then marched off to billets, for that system continues in Japan, and every householder has to put up a quota of soldiers. Here is an extract from one of my letters sent from Nagasaki at that date: "At this instant, as I write, glancing aside to look upon a magnificent panorama of harbourage, of green hills edging the blue ocean, I see riding a dozen large liners, to which are steaming launches bearing freights of soldiers. Other craft carry horses. 'Slings' or webbings of canvas are slipped under these mounts' quarters, the winches whirr noisily, a lunge or two, and the animal is dangling in mid-air. Next he is landed

upon the steamer's deck, and thence is smartly coaxed and shoved into his particular box. And the while up the gangways stream embarking lines of yellow-band, red-band, capped Japanese soldiers bound for war. Last night the Japanese, who often try new methods in secret, essayed a novel experiment in embarking and debarking troops. It was one which would be of great use in rough water, when men have to be transferred to or from a lighter to a larger vessel. Some thirty soldiers sat upon a net, the ends were caught up, and they were swung on board like so much ordinary freight or cargo.

"It is well that February is half gone, and the sun is coming back to warm the dreary zero-bound fields of Korea and Manchuria. The troops will have trials enough without having to face too many Arctic cold nights upon the Liao-Tung peninsula. I assume that Port Arthur is to be taken by assault, or at least cut off and isolated by siege. Nature here in this south island of Sasano has that flush of early spring as of colour that comes to the face of a fair sleeper who stirs ere awakening. Ah! I turn to the sound of cheering, to shouts of 'Banzai! Banzai!' and see the *Idzumi Maru*, crowded with soldiers, steaming out of Nagasaki harbour. They are off to the war with Russia, happy and proud. And anon the others will follow in her wake Koreaward."

I have been quoting from myself, and may be

permitted to add this. Cabling from Nagasaki on February 11, I said : " The second stage of the war has now begun, army operations and the transport of troops is in course of being carried out. Personally, I have not a doubt that even if Russia could put her fullest strength into the field, she would be unable to hold the Liao-Tung peninsula against Japan. The fact that the latter's fleet is helping the troops makes her position practically impregnable, and Port Arthur must fall by the effluxion of time even without an assault."

The campaign had opened disastrously for Russia, Japan having scored the first rubber. Even fate seemed to be against the Tsar, for whilst the torpedo vessel *Yenesi* was laying mines in Talienwan, or Dalny Bay, on the 10th of February, she ran upon and was blown up by one of her own infernal machines. Her captain, three officers, and ninety-two men perished. As she was a torpedo store-ship, and fully equipped for laying mines, her loss at that stage of the war was irreparable, and placed the Russians in further grave peril. In the first torpedo attack, the Japanese boats had crept up along the coast unobserved, keeping within the shadow of the hills thrown by the moonlight. In a subsequent attack they had managed to get within striking distance by means of employing the enemy's lights and signals, captured, of course, from the Russians. The bombardment of Port Arthur on the forenoon of the 9th of February, brought on



something like a general naval action, for the Russian ships assisted the forts in replying to the Japanese fleet. The Japanese admitted a loss in this engagement of fifty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded, but they asserted their ships were seaworthy and uninjured, and that though six of them had been hit, the damage sustained was very slight. The Russian losses on the shore batteries and on board ship were returned as ten killed, and two officers and fifty-four men wounded. But in war reports, before and since Napoleonic bulletins, it is rare to find exactitude or candour. I have seen British official reports that were not models for enlightenment. A further torpedo attack was delivered by the Japanese on the night, or rather the morning, of the 14th of February. But for one of those mishaps which are so frequent in war, it is probable the *coup de grace* would, on that occasion, have been given to the whole of the Russian warships, without and within Port Arthur harbour. In very many particulars the Japanese followed, in almost slavish fashion, the course and methods they had adopted in their war with China. Very early in the conflict, indeed before it had begun, and when Togo's fleet left Sasebo on the 6th of February, it was to the Elliot group of islands, which had been made their rendezvous, they proceeded. From there, on the night of the 13th of February, in a snowstorm, a flotilla of destroyers and torpedo-boats was sent against Port Arthur. The sea was rough, the

weather bitterly cold, but the little fleet held gallantly on its way. The Russian vessels, not properly protected by patrols, had apparently drawn close in to Port Arthur, and, as usual, except for a ship or two on guard, the remainder were ensconced near the basin or by the anchorage off Tiger's Tail. Unluckily for the Japanese, as their leading destroyer, having found her way, turned to steam in to deliver her attack, the others lost touch in the blinding snowstorm, and stood down the coast. So, at three in the morning the destroyer *Asagari* and a torpedo-boat or two alone delivered their blows, and after encountering a fearful fire, turned about and steamed away. Later on, at 5 a.m., the *Hayatori* arrived and made an attempt to torpedo two of the Russian vessels. In that attack two more of the Russian warships sustained damage. Yet the Russians appear subsequently to have been on the alert, and to have opened a very heavy fire on the daring intruders, as the Japanese hurried back to rejoin Admiral Togo.

So the Korean seas were cleared of the enemy, and, without escort, Japanese transports went to and fro carrying troops. True, the Japanese had established look-out stations at many places. They had signal-posts on Quelpart Island and the lesser neighbouring isles. Further, by means of their sub-naval base at Tsushima, the Straits were closely watched, and cables and wireless telegraphy kept them in touch all round. It was not until later that a

Vladivostok squadron raided south and wrought substantial damage to Japanese shipping. Subsequently a wiser course was adopted, and Admiral Kawimura policed a water-lane between Japan and the landing places for the transport of the soldiers of his country to Korea and Manchuria. And it was with extreme caution, probably due to the fact that winter still held the land in its icy grip, that the northward movement of the Japanese proceeded very slowly. The Russians, taking advantage of Japan's delay, advanced from the Yalu, sending out detachments as far as Ping-Yang, an important town connected by water with the seaport of Chinnampo. Had it on a significant occasion not been for the gallantry of the few Japanese soldiers who reached that place by hard marching in time, and received needed loyal help from their coolie compatriots, the town would have fallen into Russian hands.



STREET SCENE, KOREA.

[*To face p. 122.*]



## CHAPTER X.

### ADMIRAL TOGO—THE JAPANESE FLEET AND PORT ARTHUR—BLOCKADING AND BOMBARDING

IN war, "action, action, action," is an even more important first consideration than in oratory. The officer who does not fight, and fight hard at every opportunity, however able he may be as an administrator, strategist, or tactician, is of no use to his country, or to the cause he serves, in time of war. The man who engages the enemy and fights, even when he blunders and fails, may almost invariably be forgiven. But the officer who incontinently, in presence of the enemy, seeks and finds excuse to lead his men beyond the region of conflict, should never be tolerated in any service. If naturally irresolute and weak, he will assuredly spread demoralization and panic. Admiral Togo, like the majority of his compatriots, was always ready to engage the enemy. With clear head and stout courage, from the first he strove to obtain the supremacy of the seas for Japan, and subsequently, he was bold and shrewd enough to allow the Russians no rest from attack. Day and night he

lay upon the watch for them to prevent their repairing their damaged warships, and to get in further blows. The object he had set before himself, and it was the right and only true one, was, if possible, to utterly destroy or capture every Russian vessel. There is in Japan a far deeper control over the destiny of an individual, and the fate of those connected with, or depending upon him, whom he loves, than is known of, perhaps, in any other country in the world. So the men who are told off for duty, or who volunteer to discharge important service, fully realize that they are committed, unto the death. The practice of "hari kari," or suicide, for official and other assigned reasons, resorted to by Japanese out of favour, indicates, in a measure, the strength of the bonds laid upon the individual by custom and Government. I am not stating these things in any way to belittle the character and degree of the natural courage of the Japanese. Like other men, there are many of them poltroons, who prefer their own comfort, quite regardless of the well-being of others. The type of the race, and this applies to the vast majority of the people, is the spirit of obdurate dourness, and ferocity in fight; a disposition that prefers to be broken, and killed outright, rather than yield. So, as might have been expected, in the repeated attacks made by the Japanese upon the Russians at Port Arthur, there were recorded instances, again and again, of splendid individual

courage, sustained hardihood, and unflinching grappling with death. Officers and men went out to die jauntily. Even those who had been newly married volunteered for the most dangerous work. Altogether, nothing could have been better than the numerous dashes of the Japanese torpedo-boats, and the daring effrontery of Togo's ships, in assailing from time to time the great sea forts of Port Arthur. Of course grave risks were taken, but they were all against Russian ships, Russian men and works. And I am sure that there are several nations whose seamen would not have hesitated to have conducted similar operations, and in like manner planned and achieved more immediate and better results.

On the outbreak of hostilities, the cables in Russian hands were cut, but those that could be used by the Japanese were taken under their immediate control. Indeed, before the declaration of war, the ends of the cable at Nagasaki and elsewhere were watched and manipulated by the Japanese authorities. The Russians had, therefore, to depend for telegraphic information on roundabout methods and routes. Still, they had one advantage, that the Great Northern telegraphic system passed through China into Siberia, and throughout the war all these land lines remained in excellent working order. Hostilities having begun in midwinter, it fell that the refugees who, upon the declaration of martial law, fled from Russian territory—Port Arthur,



Vladivostok, and other places—suffered sore hardships. In the far north, many of these poor people had to quit their homes at a moment's notice, and, scantily clad, embark upon merchantmen overcrowded with other refugees, in order to return to Japan. A few Russians, who were mostly in the employ of legations, were enabled to leave the land of the "Rising Sun," going across on one or other of the many steamers without suffering any hardship.

Japan is relatively a poor country, or rather the people are very poor, but intrinsically the land may be considered rich, for it possesses considerable undeveloped resources. These consist mainly of mines and fisheries, but the country's agricultural value is of small account, due in part to their antiquated system of tillage, the persistence in the cultivation of rice, and their failure to have made use of machinery and irrigation on a large scale. For instance, with much apparently suitable hill land in the country, Japan has practically no sheep, and breeds few cattle. It is said that there is a kind of wire grass in the country which kills mutton, so that the people do not eat much meat. Fish of all kinds is the staple diet, from the octopus to the whale, and is eaten cooked and raw; and all forms of marine life, even seaweed and sea-plants, are included in the menu. Yet with all her poverty, though doubtless with some Government pressure, internal war loans were arranged for large amounts, both income and land taxes were doubled and

many other imposts imposed, the people responding willingly to the heavy demands made by their country upon them.

Viceroy Alexeieff, who had done so much to bring on the war, and so little comparatively in the interests of his country to avert it, took a journey to the north about the middle of February. Here was a commander-in-chief, who had taunted and laughed at the prowess of the Japanese, contemned the likelihood of their being a source of real danger to the Russian arms, flying from the scene within a week from the outbreak of hostilities. He perpetrated a further, apparently unnecessary, blunder, by issuing a proclamation to the Chinese, warning them, in a hectoring style, to put their trust in Russia, to avoid the Japanese, and to assist the Tsar and his people, or they would be visited with condign punishment. Several of the Japanese officers, lost from the blockading ships, had been taken prisoners, and the bodies of a number of those biown overboard and drowned had been recovered from the sea by the Russians at Port Arthur ; but their first real capture on land, an insignificant affair, occurred near Wiju, on February 20. The Japanese major Tatsaru, with seven men, had gone forward to scout. He had boldly advanced close to Wiju, where, seeing a Russian patrol, part of his men hid their weapons, and they went as friends to meet the Russians, who were unaware that war had begun. They exchanged civilities, and Tatsura and

his party went on to another village, where he was entertained. Unfortunately for him, a Cossack despatch rider arrived with the news that the two countries were fighting, and the major and his men were thereupon made prisoners. During February the Russians became more active in the Red Sea, the *Oslabaya*, with other warships ordered to the East, waylaying neutral merchantmen in those waters. They, no doubt, were in search of the Japanese-European liners, or *marus*; but these big steamers were so adroitly handled that they managed to slip past the Russian fleet. A number of British vessels, however, were held up from time to time by the Tsar's warships, and there was a good deal of angry feeling created because of their aggressive conduct towards the British flag. Subsequently the Russian craft acted with more discretion, most of them withdrawing to the French port of Jibutil, in Abyssinia, whilst *en route* for Madagascar. The German military estimate, made in February, of the relative forces of the combatants bore some approximation to the truth. It placed the Russian forces in the field in Manchuria at 114,700 infantry, 11,250 cavalry, and 256 guns; and the total of the Japanese forces in the field, or, rather, ready to take the field, in Korea and Manchuria, at 156,000 infantry and 8,500 cavalry, with 702 guns.

By February, General Kuropatkin had been appointed commander-in-chief of the Russian forces

in the field, and the anxiously awaited new Japanese cruisers, *Nisshin* and *Kasuga*, arrived in Japan. They were accorded a popular and an official welcome, the English captains and crews being everywhere fêted and toasted. Before leaving the country to return to their homes, the captains and several of the officers were decorated by the Mikado. In the course of the earlier part of the month over forty large steamers, employed as transports, had left the Japanese ports, Ujini, Moji, Nagasaki, and Kobe, with troops for the seat of war. A Russian reconnoitring column, several thousand strong, with fourteen guns, crossed the Yalu and advanced to Anju, in Korea. It was stated that the Russian force on the Yalu never exceeded two or three divisions. The Russian cavalry moved as far south as Ping-Yang, about 120 miles, or rather more by road, from Wiju. A detachment of Cossacks ultimately appeared off Ping-Yang, which is a walled town, at nine o'clock in the morning of February 28, and began firing at 700 metres. It happened that the Japanese had a company of the Imperial Guards in the place, and they fought so obstinately that the Russian troops, though they outnumbered them six to one, were unable to capture the town. A number of Japanese coolies hastened to assist their compatriots, manning the walls beside the soldiers. Perhaps the place would have fallen, and the Russians scored a small initial success, had it not been that reinforcements, coming by forced march

from Seoul, arrived in the nick of time. It was on February 26 that a column of 2,000 Japanese troops, marching out of Seoul, and escorting long lines of transport, detached some of their number who hurried ahead, covering over forty miles in one long stretch in order to reach Ping-Yang.

Admiral Togo, so as to lessen the incessant, hazardous task of keeping watch within close range of Port Arthur batteries, determined to attempt to seal the harbour by sinking merchantmen laden with stones and old scrap iron. At one in the morning of February 24, five vessels, preceded by eight torpedo-boats, tried to steam in between the headlands at the entrance—Golden Hill on the right, and Tiger's Tail peninsula on the left side. Captain Arima, who commanded, with sixty-six officers and men, had volunteered for this very special service. The torpedo-boats made a vigorous essay to blow up the guard-ship, and to finish the battleship *Retevezan*, which, since the first attack, had lain in shore near Tiger's Tail. The Russians appear to have been more on the alert than usual, for they opened a very heavy fire upon the Japanese torpedo-boats, one of which was lost, whilst others were badly damaged, so that they had to sheer off. It was the lower shore batteries and the batteries of quick-firers upon the *Retevezan* that defeated this attack, and enabled them to prematurely hull and sink the merchantmen sent to block the channel. One vessel got no further than Golden Hill, another



WASHED ASHORE, LIAOTUSHAN. JAPANESE DEAD FROM BLOCKADING SHIPS; BODIES RECOVERED BY RUSSIANS.



subsided close to the *Retevezan*, but the others were enabled to press in close to Tiger's Tail ere they were blown up and sunk by Russian mines. The Japanese in charge of these ships, sent to be lost, behaved with remarkable, constant audacity, standing by to the last, ready to touch the train that was to fire the magazine and sink them at the prearranged spot, so as to seal the entrance to Port Arthur. And the officers commanding the accompanying torpedo-boats were worthy comrades of the devoted men who sailed the merchantmen, for they too stood by, though shown up and bewildered by a flood of their enemy's electric search-lights, holding steadily on, amid a hurricane of shot and shell, to embark and carry away the survivors of the wrecked craft.

Admiral Togo gave neither the beleaguered garrison, and still less the blockaded fleet, any rest in Port Arthur. The Russians strove to protect themselves by taking extra precautions, planting triple rows of mines, putting down booms, and putting out torpedo netting, and withdrawing most of the fleet within the harbour; but persistent attacks, launched under auspices favourable and unfavourable, were directed against the doomed ships and the fortress. A torpedo flotilla scouted and made attacks at Dalny, Port Arthur, and Pigeon Bay on February 24. On the following day a Japanese fleet bombarded the Russian works and ships at Port Arthur, driving in the *Novik*, the



*Askold*, and the *Bayan* after a quarter of an hour's bombardment. The withdrawal of those cruisers proved that the harbour had not been effectually blocked by the sinking of the five merchantmen. General Stossel, a dignified, but not reckoned by any means, in a military sense, a strong man, had command of the district. In reality he was not the garrison commander, but having charge of a district, put the garrison and all within it under his control. Until after the defeat at Nanshan, General Stossel took very little active part in the preparation or the conduct of the defences of the Russian fortress. Very early in the war he issued a command calling upon all to fight to the death, and saying that there would be no opportunity for a retreat. There were many subsequent attacks made upon the fortress by Admiral Togo's ships. About March 6, whilst the Japanese were paying their usual attentions to Port Arthur, a detached fleet under Admiral Kawamura, of seven or eight vessels, covered with ice, appeared off Vladivostok, and bombarded that harbour. They threw some two hundred 12- and 6-in. shells into the place before retiring. It was alleged that no injury was done by either side. General Mistchenko, commanding the Cossack cavalry, led a large body of troops into Korea. About the same time small mounted detachments of Russians appeared on the Possiet Bay, or eastern side of Korea, raiding in all directions. Mistchenko's Cossacks behaved none too well, but probably no

worse than the Japanese did subsequently. The wretched Koreans were stripped by both sides of a good deal of property, or, rather, whatever they had to lose that was of any value. Occasionally they received paper money in payment. Significant preparations were being made in Japan. A little, shallow-draft river gunboat, named the *Uji*, with various sister ships, arrived at one of the ship-yards for repairs. They were of the class of vessels that are indispensable for covering a landing in shallow waters. The *Uji* was decked, cleaned, painted, and refloated again within forty hours. When she entered she was full of barnacles and seaweed, but she was sent out sweet and tidy as a well-kept baby.

Order, we are told, is Heaven's first law. So with the Japanese rule and law, much the same as the former, go before all else. But they are none the nearer to heaven on that account, I trow. As a people, they are the serfs of the "as previously planned" and the "as pre-arranged," the slaves of minutiae. They put me in mind of the Malagasy, an affiliated race, whose weakness was to be too deliberative and a day behind the fair. But there are those who will have it that success is the one only sure gauge of merit, and therefore they can find no fault with the Japanese methods. If observation and criticism are to retain any value, these disclose that the over-cautious, deliberate Japanese have lost by their dilatoriness innumerable chances of winning

great victories in this war, and further loss of treasure and blood. Thereof something has been shown, and more will appear later. Doubtless the winter was severe, and the roads most execrable from Seoul and Chemulpo to the Yalu, but they were slow, pitifully slow, in going forward, hampered as usual by overmuch detail. Thousands of tons of provisions *en route* had to be punctiliously counted at every point, whether for embarkation or debarkation. A broken wheel-barrow, or tub of saki, or a salted sprat lost—and much of the soldiers' food consisted of dried fish that was "whiffier" than a fishmarket in midsummer—created a wearisome pother. So events did not proceed as fast as should have been the case, and as many expected, all of which was aptly shown by published premature reports of landings at Dalny, and of general advances as early as February and March upon Mukden.

Even in Japan customary routine had reasserted itself. Crowds, except on great occasions, had ceased to gather to shout "Banzais," to cheer the departing soldiers. The change was marked. There were no more processions of trades, of students and guilds, but only receptions, *plus* frock-coated congratulations and speeches by local officials. In leaving for the front, each soldier had on his full war-kit, and his ammunition pouches were filled with ball-cartridge. The men wore buttoned, canvas leggings, which gripped their highlows and the

nether parts of their stout blue-cloth trousers. Thick khaki blankets were worn for overcoats, with ample collars, lined with white sheepskin. The rest of the garb was the characteristic everyday uniform of the Japanese soldier—cap, jacket, trousers, all of thick blue serge, braided with red or yellow, according to the regulation dress of each regiment or arm of the service. The men paraded in lines, formed fours, and stepped off into the lighters, which were towed by steam-launches to the transports. In that manner, within an hour, they were able to embark between 900 and 1,000 men upon each steamer. I noticed, as the regimental headquarters left the piers and stepped on board the lighters, it was the habit of the bandsmen to strike up "Auld Lang Syne" as they went off. It fairly startled me, the music and the cheering which followed, and I do not think any of them had had too much saki, though it may be there was something subtle in the "Scotch" which they have acclimatized in Japan. A singular incident happened off Nagasaki. An American transport, conveying United States soldiers home from the Philippines, passed a Japanese transport conveying the men of Dai Nippon to the seat of war. All the Americans mustered on deck, and lustily, with good Norse lungs, cheered the Japanese, who responded and dipped their ensign. There was more cheering as the American ship lowered the "Stars and Stripes"—that ensign familiarly known as "Old Glory,"—dipping it thrice in

salutation to the pleased Japanese. Then the blood-red "Sun" in a field of white, Japan's colour, once more saluted the ensign of America ere the vessels drew away from each other.

It is not a far cry from Nagasaki to Wei-hai-Wei, where British men-o'-war were on the alert in case of (writ large), accidents. Wei-hai-Wei is finely situated to make an excellent watering-place, and possesses good harbourage; but it is quite unfit for a naval base, in that it would require an enormous expenditure, and one, if not two, army corps to defend the place on the landward side. It is never likely to be of any use, except as a sanatorium, and, of course, we have so tied our hands to the Germans in the same connection that it cannot become a commercial port. Chefoo, but forty miles away, and nearly opposite Port Arthur, would have suited us much better, because it could have been far more easily defended, and at relatively little cost; but neither place can be advantageously compared to Port Arthur as a naval base, assuming that fortress was held by a Power in command of the sea. Chefoo, with its sea-front of islands and background of high hills, is prettily placed, and is likely to become more and more important as a seaport. In winter the winds blight the landscape, but in summer the country glows with colour, and visitors throng the sands or wander among the rocks. Chefoo had a roaring trade during the early part of the war, and was the headquarters of much junk blockade-running,

goods being carried regularly by the Chinese into Port Arthur. There were, of course, other places besides Chefoo, including Wei-hai-Wei, that carried on a considerable traffic with the beleaguered Russians, a hundred miles or so away, across the water. From the windows of several of Chefoo's mean European hotels you overlook the beach. The great storms which drove thunderous breakers upon the shore, roared and raged, driving in windows and doors and making rest impossible, came and went, and will continue when the war is over. It was a cold, grey morning when I first saw Chefoo. The sagging clouds were lying roof-flat along the sky; wavelets skipped along the measureless strip of shingle and sand, whispering to mainland and islands. There sauntered down to the beach first one and then another Chinaman, to listen to the voice of the sea, and lose sense of sight in gazing at the world of waters. So Johnny Chinaman, too, is born with a love for the scent of the brine in his nostrils, and with an ear that delights to hear the sea sing lullabies. Tut, tut, the world is round. China has been described as peopled by a pig-tailed race, who flaunt in flowing garments of cotton and silk. That is no better description of her than it would be to say of us in Britain, that we wore tweed trousers and leather shoes, except in that part of the kingdom called Scotland, where they wore kilts and went barefoot.

It was at Chefoo that I negotiated a passage

upon a respectable tramp steamer across to the "Hermit Kingdom." The Korean seas can be as vexatious as the Dogger Bank in winter. We had, of course, a Scotch engineer, a new-comer to those seas, and an undergraduate in applied science and mechanics. He was easily induced to let himself go after "Tiffin." "Ah!" said he; "it won't always, nor for long now, be broiling and moiling about dirty engines and boilers; working forty-eight-hour stretches, to patch up some tin-pot contract yard job that should never have been passed by any surveyor! Hech! mon, no more fighting in the stokehole with poor devils of firemen, or struggling with cranky engines, "standing by," night and day, with your handful of greasy waste, and your face as black as a coal. Na, na, all that, and more, will be changed soon. The "turbine engine" has come now, and that, with oil fuel, will do the trick for a beginning. Turn on the tap, and the electric spark ignites the furnaces. Eh; and a turn of a handle, or a touch of a button, to start, or stop the turbines. Ay, mon! we'll be able to appear in clean clothes, to dress and rise to our proper position upon the bridge and in the saloon. There will be for us more and more buttons, not only upon our uniforms, but in our cabins, switch-boards full of them. There will be no need to go down into the engine-room any more to start things; just touch the button, and away she goes. Ay, we'll mix with the best then; nae waste in

our hands, and nae mair "whusky dram, dram, drinking." And the old grizzled, Glasgow, chief engineer, who heard the youngster, smiled a smile that might have been born of woe or mirth; he had such a hard face, and the moisture in his eyes was not all pure salt water.



## CHAPTER XI

### JAPANESE—CHINESE—BORDERLAND KOREA AND THE KOREANS—KUROKI'S ADVANCE—DISPOSITION OF TROOPS

HEREIN are no whirling words, but the reflex of impressions from China borderland and Korea. These dapper Japanese, are they the new Greeks of the old, old East? They are so alert, and they are everywhere. Big or little, nothing escapes their notice. In making drawings of anything, say, of a ship, the working copies are so accurately detailed, that the misshapen head of a bolt, or of a rivet, is actually shown. I found them before the war disguised as Chinamèn, in their own and in European dress, travelling throughout Manchuria. The nice methodical deliberateness about all the Japanese do is typical of the great and patient East. Yet that staidness is, withal, as relentless in pursuit of its course as the march of time, for, truly, "they are dour deils and will gang their own gait." At work or in action the Japanese is no dawdler. He can strain and spurt at high pressure, in play and in war. I have seen their navvies ply pick and

shovel with the fierce, swift energy of a Yorkshireman striving to rescue entombed comrades. Like the French and the Italians, they are physically a well-packed race, much stronger than the stature bulk seems to warrant. And of their courage? Well, there is in it no blinking of death. Their incorruptible fidelity to clan, country, and Emperor—traits which are going out of date in parts of Western Europe—and other features, must be considered by whomsoever would gauge their capabilities.

Thought confirms all experience that the world is round, very round, in more ways than one. Japan, it may be, is different from all else, except what you see in picture-books, or read about in upside-down stories, and many of these are of Nippon. It is a country of contrasts and contraries, big and little, sublime and whimsical, graceful and grotesque. An industrious, frugal folk, they yet cultivate on a magnificent scale non-fruit-bearing shrubs and trees, solely to enjoy the glory of the blossom. In personal cleanliness and the use of the bath they excel any nation in Europe. But what can be more curious than that so poor a nation should be so mannerly with its women mirrors of perfection in that respect. Truly, indeed, do the Japanese love art, even if it be but a gnarled kind, adoring beauty for its own roseate nature's sake. But I think colour has beguiled them overmuch, to the neglect of odours, music, and flowing outlines. Tested by the standard of Western utilitarianism,

they should fail as a nation to achieve real greatness. But they are striding from success to success, and they will bridge, if needs be, sloughs of defeat. Yet what can you expect but inconsistencies in a new-born twentieth-century people who have so many gods in their Shinto Walhalla? Surely too many or too few. Despite this spiritual abundance, or mayhap because of it, they are most tolerant in matters of religion and its ceremonial observances. In Japan, at least, religion has no such sectarian phases as "hating each other for conciliation, and fighting like devils for the love of God." A people most ancient and most insular, yet they are finding out that they too can have too much of the "Worship of Ancestors."

I am coming back to the roundness of the world and mundane things in a roundabout way. It may be I have been following but a thin seam of ore, hardly worth working. I sailed Chiraward, and saw pass down again into the sapphire sea those interminable, rounded, wooded hills of Southern Japan, with the many-patterned paddy-fields, wide-spreading about their feet. Lovely Japan! How we should brag about it were it the natal land of Saxon or Celt!

It should be well-nigh impossible, and it is, to frame any generalization that will quite fit a country so large as China, or a people so numerous as the Chinese. Its shores are not all a flat, mud-washed horizon, nor are all its hundreds of millions a

repellant, yellow-skinned race. By land and by sea there is scenery that vies in beauty with any that Europe or America possesses. And there are millions of Chinese in Pe-chi-li, Manchuria, and elsewhere whose skin is remarkably white, and whose cheeks are as ruddy as those of English plough-boys. Yes, even their handsome dark eyes are round, not almond-shaped. In stature, too, they are above the average of Southern Europe. Tall and well made, with bright, intelligent faces, I know they can be merry and sad; for have I not seen a mortified Mongolian, one not beaten with stripes, sob and cry, as sometimes do other men? They can love and hate, and are certainly tender and affectionate to parents and children. Besides these, they have other embryonic social virtues; but then, does not the sun warm them and the frosts chill them alike with all mortals? Nearly all Westerners in the East speak well of unofficial John Chinaman. He is diligent, trustworthy, honest; and their merchants are men of approved probity, whose word is their bond, even unto their own hurt. There be many who think that the hour is drawing nigh when China will shake off her lethargy and become greater than ever, a potent empire. But this is not the place to do more than indicate that there are conditions which need consideration impinging upon the area of conflict. And as to the "Yellow Peril," need we whites fear it? Surely not a bit! Let China awake; let her

industrious, peacefully disposed millions take what place they can in the run of life. I must and do believe in the greater merits of mine own kin-stock, whom, for want of a better phrase, I call the "white race," the heirs of the ripening ages and Divine occasion. Events may compel them to gird their loins more securely, to become more brotherly to one another, and to draw further upon their inexhaustible stores of physical hardihood, brains, and genius. We, too, can move much faster and farther ahead.

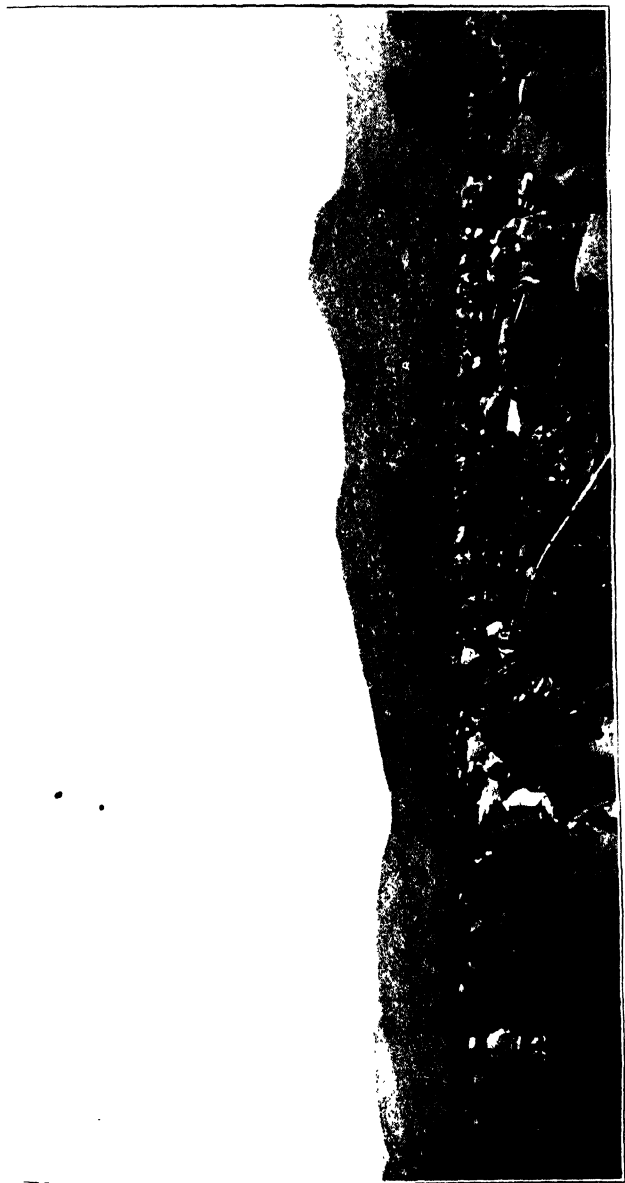
On approaching Korea from the south, or from the west, the mainland is nowhere visible for islands. They are, I fancy, numerous enough to provide a separate insular home for every adult of the few millions of Koreans. Isles and islets, of all sizes and conceivable shapes, bestrew the sea and coast. Some are big and fertile enough for a duchy or a principality. And there are others so small, and with such sharp, angular pinnacles of rock, that even a gull could not nestle thereupon. Formerly, the islands and coast were thickly covered with serviceable pines and other trees, but nowadays, for six months of the year, the aspect is bare, brown, and uninviting. It seems that a Korean emperor, with the "crooked wisdom" of the serpent, issued an edict compelling his people to cut down all trees and shrubs in those parts, so that strangers passing upon the waters, seeing no green thing, would not be tempted to land upon the shores. And the outcome has been a recurring frequency of droughts,

and the growth of a conviction that reafforesting is necessary. That is one of those duties of the State which the Japanese do not neglect, so once more the Korean resinous pines, which sprout readily everywhere, will be left to grow into timber. There were Japanese transports in Chemulpo, landing troops and stores, when the tramp steamer dropped anchor below the inner islands, two miles from the town. We had come in upon the flowing tide, which here rises over thirty feet. It runs like a mill-race, flood or ebb, and when it goes out, the sea retires to a great distance, leaving such a high vista of mud and rocks that you seriously doubt whether it will ever be able to climb back. There was a jam of sampans and lighters at the convenient new landing-stages. Soldiers were stepping ashore upon the stone jetty, whilst gangs of stalwart Korean coolies were bearing loads of army supplies, which were being piled in warehouses — “go-downs” — and stacked along the street and water-front.

When the frosts lessened, Korean peasants broke up the ground. With ox-drawn plough-shares, rude shovels and hoes, they ran furrows along the sodden brown fields. Brave husbandmen, who toil hopeful of a prospective harvest! Morning mists lolled in the valleys; it was the vernal equinox and awaking nature. In the artificial life of the cities, where things are “laid on,” or “brought to the door,” with the milk, the coming or going of the seasons is of small matter; but in the wilds, with Siberia for your

next neighbour, you grow into closer communion with the spirit of being. General Frost and General Mud remain, as ever, two doughty chiefs, who can delay campaigns and even vanquish armies; and the Japanese army had already done battle with both. The ice-bound harbours in the north of Korea had prevented the safe landing of troops at the mouth of the Yalu, and at Possiet Bay, on the Vladivostok side.

To Lieutenant-General Kuroki, commander-in-chief of the Central Army sections of the Japanese home forces, had been assigned the command in the field of what came to be known as the "First Army." Subsequently, Lieutenant-General Oku, commander-in-chief of the Eastern Army section, was appointed commander of the "Second Army" in the field. General Nogi of the "Third Army," Lieutenant-General Nodzu of the "Fourth Army" (which besieged Port Arthur), and of a supplemental force of Reservist brigades, General Kawimura took charge. General Fujii, who was considered one of the most promising officers in the Japanese army, was "the brains," or chief of staff under General Kuroki, whose forces included the Imperial Guards Division, the 2nd Division and the 12th Division. General Oku's army was made up of the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Divisions; General Nodzu's of the 8th and 10th Divisions, and later on the 7th Division; and General Nogi's, before Port Arthur, of the 1st, 7th, 9th and 11th Divisions.



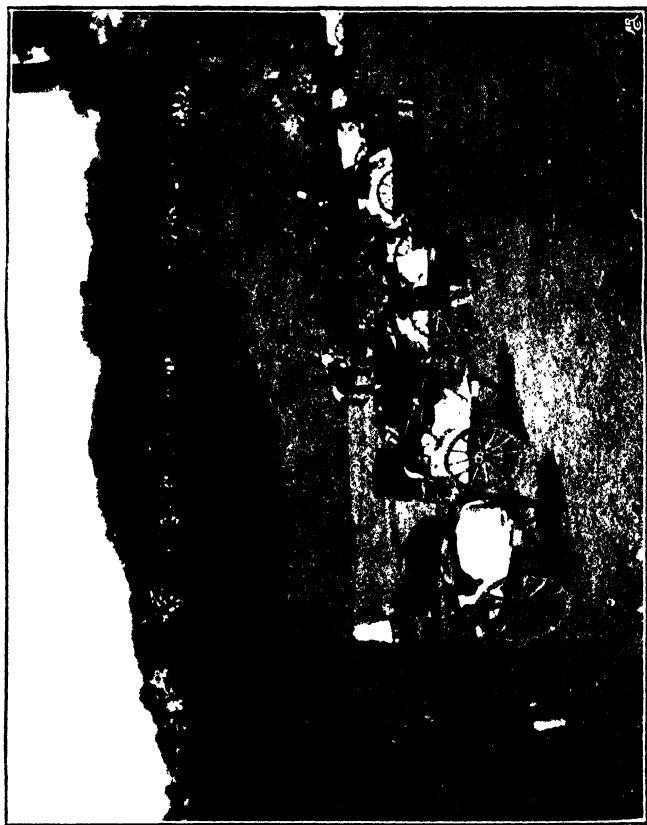
JAPANESE TROOPS HALTING ON THE MARCH.

[*To face p. 146.*]









JAPANESE BAGGAGE AND AMMUNITION CARTS.

General Kuroki at last got the majority of his troops on the road to the front. The long march of the 12th Japanese Division from Seoul, by wretched frozen tracks, up to Ping-Yang and Anju, with the bitterness of Arctic bivouacs *en route* called for strenuous courage. Like hardship also fell to their comrades of the 2nd Division, and to the Imperial Guards, who were debarked at Haiju and Chinnampo, places to the north of Chemulpo, whence they ultimately pushed forward to Cholsan and Wiju. The Guards were ferried across the river at Chinnampo, and kept to tracks near the coast, whilst the two other divisions proceeded along routes farther inland. A part of one of the divisions, indeed, arrived upon the Yalu at a point over one hundred miles up stream, to be able to execute any investing or turning movement. Two battalions were temporarily left behind in the works at Ping-Yang, and a small detachment advanced to Anju; but this is to anticipate. All the troops pressed forward. Some of them made twenty-mile marches daily, going on from village to village to secure quarters, as they had no adequate supply of good tents. The soldiers were crowded into the native houses, or rather hovels, and when there was no place left for more to lie down within doors, the others strove as best they could to pass the night outside. But the average distances walked were but ten to twelve miles a day. Happily the Northern Koreans were a

truculent race, and disliked the Russians, so they and the Japanese went hand-in-hand. As those who knew them expected, the Japanese soldiers responded nobly to the calls made upon them upon the march and in action. They toiled ungrudgingly to help on the transport, and kept a cheery disposition under the most depressing surroundings.

The Japanese put three armies into position upon the banks of the Yalu. I wrote at the time : "When the spring and the tides move the ice out of the Yalu, across which at present it is difficult to transport vehicles or guns, and bridge building is futile, because of the floes, Wiju will fall—and thereafter ? I cannot believe altogether in the talk of a landing in force upon the Vladivostok side, or of a grand march upon Harbin. The key of the position lies upon the Liao-tung Peninsula, upon the shores of the 'all the year,' ice-free ports of Dalny and Port Arthur. It may be sound policy for the Japanese to clear their rear and flank by sweeping the Russians from the Yalu and Korea, but the Liao-tung promontory is the real objective. Russia has lost sea-power, and cannot hope to regain it during this war, even if she could manage to send out to the East her combined Baltic and Black Sea fleets. With the aid of her ships of war, Japan should be able to seize, fortify, and hold against the whole might of Russia the lower end of the Liao-tung Peninsula. Supported by the fire of her ships, snug in their

works, 50,000 Japanese should then be able, one down, another come on, to repulse the whole of the Muscovite armed millions. The neck of land in question is open to attack from the sea, and it can be made relatively invulnerable if held by troops having a footing ashore and afloat. With Dalny and Port Arthur cut off, the Siberian Railway would end nowhere but in mid-air. For forecast I hold, when the grass has grown and the crops are coming, that Russia will put out her utmost strength; for then she can move horses and transport supplies without the animals eating their own heads off by the way. She will have until October next wherein to try her utmost to worst and dislodge the Japanese armies. I am not going to prophesy until I know, and have seen a struggle in the field between the combatants, for thereupon only can I base an opinion worth having. But this much I will state of sober counsel. If the Russians, before November next, cannot remove the Japanese forces, then they will be wise to throw up the sponge. To struggle on thereafter will be but a hopeless pouring out of treasure and blood, with the end receding farther with time. I said last December they were not ready for war, despite their bluff; I now say, as a lover of peace, that Russia will be well advised next November, at latest, to accept the inevitable, least a worse fate remain and China awakens."

There is little to be said in favour of grim war,

yet truly this, that it sets thought coursing round the world. Even in Korea they began to ask questions, and showed an interest in other things than bodily wants. "What care I who beats and rules me?" cries the average Korean. "No other Government can be worse than ours. They will always leave us and our pigs, the brown, husky rice to eat, and the offal of our cattle, and our chickens. But what about the war? Why are they fighting for us? They want Korea; and it will be well somebody gets this country, for perhaps they will not steal our crops as the Government does. The harder we work, the oftener and heavier their seizures; for it is not good for a Korean to live in a better house than a broken-down mud hovel, and he should always hide his winter's store of provision." Physically, the Korean is a healthy fellow, far bigger than the Japanese. He is a born dawdler, a gambler, and, without pugnacity, a brawler. Seoul, the capital, is somewhat representative of the people. It is an ancient, walled place, with narrow arched gateways, the interior stuffed — ay, matted — with congeries of human piggeries. These sties have broken down the walls and slopped over them, spreading in suburban offshoots down into paddy fields, into ravines, and up on the foothills. And this curious metropolis, with its palace bungalows enclosed within a walled inner compound, is planted amid a bewildering environment of steep, mountainous crags. For further

contrast, there is a light-rail electric tramway running through part of the capital out to one of the suburbs. When the Koreans, men and children, are vexatious enough to persist in being run over, then a mob assails the delinquent vehicle, smashes it up, and, if able, burns the woodwork. In due course consular troops—American, as they are most interested in the line—turn out and quell the disturbance. The cars start running again, and business goes on as usual until it is interrupted by some similar occurrence. Trouble having arisen over the palace light bills, the Emperor ordered an electric lighting installation from an English company.

The tailor has left a lasting impress in Korea. There is not much sartorial variety, but what there is, is national and strange. Ordinarily, Korean mankind of the better class wear for headgear what the ladies call untrimmed black crape shapes. In style these are not unlike the antique Welsh-woman's 'hat; but they are made so ridiculously small, and misfit so, that they would become a comic nigger minstrel's head rather than a sedate being's pate. They are fastened on under the chin by means of string or tape. Their sack coats, like their baggy continuations, are made of white material, usually cotton or silk. In mourning, the men put on huge, wavy-edged, straw-mat basket-hats, and, for further excessive trappings of woe, don yellow-gauze duster coats, and coyly bear in front of their faces a little grass-mat screen. As I



have said, the one universal colour of the garb is white, except that women wear cloaks of a green so brilliant they would make a St. Patrick's Day of their own. But even these would not induce the most generous of Hibernians to hand them the Apple of Discord, for beauty is not one of their strong points. Now, being clad in white, whether cotton, linen, or silk, to the "tootsies," is not a serviceable colour for dress—I am not thinking of the washing bills; to be so robed is all right for saints, or the translated, but such garments are unsuited to commonplace work-a-day sinners. And congenially, if not congenitally, the Korean is as dirty as the Chinaman. He is an unregenerate thrall, who has not sloughed off the swinish habits of some of our Saxon forefathers, who lived when the centuries and the ale were young. If dirt be but matter in the wrong place, in Korea, as in China, a "millioned" brood have been heaping it where it ought not to be. But is not the earth itself a charnel house of dead things? And the Chinaman only presents to it a heroic front, a sort of divine indifference; yea, even thereupon he raises an æsthetic love for tinsel, for colour for its own sake, and seeks for melodies and sense surprises, through fire-crackers and stinkpots. But what would you expect from a people who employ the Chinese written character, and whose sign for indescribable wickedness, hardness of heart, is represented by a crude drawing of three women?

Japanese troops were in the country, the Russian Minister and all his people had been expelled, and Korea had to be ruled in some proper fashion. So "to save face," which is an excellent and customary Chinese expression, and means to save credit and appearance, the Japanese, the real masters, made an amicable (?) agreement with the Korean Emperor. The text was brief, and opened with the condition : "1st. In order to maintain an enduring friendship between Japan and Korea, and to establish peace in the extreme East, Korea is to follow the advice of Japan in all matters, etc. 2nd. Japan guarantees to Korea the safety and maintenance of the existing sovereignty. 3rd. Japan guarantees the territorial integrity and independence of Korea." There were further conditions with respect to non-concluding of any treaties with foreign Powers, but practically the whole control of the domestic and foreign policy was left in the hands of the Japanese. Exchanges of courtly civilities followed upon its conclusion between the two countries, and Marquis Ito was commissioned by the Mikado, as plenipotentiary, to proceed to Seoul with congratulations, and at the same time to discuss, and put on a permanent footing, the initiatory changes and reforms so urgently needed in the Hermit Kingdom.

That Marquis Ito's visit did much good, politically and otherwise, was quite certain. The Emperor was disposed to be friendly to his Japanese allies. At an interview that took place in the palace

at Seoul with Marquis Ito, his Imperial Majesty, who is said to be really a well-meaning mortal, remained for two hours, along with his heir, in private conversation with the great Japanese statesman, who was accompanied by only one interpreter. This meeting was held in the library, a small, two-storied, new brick building which contains no books. It is but a library in name, being mostly used as a reception hall. I had the pleasure of hearing from Koreans, and officials connected with the various Legations, that the Marquis' visit had greatly improved the situation as far as Korea was concerned. I also saw, and had several long conversations with Marquis Ito during his stay, as well as with his brilliant secretary, Mr. Tsudzuki. When they re-embarked, they proceeded upon a tour of inspection to Chinnampo, and further north, to the seat of war.

The Japanese troops have no vivandières, but then, like the Greeks, their civilian countrymen are adventurous sutlers, and their want is not so much felt. A Japanese merchant and two Korean coolies can carry a whole store upon their backs, and keep close up with the army. I have seen the sweetly piquant Japanese Red Cross nurses. They wear a not unattractive half Scotch "mutch," half French chef's cap upon their heads, completely hiding their glossy raven locks. There is no South African afternoon-tea, lawn-tennis, or calico-dance air about them—none whatever. They look as determinedly

prim and business-like as Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy. Often as I have protested, if mishap should befall me, that I would prefer taking my chances of a cure at the hands of a veritable boozing male hospital orderly, I now renounce that expression. I say I would trust my case to these serious little women's hands. And I almost regret the absence of Japanese vivandières. But, then, the French women are the very pick of their nation. In business, in affairs, they are far better—and far cleverer—than Frenchmen; and no true son of *la belle France* can be so ungallant as to question that statement. But the Japanese are most thorough, barring the vivandières. As soon as troops arrive, without an instant's delay, they are marched off to their assigned billets. Everything has been tabulated and planned beforehand. Within three minutes afterwards they have hot food, soup, and rice, one or both, served to them, and so to eating. We have not got within a decade, I fear, of their preparedness for the contingency of a hungry soldier's stomach, and his very human immediate need of a corner wherein to get, when off duty, or "tenshun," to rest. By and by an officer comes round to see if all is going well. Then he orders them to "fall in" and listen, as he reads the various instructions issued by headquarters to the men; as, for instance, this excerpt: "Soldiers, we are at peace with the whole world except Russia. All the world is watching your conduct, and it is impressed upon you by

the Emperor and your general, that you are to be, like true Japanese, polite to foreigners of all nations. Any infringement of this regulation will be severely punished. Secondly, drunkenness, even in time of peace, is reprehensible in a soldier, though not always visited with the heavy punishment the offence deserves. In time of war it cannot be overlooked, and it will be no excuse to plead that fault for mitigation of sentence. Thirdly, the Koreans, being our allies, must be treated as brothers, and all Korean women must be respected. It has come to our ears that the Russians have committed dastardly acts. Now, whoever does them the least wrong, even to purloin a fowl, will be summarily dealt with, (and you know what that means). You are to be extremely careful not to come into collision with any of the foreign Legation guards, or with any foreigners; they are here, like ourselves, to protect life and property." And so on he reads, giving them the price to be paid for food-stuffs, etc. The billeting allowance was 1 yen a day for the officer and 60 sen for a private; that was the sum paid over to their Korean or Japanese landlords. A yen is about 2s., and there are 100 sen in a yen. But the officer was not content with reading the paper once, or even twice, for he questioned his men to see that they understood it, and he helped to explain the details to those duller than their comrades.

Two battalions of Korean soldiers were ordered

to proceed to Ping-Yang and Anju, by their Emperor, to assist in repelling the Russians. One of the battalions was already near the scene, and was composed of trusty northern men, who readily responded. But the troops sent out from Seoul displayed but poor spirit, for out of 900 soldiers, 400 promptly deserted, stealing off to their homes. Yet there is the making of soldiers out of Koreans, and with proper training by the new Japanese Military Adviser at the Korean Court, Lieutenant-Colonel Nodzu, an adopted son of the famous general, the task will be successful. Morning, noon, and eventide, there was the blaring of bugles and marching of Koreans through the streets of Seoul. They got a taste of the severe training of the Japanese school of arms. Dressed in dark blue European uniforms, high-lows and all, with Frenchy-peaked caps, set off with big yellow and white shaving brush or rather funereal plumes, they went to and from the exercise-ground. Upon gala days they turned out, headed by a well-trained brass band, their instructor a martial German, a professor of music. A little more "smartening" or setting up, and the Korean soldier will make a very creditable appearance indeed, better than many European regiments I could name.

Korea is a country with a future, for there are possibilities in agriculture as well as in minerals. Its tobacco, experts assure me, is of the finest quality, and only needs better handling to secure

ready sale and high prices. There are seams of coal in the country, and at least two good gold-mining concessions, the American and the English, both of which were carrying on work, although they were north of Ping-Yang. The Russians stayed for a week or so at the Wusung, and subsequently at the English mining property, but they did no damage. The American mine had over 200 stamps at work. They employed about 100 whites, and fully 5,000 coolies were engaged from day to day.

The Koreans have had their great men, and the country is even now not without able men and women. In verity there is one lady, a Korean princess, of marked ability, with wisdom and goodness enough to save a nation and redeem a people. She speaks and writes English as well as any graduate of our best colleges, loves her country, her home, and her children, and, were the fates more propitious, could do much to set her countrymen in a surer way to prosperity and happiness.

There are Koreans who have a taste for other things than intrigue, and have the sense of humour. Do not they say in Seoul—and it is a venerable phrase there, when a man becomes unduly puffed with self-conceit—"His head hath grown so big that he cannot pass through the city gateway"? And was there not a certain likely nobleman of the court who wrote verses, said unpleasant things to his enemies, plotted, and had to fly the country? He got away safely to Shanghai, but from there

he sent letters and vexed his foes. Yea, and he was a reformer, too, as the uneasy usually are, and that was his unpardonable offence. The corrupt court faction at last managed to have poor Kin-Ok-Kune assassinated, even in his exile at Shanghai. I have by me a ranting copy of a bacchanalian chorus of his that the people sing to this day in Seoul and elsewhere. It runs with a jingle—

“Tsa pooshee oh !  
Tsa pooshee oh !  
Eel sool handszan,  
Tsa pooshee oh !  
Eel sool handszan,  
Tsa pooshee meon,  
Ohun man ool tsa oretah.  
Tsa pooshee oh !”

I have put in English characters as closely as I could the Korean sounds. And the translation is: “He who drinks one cup of wine (saki), one cup, two cups, a thousand cups, his life will be prolonged ten thousand years.” Having tasted Korean saki, I have very grave doubts about that inebriate promise, and do not mean to risk any such hazardous experiment for the empty promise of a mere thousand years of longevity.



## CHAPTER XII

### JAPANESE ON THE MARCH—BOMBARDING PORT ARTIUR

#### PAVLOSK "

FORTY miles out from Chinnampo, the yellow stain of the muddy waters of the Ping-Yang river is lost in the blue of the sea. Drawing inshore and passing up the river to the harbour anchorage, you see something of the ceaseless vigilance of the Japanese fleet. Each and every steamer had to slow down and reply to the signals of the guardship, and, later on, had to answer satisfactorily the numerous questions of the officers who came alongside in little pinnaces, before permission was granted to enter the port. From midstream, lying along on the left hand, were lines of small native fishing-boats, marking the presence of the submarine mines. But a far more important occupation than fishing was going on, for lighters and junks crowded the river, blocking it with traffic, much as Fleet Street appears at a busy hour in the day. Apart from the scurry of disembarkation from transports and tramps, torpedo craft were riding serenely at anchor in a

little land-locked cove to the southward of the harbour. They looked docile and sisterly, but, despite their slim prettiness, you realized they were of the sinister brood. Chinnampo betrayed its newness of site. Barely completed wooden "go-downs" covered all the low, marshy ground connecting the landing-place and the town. In the residential hutted quarters were many signs of recent building, whilst the roadways were blocked with stacks of supplies and temporary structures, as at Chemulpo.

The river leads through a fertile strip of country. Miniature mountains, capped with clumps of pine, rose abruptly from the shores, and, rolling away inland, were lost to sight in similar ranges. The steam-launch that plied up the river, shallow as was her draught, could only go up stream thirty miles or so, shoals preventing further navigation. The journey is resumed to Ping-Yang upon a small open boat at a little village named by the Japanese Bankadi (meaning "fine prospect"). A Korean "sampan," like those of Japan and parts of China, is propelled by a single heavy oar, differing slightly in the construction of the handle from the Chinese "yueloe," and unlike the Japanese "kai," inasmuch that there is no guiding rope, and nothing to keep the oar upon the pin, on which it rolls to and fro. But withal the craft is easily sculled. Drifting, or lazily sculling, up on the morning tide, the native in charge, sucking contentedly at his long-stemmed,

tiny-headed pipe, pilots the craft through a country that has been kindly endowed by Nature. Close to the water's edge, in a gulch, is a Korean cottage homestead, with its rice-straw thatch, withered and winter-stained. Jocund springtime is in the song of the birds and the warmth of the sun. Squatting in groups, contemplating the river with its moving freight of curious craft, sampans, and junks, the natives dawdled, idling hours away. After three hours' sculling and drifting, hundreds of small river craft are seen—Japanese and Korean fishing-boats, upon each armed soldiers, the cargoes material of war. These boatmen were no harvesters of the finny tribes. Further on was heard the chatter and chant of coolies at work. The men were carrying heavy loads of stores out of newly arrived sampans. And that quaint little walled town in the bend, just opening where the soldiers were camped, was Ping-Yang.

A substantial bridge, the centre of which rests upon pontoons moored in mid-stream, spanned the river. In almost processional order, double lines of armed men and pack-horses were moving upward towards and through the gates of Ping-Yang, going to the north. Along the river-front soldiers had pitched their quarters, and cavalymen were watering their horses. And there were other soldiers making use of the river to wash their clothes and bodies. But watering of horses and all washing of clothes had to be done "down stream," and at some distance from the town gates. And I further

noted that all coolies carrying water for the army were accompanied by a guard, who forbade any tampering with it *en route*, even by thirsty soldiers. The silt and mud lying along the river bank was being continually taken up on the feet of the many who entered the place, and with this unpleasant result, that around and beneath the ancient gateway, which lead into Ping-Yang, there was a deplorable quagmire. Two streets, respectively twenty-five feet wide, comprise the principal thoroughfares of the city. During all hours of the day they were both nearly impassable, so congested was the traffic. Two soldiers, marching along smartly, cleared a passage-way for another party carrying over a dozen sick and wounded Japanese upon stretchers. And so, in a jostle upon a street void of side-walks, bumped by coolies, pedestrians, pack-ponies and bullocks carrying heaped loads upon their backs, I pushed through Ping-Yang.

And as if all that were not worry enough, galloping despatch-riders would break through, hurrying to headquarters, to be followed by a woeful jam of army transport hand-carts, trying to enter a cross lane. These vehicles had no ponies in the shafts, but were drawn by Korean hinds, whose faces reflected the unwonted prosperity derived from the liberal wages received through the Japanese transport department. Truly they laboured in affluence, despite the great rise in price of necessities of life since the occupation. They

had enough, and more than enough, to cover all their conscious needs. But war is like burning the candle at both ends—costly and wasteful. Corporals were in charge of the various gangs of labourers. At the end of the roadway were the office and headquarters of the commissary-general. That official was established in a building at one time in use as a Korean temple. Within the compound, and leading up to the gates of the former sanctuary, there were long lines of carts being inspected before being dispatched with their loads to the front; coolies were being engaged, cattle examined and purchased, and pack-horses were being bargained for and bought. Liverish, solemn-looking Korean officials were nominally assisting. But the actual work was being done by smart Japanese officers, who made decisive offers, as men who know their business do in dealing with bickering sellers. Inside the building—the temple—seated at long, low-benched desks, were a number of sergeants busily writing passports, contracts, and copying despatches. Officers in attendance endorsed the documents, handing the papers to the people in waiting who crowded the offices. Seated in a quiet corner and surrounded by a couple of draughtsmen was an officer making district maps on a large scale. The originals on being given to these clerks were traced and then manifolded. A sentry was posted in this particular corner. A conversation was overheard between an elderly

Japanese official and half a dozen coolies seeking a travelling pass—

“Yes, I am Colonel ——— What is your business with me?”

Answer: “We came to see you, being informed by the gendarmes that we must leave Ping-Yang, and we would like to explain how it came about that we did not get proper passes.”

Here the colonel glared at them, and interrupted with—

“You came without a pass, did you not?”

Answer: “Yes.”

“You knew a pass was necessary when you left Chinnampo?”

Answer: “Yes.”

“You have been informed that you shall return immediately to Chinnampo?”

Answer: “Yes.”

“Then please to obey that order.”

Answer: “If we obtain a pass, may we return to Ping-Yang, as we have some interests here?”

“You will first return to Chinnampo, and comply with whatever orders are existing when you get there.”

“Do we need a pass to return to Chinnampo?”

The colonel, severely: “The regulations governing the traffic between here and Chinnampo are written in Japanese, and I presume you can read. Good morning.”

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Quite close to the commissariat department was the field post-office—another busy spot, for the Japanese Tommies and officers were faithful correspondents. Following the roadway for over half a mile through most disgustingly dirty streets that make the foreigner wince—what were they in summer's heat?—you arrived at the headquarters of the "First Army." The buildings used for that purpose were formerly Korean barracks. Opposite the main doorway was a stone sundial, marked with the Chinese symbols for the different hours, and with the twelve signs neatly carved thereon. Just outside the gates of the compound the commissariat department cooks and camp followers were busy. Each man was distinguished from other coolies by the Government sign of a "black wavy line," showing a white ground, which was marked upon their "kimonos." At two long benches were clean-aproned butchers, cutting up fine-looking joints of Korean beef. Near by them large basket-loads of vegetables were being prepared by other helpers. Two huge cauldrons, of the camp-kettle shape, into which the meat and vegetables were being put, were in charge of a corporal. Alongside, in a big boiler, rice was being cooked, under the indispensable wooden lid. At noon, when the meal was ready, soldier orderlies came, and, ranged in ranks, took their turn to bear away to their comrades their share of this midday repast. Each man's share of the excellent stew of meat and vegetables was

placed in a pan, and laid upon a six foot long wooden tray, and the hot granular rice was bestowed within small, collapsible wicker baskets. The soldiers had, no doubt, their own chop-sticks.

The cavalry were quartered in another part of Ping-Yang. The whole of the houses in that vicinity had been rented for the use of the officers and men. But as most of the troopers had been sent to the front, their camp presented a rather deserted appearance. The reserve of horses left behind were stabled in neat sheds, 200 to 300 yards in length, built in double lines. Armed sentries stood guard over the horse lines, as everywhere else. To the north-west, where the river bends towards the sea, some three-quarters of a mile without the city walls, was the main camp of the army commissariat. The chief features were four long wooden sheds, built so as to form a square, enclosing a wide area of plateau. In the middle, high stacks of provender were being piled. All day long a living stream wended its way from the river's edge to the spacious commissariat camp. Now a long line of transport carts, drawn by sturdy ponies, anon slow-gaited Korean coolies, with heavy loads borne upon their backs in cradle-shaped frames, whilst over the packed mud roadway came trundling the elongated hand-carts—wider and twice the length of a coster's barrow—each pushed and drawn by four Koreans. Rice and biscuits—the latter put up in small 40-lb. tin-lined cases—



were being stacked by fatigue soldiers and by coolies. The labour proceeded briskly, joyously, for there was laughter and song echoing throughout the hours from the gangs of toilers. The ground, under the influence of warm sunshine, was hardening into good condition for transport work. The country around Ping-Yang is very hilly, and the higher ranges were then capped and streaked with snow. After a long twilight, darkness came with chilly breath. The wind, blowing keenly from the north, had still the cutting sharpness of winter that pierces through and through the body. I found camping in the open was like being shut up in a refrigerating chamber. At eventide, to the north, where the rugged hills prick the sky, winding in sinuous lines, were "reliefs" seen, going to take their places for the night at the outposts. Clearly defined upon a distant ridge as they halted for a moment ere riding into valleys were seen the mounted patrols, proceeding to make their rounds, to keep afar watch and ward. Other troops, who had been abroad on duty, or out at exercise, were returning to camp, but with the darkness fell the full silence that ensueth after the bugle calls "Lights out!" The stars were twinkling, and lanterns were bobbing in the dim thoroughfares of Ping-Yang. None must be abroad but the sentinels and the guard going the "rounds."

Some vigour was infused into the Russian arms by the supersession of Admiral Stark, and the





appointment of a brave and able officer, Admiral Makharoff, who took command of the fleet at Port Arthur. The damaged warships were hastily patched up, and a serious attempt was made to reconstitute a fighting navy. But much of what Admiral Makharoff sought to do, and much of what General Kuropatkin would have done, was spoiled by the action of the Tsar and the officials at St. Petersburg. Nor was Admiral Makharoff allowed rest by Admiral Togo to complete his preparations, for the Japanese on many occasions steamed in and bombarded the Russian ships and forts. On the 10th and 12th of March there were further bombardments, one of the objects being, it was said, to tempt the Russian ships to venture out and give battle. There was loss of limb and life on all these occasions, ashore and afloat; and among the Japanese, and probably among the Russians as well, numerous instances of high courage was shown by officers and men. In one of the many encounters, two Russian torpedo destroyers, returning from a scout along the shore, were cut off by the Japanese destroyers. One boat managed to regain the harbour, but the other, the *Steregustshi*, was overtaken and heavily pounded with small quick-firing guns. She was thereafter determinedly boarded by the Japanese marines, and her commander was cut down. Only four men in the engine-room were left alive, and two of these died afterward of their wounds. The *Steregustshi* was taken as a prize,

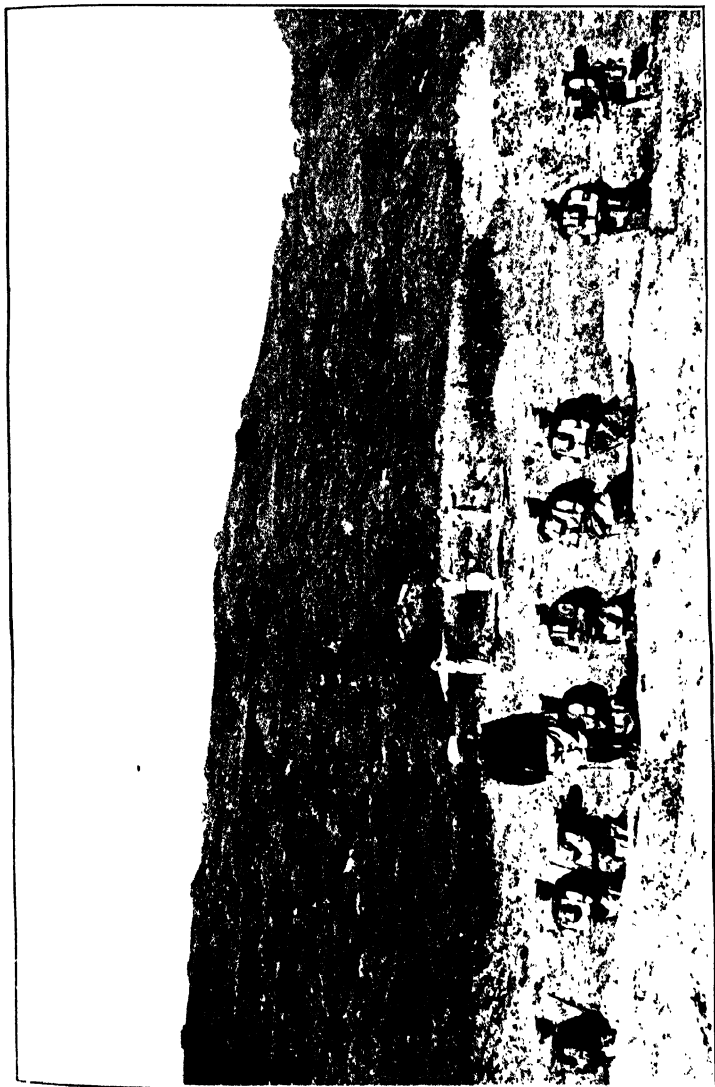
but the sea being rough, and the destroyer honey-combed, through the shell fire, she was abandoned and sunk. It is alleged that the *Steregustschi* was captured because she had no ammunition. Both sides were busy trying to find out what their opponents were about, and there were many arrests, and much blood was shed to put a stop to the spying by Chinese and Japanese. With the arrival of reinforcements at Chinnampo and Ping-Yang, the Russians gradually fell back towards the Yalu. The recognizances and raids made from the Possiet Bay, the eastern side of the country, towards Gensen, also ceased, Japanese troops having been sent in that direction to check these forays. It was one of the smaller surprises of the war to find that the Russian Cossacks and cavalrymen were no match for the Japanese footmen, who quite despised these troopers.

There were further fierce attacks delivered during March by the torpedo-boats, and bombardments by the warships, at Port Arthur. On the 22nd of March, the Japanese convoyed four large merchant steamers with torpedo-boats on a new endeavour to block the fairway. But the search-lights revealed their presence, and the shore batteries and guard ships opened fire upon them. The Russian lieutenant in command of the torpedo-boat *Silny* attacked the leading Japanese steamer, and destroyed her bows with a torpedo. The vessel, on being hit, swung, and, followed by two

others, all three ran ashore to the right of the entrance; the fourth vessel turned to the left, and sank near the fairway. At daybreak, Admiral Makharoff, with a Russian fleet, consisting of five battle-ships, four cruisers, and several destroyers, came out and met Admiral Togo's fleet of six armoured cruisers, six smaller cruisers, and a number of torpedo-boats. Shots were exchanged between the fleets, but the Japanese, believing it was only an attempt to draw them under the fire of the forts, kept out of range, and afterwards drew off in a south-easterly direction. Thereafter Admiral Makharoff scouted as far as the Miaotou Islands, between twenty and forty miles from Port Arthur, and there fell in with a small Japanese coasting steamer, used as a press-boat, which, after removing those on board, he sank.

There is a position behind Liao-tishin where the ground dips towards Pigeon Bay, and across the intervening flat-land Togo's fleet occasionally bombarded Port Arthur. On the 27th of March, the Japanese made another serious attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur. At two in the morning six Japanese torpedo-boats were discovered by the search-lights and, being fired heavily upon by the shore batteries, had to sheer off; but the four merchant steamers, loaded with stone and scrap-iron, which were to be sunk in the fairway, held on their course, and got within two miles of the entrance before they were

discovered. When the shore batteries opened upon them, they replied with the Hotchkis machine guns, one of which had been put upon board each ship for protection. The *Chiyomaru* got in, and anchored within half a cable of Golden Hill, where she blew herself up ; but the next ship, the *Fukuimaru*, was torpedoed. The *Yahikomaru* was more successful, and blew herself up in the assigned position, whilst the *Yoneymaru* as she was anchoring was torpedoed, and drifted off towards the opposite shore, where she sank. The result was that two vessels were sunk near Golden Hill, one subsided in the open, and the third drifted off towards Tiger's Tail, but leaving a space still open for the passage of vessels, out and into the harbour. The Japanese returned their casualties as four officers killed, including the famous Commodore Hirose, and nine wounded. The men who conducted the enterprise were the same who made the previous attempt, and they had gone out again, at their own special request. Commodore Hirose was an exceptionally brave and able officer. He had literary tastes, was something of a poet, and was greatly beloved by his countrymen. In his report Admiral Togo said, "Commodore Hirose and Bo'sun Sugino, who were killed, displayed admirable courage. Sugina was just going down to light the magazine on the *Fukuimaru* when the ship was struck by the enemy's torpedo, killing him. Commodore Hirose,



FUSILLADING KOREAN TRAIN-WRECKERS TIED ON CROSSES.





after causing his men to take to the boats, not finding Sugino, searched through the ship three times, and then, finding his ship gradually going down, he was compelled to leave her and enter the boat. As the boat was rowing away, under the enemy's hot fire, a shell struck him on the head, and the greater part of his body was blown away, the only remaining part of this brave officer being a piece of flesh in the boat. Commodore Hirose was always a model officer, and he leaves a meritorious example, the memory of which will be everlasting." According to the Japanese custom, for which there seems reasonable warrant, as much of the struggle of life, rightly understood, should be for the well-being of others; the Mikado conferred orders and decorations upon the dead Hirose, which were borne upon the emblematic box that represented what in Europe would be the coffin at the funeral, and the family reaped the benefit, and the credit of the honours, conferred upon the departed hero.

The Japanese fleet was organized in seven squadrons. Nos. 1 to 4 watching Port Arthur, the 5th squadron patrolling the Korean coast, and the 6th and 7th squadrons cruising from Vladivostok to Korea. Scouting attacks and bombardments were steadily prosecuted against Port Arthur. In bitter cold and raging storm the Japanese fleet kept watch and ward against their enemy. On April 11 Admiral Togo made the

eighth attack on Port Arthur. It led up to disastrous events for the Russians. The spring had brought rain and fogs, and the weary blockading operations suggested new stratagems. On the night of April 12, destroyers and torpedo-boats had crept in, screened by the black clouds and the rain, and laid numerous mines near the harbour fairway. The Japanese had long been watching the comings and goings of Makharoff's ships, and had taken careful bearings of the courses they usually steered, so the infernal machines, which were somewhat thickly sown on that and subsequent nights, were planted where it was thought they would prove most destructive. Up to that date the official return of the casualties on Togo's side had been 114, including 14 killed, and 49 seriously wounded. At six in the morning of April 13 four Russian destroyers that had been scouting along the coast, under cover of the shore batteries, returned towards the harbour. One of them, the *Bezstrahny*, coming from the Dalny direction, was too late, and got headed off and attacked by three Japanese destroyers. The Russian craft made a fight for it, but was outnumbered and sunk. Another destroyer, coming from the opposite direction, was also nearly cut off, but she managed to escape into the harbour. The noise of the firing, and the appearance of a few Japanese warships, laid as a bait in the offing, brought out the Russian fleet. Admiral Makharoff

saw but a few of his enemy's torpedo-boats and destroyers, with the cruisers *Chitose*, *Yoshino*, *Kasaga*, and *Takasago*. He hurried out with his cruisers, the *Novik*, *Diana*, and the *Askold*, the gunboat *Gaidamuk* leading, and followed with three battleships, the *Petropavlosk*, upon which was Admiral Makharoff, the *Pobaida*, and *Poltava*. All went well, and the Japanese rapidly retreated to the south-east, followed and shelled by the swift Russian cruisers. Suddenly, in the distance, were seen the hulls of Togo's battleships and armoured cruisers coming up from a westerly direction, as if to interpose themselves between the Russians and the coast. Thereupon Admiral Makharoff ordered his vessels back into harbour, and he slowly followed in the same direction. As he neared the entrance about half-past nine in the morning the *Petropavlosk* suddenly ran upon one of the mines laid by the Japanese, which exploded beneath his battleship. Falling "off," with the violent shock, the *Petropavlosk* struck a second mine, which practically rent the vessel into pieces, exploding the magazine on board, filling the air with splinters of steel and wood, and stunning many of a crew of over 700 men. Within two minutes the *Petropavlosk* sank beneath the sea, and though surrounded by sister ships and small craft but 12 officers and 40 men were saved, and of these nearly all had wounds. Among the rescued were a captain, three lieutenants, and two

middies, and the Grand Duke Cyril. Unhappily, the famous Russian painter, Vassili Verestechagin, who was the guest of Admiral Makharoff, perished with his equally distinguished friend. The catastrophe was so extraordinary and appalling that, though witnessed by thousands from sea and shore, people found it impossible to realize at once its gravity. The battleship *Pobaida* was also struck by a mine amidships, but was able, though with great difficulty, to get back into harbour. The Japanese came in and threw a few shells, but soon retired out of range of the shore batteries. Official and other congratulations were showered upon Togo at the successful result of his ruse, and both he and the official head of the Japanese Navy, Admiral Yamamoto, wrote that the result was "solely attributable to the Mikado's illustrious and glorious virtue," which is the Oriental, or rather the Japanese mode of expression, and perhaps not to be quite taken as it says. Admiral Prince Ukhtomsky temporarily succeeded Makharoff in command of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur. On the next day, the 14th, the Japanese came in and again bombarded Port Arthur, the *Nisshin* and *Kasuga* taking part in the attack.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE FLEET'S OPERATIONS—SUCCESES AND DISASTERS — KUROKI'S ADVANCE — THE BATTLE OF THE YALU

BIG rivers whose waters convey floods from the hills afar, ere they find their level and grave in the sea, usually meander through a delta cut by many channels. And so with the Yalu, a river which serves for half the frontier 'twixt Korea and Manchuria. Korea is a hilly country, and like unto it is much of southern Manchuria and the Liao-tung Peninsula. The Yalu in flood is a mighty stream, and at all times up as far as Wiju a great, wide, navigable river, though barred in places by many shoals and shallows, and jewelled with numerous islands.

Early in March the Japanese occupied Ping-Yang. The Russians were reported to have concentrated at least two divisions and 150 guns by that time on the north bank of the river, opposite Wiju. Detachments of their infantry, and General Mistchenko with his Cossacks, still reconnoitred and raided close up to the Ping-Yang. General

Sassulitch, who commanded the Russian forces upon the Yalu, had sent detachments of infantry, cavalry, and guns across the frozen river. But the steady advance of the on-coming masses of the Japanese infantry brushed away all obstacles the enemy sought to interpose. The terrible Cossack of fiction was nowhere with his lance. A squadron of Japanese cavalry, dismounted as infantry, held six hundred of them at bay for half a day, firing at four hundred yards' range in open country, and the Cossacks did not wait when the Japanese infantry got to within a thousand yards.

So all Korea passed into the hands of the Japanese almost without a struggle. There was a trifling native disturbance in the north-east, but that was quickly suppressed; half a dozen or so were killed, and half a hundred wounded, and the ringleaders were shot. The Russians raided down as far as Gensan afterwards, but the Koreans were chary about rising. A few similar sharp punishments inflicted elsewhere made them quite submissive. They took their cuffings, kicks, and beatings from soldiers and coolies without other protest than howls caused by pain. By March 24 the Russians had withdrawn to the banks of the river Anju, where the Japanese confronted them. General Kuroki kept moving up his forces along the abominable roads, at first rock and ice bound, and anon sloughs of sticky clay and mud. He had about 60,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 3,600 artillery, with various other detachments,



UNLOADING TRAIN-WRECKERS. NOT DEAD YET—"CONTINUE FIRING."





including engineers, pioneers, telegraph sections, and so on. His base was at Chinnampo and Ping-Yang. Mistchenko with his Cossacks was presumed to cover the Russian front. He placed six hundred of them in and near the walled town of Chongju, twenty-five miles south of Wiju. They had retired to Chongju when they found Anju was unsafe. There were frequent skirmishes between the two armies, mostly slight affairs, in which the advantage almost invariably went to the Japanese. A small body of the Japanese cavalry and mounted infantry of the Imperial Guards got into Chongju on March 28, and the Russians attacked them, partly forcing the defenders to retire to the houses and fire from the walls and roofs. In the nick of time for the Mikado's troops, reinforcements came galloping up, and two or three squadrons rode into the town and turned the tables on the Russians, who retreated north, leaving behind them several dead, wounded, and prisoners. The action lasted about an hour and a half, and the Japanese returned their casualties as under a score, including five killed. Pressing forward smartly afterwards, the Japanese occupied various places without further fighting, and at length the two forces stood face to face, the wide frozen Yalu separating the armies. The Russians had destroyed or removed the bridges before retiring, and they had their troops extended along the right or north bank of the river, from below Antung up stream seventy miles. They had

destroyed the telegraph poles, and removed the wires, but the Japanese speedily reconstructed the lines and laid new ones. Throughout the war the Mikado's troops took especial care not only to have good telegraphic and telephonic communication to the rear, and to co-operating forces, but to every part of their camps, so that each independent unit was linked up with headquarters. Antung, on the right bank of the Yalu, almost below the mouth of the river, was held by the Russians in strength, and Wiju, which is further up stream on the left bank, was occupied as the Japanese headquarters. Nearly opposite to Wiju is Kiu-lienchen, high ground which the Russians prepared as the key of the defence. The Japanese pushed out a column to the right, preparing for a turning movement, striking away up nearly 100 miles to Chosan, where the river could be more easily crossed. Early in April the ice began moving in the Yalu, and as no bridging or fording could be done until it cleared, the interval was spent in making further preparations for the coming battle. A huge siege train was prepared, including 100 6-in. howitzers; the batteries were established in their places, the pontoons were arranged for launching, and the first bridging of the river by crossing over upon the islands was all in readiness. The fleet had sent in several shallow-draft gun-boats and torpedo-boats to assist the land operations.

Wiju is a strong strategic point. From the

opposite bank the main road winds amongst the hills by way of Fenhuangcheng to Liaoyang. A force, therefore, which was able to force a crossing of the river and establish itself upon the opposite bank at Kiulienchen would menace the direct road to Liaoyang, as well as threaten to cut the communications with Port Arthur and the Liao-tung Peninsula to the south-west.

I paid at the time a brief visit to Tokyo, and wrote thereof in this connection—

“The pending passing of the Yalu is of relatively small importance. Heaven alone, and not even the Tsar, knows whether the Russians will there enact further folly by making a stand and being shut up at Antung. If so, that will mean a loss to them of several thousand soldiers, without any real gain of what they stand in most need of, namely, ‘time.’ It is toward the Liao-tung Peninsula you must direct your attention. The transports are upon the sea, and landing has probably already been made of part of that other column, the Second Army. There, or near there, heavy fighting must occur. I will not—I do not—pin myself to the ‘one-big-battle’ theory. But that there will be sharp and probably sanguinary engagements there is no doubt. The Russians are so committed to themselves—I was going to add and to the world, though that has never mattered much to them—around Port Arthur and Dalny that they cannot decently or in safety evacuate without fighting.

“Meanwhile and elsewhere three columns are closing, or have already closed, upon the Russian positions on the north bank of the Yalu. The 2nd and 12th Japanese Divisions are crossing, or are across, the river at points opposite and far above Wiju; and the Imperial Guards’ Division is attending to the attack upon Antung from the front and west sides of that position. Several of the islands in the river have already been occupied. With their unusually large siege train, supported by the fire of shallow-draft gunboats, the seven lines of the defenders’ trenches will not save them from destruction and capture at the hands of the Japanese. By night and by day the Russians will be tried by fire, and that the fifty or sixty thousand soldiers of the Mikado will rush the place is, in racing parlance, ‘a moral;’ that is, unless the Muscovite leaders are fatuous enough to send thither another army corps to be invested and starved out. So far, it looks as if Mother England had backed the right horse this time, and the name is Japan.

“But it may well be urged, ‘We are only at the beginning, for, even after Port Arthur and Dalny, other things must happen.’ If Russia be hustled out of Manchuria and Mongolia, then it may be they will be driven back across the vast stretches of Eastern Siberia toward the Ural Mountains, with myriads of relentless Chinamen hacking at her sons. The horrors of the retreat from Moscow would be as nothing thereto; yea, sooner or later

history repeats and revenges itself. Given the Japanese a fair measure of success, who will tie the hands of the Chinese or the Japanese? Who should do so? For I cannot see that either Europe or America will suffer by the reawakening of the Far East. That there will be blunders and matters for regret goes without saying, but there will be a large surplus of clear gain to the cause of human progress and peace, whereat the Tsar should rejoice."

It was not until May that the first group of foreign attachés left Tokyo to proceed to the headquarters of the First Army in the field; amongst them were representatives of Britain, France, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, and America (Colonel Crowder, Captain March). General Sir Ian Hamilton, Colonel Hume, Captains Jardine and Vincent accompanied this contingent. Within two weeks thereafter the attachés and correspondents permitted to accompany the Second Army took their departure for the front. The British officers authorized to accompany the Japanese forces were Vice-Captain Troubridge, R.N.; Captain Pakenham, R.N.; Generals Sir Ian Hamilton and Sir William Nicholson; Colonels Smith, R.A., Haldane, Tulloch, Irwin, and Hume; Lieut.-Colonel Macpherson, R.A.M.C.; Major Crawford (Ghoorkas); Captains Vincent, R.A., Jardine, Sir A. Bannerman, Yate, Thacker (Canadian Horse), and Robertson (S. Y.'s).

It was all so very different then in Tokyo compared with the wintry days. There was colour and tone ; and there are other gudgeons than fish that delight in bright hues. The brisk season had come. Nature was awake and dressed ; youth was joying in the open, in woods and in fields. The massive grey granite blocks of the much-bewalled royal city no longer looked foreboding and cold, for the great earthen ramparts that leant against them had donned a suit of sweet green grass, and the trees waved in flourish of leaf and flower. The waters smiled in the mighty moats, and the ducklings spurted in the shadows of the pendant foliage. Tokyo was beautiful in the ecstasy of young life. In the roadways, which are boulevards, and the walks, which are parks, blushing blossoms from banked lines of cherry trees, all in bloom, fell like tinted snowflakes, and carpeted the ground with the flower. There was the art-loving, æsthetic East, where they cultivate not for fruit, but to please the sense of sight, and they will have their paper flowers if they can get none other. A wonderful people, who, like the Chinese, will take their caged song-birds with them when they go out for an airing into the country as an Englishman would his dogs ! Yes, it seems ridiculous to see an Oriental bearing a cage on either hand when he goes out for a ramble, with song-birds for companions ; no stick, and no dog. But our great-grandfathers laughed consumedly when they saw

the first umbrella opened in London. It seems but yesterday that I saw a lovely blossoming tree in a Tokyo junk-shop, kept there solely for the owner's private delectation. But our own poor people love flowers, as the pots and boxes of the masses show ; and every coster knows who his best customers are when they "are all a-blowing and a-growing" at "a penny a lot."

To this hotch-potch of prattle let me add a little more. I have seen the Chinaman take his life again and again in his hands, and do without a qualm what no European would risk. As the steamers near the harbour, say of Chefoo or other ports, they are met by sampans (small skiffs). As the vessel passes, going quite at ten to twelve knots, one of the sampan men clips a single-hooked pole on to a stanchion, rope, or rail ; springs, and with his feet upon the ship's side, like a monkey, clammers aboard. To miss, is to fall in the water and run the risk of being cut by the screw. But these hotel touts and baggage runners who thus boarded us very rarely missed ; as they gripped the rail, they let the pole drop into the sea. The more I saw of those extraordinary pagans, with their customs and their formulas, it recurred to me that even our forefathers may not, after all, have been quite such silly creatures as modern self-esteem labels them. And here is China to-day accepting the "Red Cross" regulations ! Ah, "the world does move !" Another confession : I have

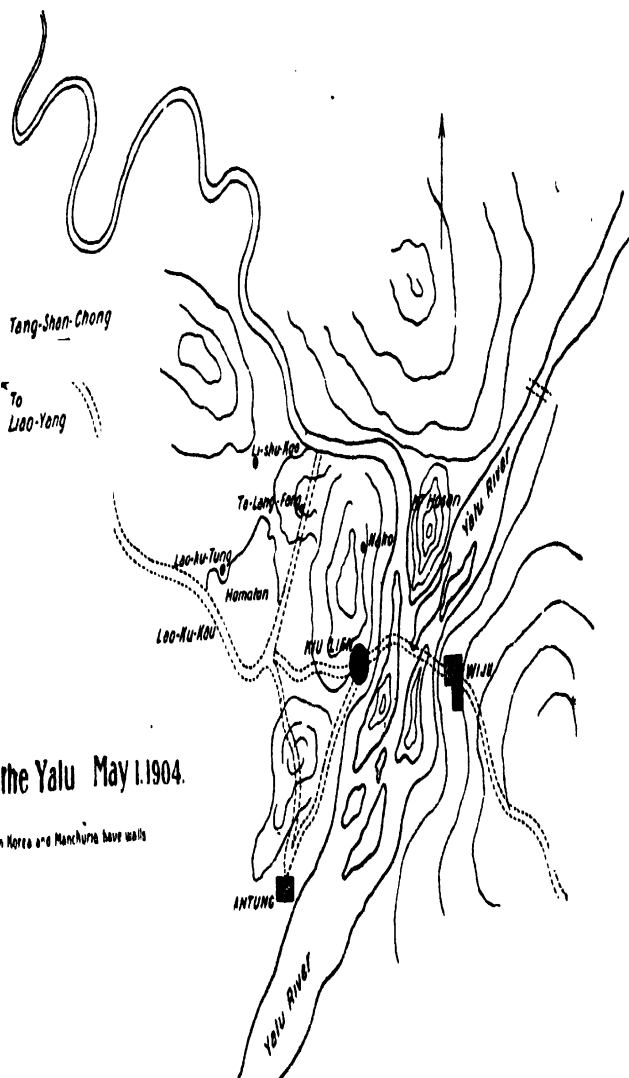


dared to speak of the divine indifference to dirt, as if nature and time were not great scavengers and cleaners. Still, the Korean and the Chinaman should lend a hand to both.

I was then going into the field, and had secured a Korean pony or two, either being somewhat bigger than a St. Bernard dog, and neither so sturdy as an Egyptian donkey. And I had a Manchu pony upon which I reckoned for a lift for a few miles, but there seemed no escape for me, being a heavy weight, but that I must needs walk, or go to war upon a Korean cow. They are all beasts of burden, these Korean cattle, and carry heavy loads, but it is at a snail's pace; so how could I avoid an angry, pursuing Cossack? Well, I thought, he mustn't pursue, nor must I fly too fast, otherwise one's best feelings, and sense of respect, awaited laceration. But sans forebodings, let me be happy, like unto the Japanese. They are indeed a vivacious folk, and love not to overlay grief with too much of the butter and jam of feeling. You see amongst them round and often rubicund faces, with short noses, not thin "bokos," long gargoyles, down which spout the tears of sentiment. How long should the war last? Until February next, I wrote, when the Russians may think twice before preparing for the second season's campaign. The armies should go into winter quarters next November, but ere then much must happen.

Towards the end of April the Japanese became





## The Battle of the Yalu May 1, 1904.

Towns and quite small villages in Northern Korea and Manchuria have walls

exceedingly busy, preparing to cross the Yalu, and as early as April 23, recognizances were made near Chosan, over upon the right bank. Some of these General Sassulitch claimed to have defeated. On April 26 two torpedo-boats entered the Yalu and dropped a few shells near Antung, whilst the Japanese Imperial Guards and 2nd Division attacked and occupied Samolindo and Kinri, islands in the river, near Wiju. The occupation of these enabled the Japanese to push on with the construction of their pontoon bridges to the islands, one of which they began near Wiju, and the other ten miles farther up. Torpedo-boats and gun-boats, using their search-lights at night, kept the Russians employed, and helped the Japanese sappers to proceed rapidly with their work. At first the Russians were able to hamper and partially destroy some of the pontoons. The capture of the islands was gallantly executed. Volunteers, wading and swimming through the icy-cold waters, first scouted, and then covered the approach of comrades, who came upon pontoons and drove out the Russians, who retired in row-boats to the mainland of the north bank. The fighting for the crossing really began about April 26, and was continued on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of that month. By then the Japanese had so established themselves that they were able to complete their bridging operations. On the larger island the Russians left eighteen killed, and a number of others were wounded. The

pontoon bridge was laid directly across near to the Kiulienchen position. Up stream a small detachment of Japanese, who had occupied Husan on the 29th, were driven out, but the place was retaken by them again the next day. By three in the morning of the 30th, the Japanese had finished one bridge, and by eight in the evening of the same day, the main river, beyond the islands, had been bridged and the whole force crossed during the night.

The first action that can be dignified by the name of a battle in the war began at daybreak on May 1. It was the fight for the Yalu. All the thunderous guns of the Japanese batteries were turned upon the Russian position, and for an hour or more they rained down a devastating fire upon the enemy and his works posted on the opposite bank. The Russian guns made a bold attempt to reply to and check the fury of the Japanese cannonade, but it was poor and ineffectual, whilst the havoc wrought by the Japanese artillery in their ranks seemed to increase with the passing moments. The Japanese guns were well and carefully screened, whilst the Russian positions were somewhat easily discernible. By seven o'clock the Russian guns were silenced, and half an hour later the whole line of Japanese infantry, that had patiently hidden themselves, and lain in wait along the opposite shore, sprang up to storm the positions. They advanced after the German mode, in somewhat close formation, and suffered rather more severely

than they would have done had they adopted an open form of attack. But their determination and spirit were excellent, and, taking no denial, they carried all before them. From point to point they stormed, firing heavily, and occasionally using the bayonet. An hour and a half later they had carried the entire main line of works in front of Wiju, and occupied the heights from Kiulienchen to Makou and Yushukou. In their advance, which took the form of a flanking attack upon the Russian left, they crossed a stream waist-deep, and, under a hot rifle-fire, made good their footing upon the opposite bank. From there they streamed up the hill, and rolled the Russian lines back one upon the other, turning the retirement into a disorderly retreat, and capturing prisoners, stores, and guns from the enemy. No doubt the Russian forces were somewhat outnumbered in men and guns, but it should be remembered they had carefully chosen and improved the defensive position they occupied. The Japanese line of attack covered a front of four miles, and in the course of the assault and the advance from position to position they carried seven works. Although the Russians resisted very stubbornly, they were practically hurled from their position, many of their officers were killed, and numbers of others were wounded, including their commanders, Generals Sassulitch and Kashlalinsky. They fell back along the road towards Fenhuang-cheng. In the assault, the 12th Division moved

towards Tahlangfang, and the Guards operated against Hammatau, the centre of the Russian position, whilst the 2nd Division, held partly in reserve, attacked the Russian right and moved against Antung. The Russians really made desperate attempts to rally, hastily brought new batteries forward, but only to have the horses shot down and the guns themselves ultimately captured. One if not two Russian regiments that were nearly hemmed in forced a way out and escaped. By half-past one in the afternoon firing had almost ceased, and the Muscovites were retiring in all directions along the Wiju road, and away towards Antung and the south-west. The Russian losses have been variously estimated; it was alleged there were 48 guns taken by the Japanese, and that 30 officers and several hundred men were captured, whilst the Russian casualties actually found upon the field exceeded 800. But the exact numbers were never given out. The Japanese total loss was returned at about 700 killed and wounded. It was subsequently learned that the 11th Russian Regiment alone lost 41 officers and 2,000 rank and file.

It was the crossing of the Yalu by the 12th Division, commanded by General Inouye, on April 30, that turned the Russian left flank that made for the fruits of victory. The Russians probably expected a frontal attack, and imagined the small force they at first saw upon their left was but a feint to cover the real design of a crossing

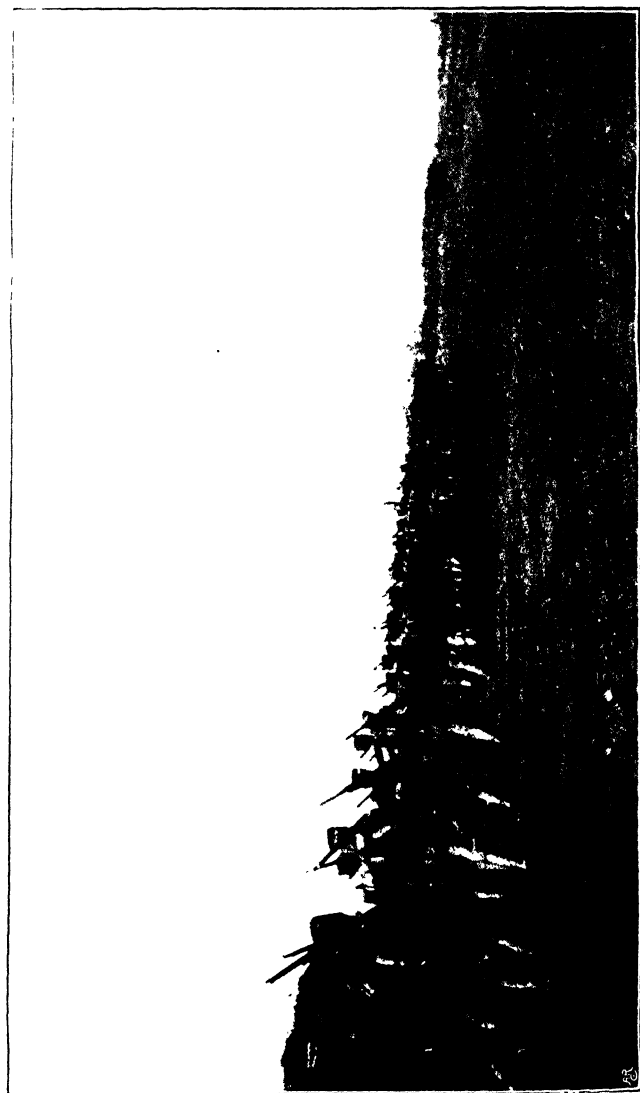
opposite their centre. General Nishi led the advance against the Russian trenches to the east of Kiulienchen village. The enemy reserved their fire as the Japanese infantry advanced up to the edge of the shallow stream, which separated the island from the Manchurian side. When they had moved a little further, suddenly the Russian infantry in the trenches opened, pouring withering volleys upon the leading lines. Nishi checked his advance, and changed direction to the left, gaining the shelter of a high hill. From there, swinging anew to the right, the Japanese dashed over a sandy strip, then up the hill into the very heart of the Russian position, planting the blood-red Rising Sun of Japan upon the summit. The Guards, as they too pressed forward, were checked for a moment by the fire from flanking trenches ; but their commander, General Hasegawa, flung his right forward upon the foot-hills, secured his lodgment, and from there drove the enemy like dust. The Japanese advance was brilliant and inspiring, showing a fine contemptuousness for danger and death. Their batteries, coming again into action, sustained and enforced the pressure of the death-dealing infantry. Whilst the Russians in retreat attempted to check the pursuit from the ridges behind Kiulienchin, bringing maxim guns into action, Kuroki's batteries, which had been hurried across the river and unlimbered, sent salvos of hurtling shell, which completely broke up this stand of



the rearguard, and sent them scurrying after their comrades along the road to Fenhuangcheng. The Japanese proved themselves to be good tactical as well as wonderfully hardy fighters. They took every advantage of the ground, kept low, fired lying prone, and pushed from point to point with the sagacity and the daring of old campaigners. The rapidity and accuracy of their artillery fire were remarkable, and the high explosive used in the shells did great execution. Naturally the soldiers in the field, and the onlookers at Wiju and elsewhere, were highly elated at this their first victory in the field over the Russian arms. So much had been said to their detriment, and the Russians had so vaunted of their prowess, that the Japanese exuberance at their first big success was easily pardonable. In Tokyo, also, there were great rejoicings, and May 5 being the Japanese boys' national fête-day, the emblematic flags representing huge fish were hung from every house; and there were prolonged processions by day and by night, expressive of popular rejoicing. By the way, the girls' national fête-day is March 3, when dolls are suspended from flag-poles within and without the houses, the figures hung up being supposed to represent distinguished Japanese heroines.

On the crossing of the Yalu other events followed rapidly, the land campaign being then fairly launched. On May 4 part of the Japanese fleet, with over sixty transports, appeared off





JAPANESE GROUPS ADVANCING ALONG THE RAILWAY.

*To face p. 193.*

Pitsewo, to the west of Antung, below Takushan, and due east of Port Adams. A few Russian patrols scampered off when a round or two was fired from the ships, so next day, May 5, the landing of the Second Army was begun upon the beach. The tide was far out, the distance a thousand yards to the shore, so the first landing party consisted of a naval brigade. At 7.22 a.m. the flag of Japan was seen flying from high ground, well in shore, which was being turned into a highly defensive position to provide for possible contingencies. Pitsewo was well chosen, being somewhat remote from the railway, and threatening the Russian forces to the north and to the south of Port Adams. On May 6 a detachment which had marched across reached the railway near Pulantien, hard by Port Adams, blew up a bridge, and tore away a portion of the metals, severing communication between Port Arthur and General Kuropatkin, who at this time had his headquarters at Liaoyang. A detachment of Russians who came down later on temporarily repaired the line, and a train or two subsequently passed over, going and coming, but within a day or two thereafter Port Arthur had been isolated, and the line remained cut and the country was held by the Japanese until the fall of that great fortress. On May 6 Kuroki resumed his advance, and took Fenhuanqcheng upon the Liaoyang road, capturing there a quantity of stores and arms. Skirmishes followed from day to day between the outposts, and

the Russians fell gradually back until they reached the high Motien-lien range of hills, which they fortified in order to cover the approaches by road to Liaoyang and Mukden. Admiral Alexeieff, who had left and returned to Port Arthur, realizing that its safety was being seriously menaced, finally left it on May 2. On May 10 the Cossacks actually attempted a small raid into Korea, reaching Anju, which they attacked. The place was held by a very small garrison of a few score of men, but was stoutly defended from one in the afternoon until seven at night, when, reinforcements arriving, the Russians, who had lost fifty men, beat a hasty retreat. Meanwhile the Japanese Second Army, marching from Pitsewo south, gained the heights to the north-east of Kinchau, about three miles and a half from Nansan, where, later on, the battle was fought which decided the complete reinvestment and the ultimate capture of Port Arthur. A Russian detachment on May 20 had reconnoitred to within seven miles of Takushan. There they were met by the Japanese, quickly defeated, and retired, leaving ten dead on the field.

Whilst the First and Second Japanese Armies were thus establishing their footing in Manchuria and carrying all before them, Togo was doing his fair share of work elsewhere for his country. The four Russian cruisers shut up in Vladivostok made another raid, appearing in Korean waters on April 25. There they captured and sank a small coaster,

called the *Goyomaru*, in Gensan harbour. Next night they appeared some 300 miles further to the south, in the Korean Straits, and were lucky enough to find the *Kinshumaru*, a transport of about 6,000 tons, carrying troops, railway plant, ammunition, siege material, heavy guns, and other stores, for the use of the army before Port Arthur. She had got separated from her escort and consorts in a fog. The vessel was hove-to by a shot fired across her bows, and some 200 officers and men were transferred on board the Russian cruiser *Rurik*. The remainder of the soldiers and a few officers refused to surrender or to leave the ship, and, later on, fired upon the Russian cruisers. A torpedo was discharged at the *Kinshu*, and a hot gun-fire was opened upon her, turning the deck into a shambles ere she sank to the bottom of the sea. The cables and the wireless telegraphy were set working in every direction, when news of this dash was known, to call up Admiral Kawimura, but the Russian ships succeeded in getting back unmolested into Vladivostok.

On May 2 Admiral Togo made a further attack upon Port Arthur. It was to be a "full-speed-ahead," attempt to run in and sink in the fairway ten merchant steamers, prepared and loaded with stone and scrap-iron, to complete the obstruction of the entrance at Port Arthur. On that date a storm arose, and Admiral Togo tried to countermand his orders, but it was too late, and on account

of the weather only two ships were communicated with and kept back. At one in the morning five torpedo-boats approached Port Arthur, but being seen and fired upon they retired. Three quarters of an hour later another squadron of these mosquito craft arrived, attended and partly preceded by destroyers. With splendid daring one of the merchantmen steamed ahead, burst through two of the defending harbour booms, and got into the channel, where she sank herself. Most of the others were also enabled to reach their assigned places for blowing themselves up, notwithstanding the rough weather prevailing. All went so well that it was said that the operation of blocking the harbour had at last been achieved. During the operations the Russians maintained a heavy fire, and they claimed to have defeated Togo's plans. They certainly succeeded in capturing thirty live Japanese, including two mortally wounded officers.

The second big bombardment and attack upon the shore batteries was made on May 4. The Russians, by means of counter-mines and dragging, tried day by day to clear away the obstructions that Togo had laid, and violent explosions were heard through all the hours at Port Arthur. About the same time, or on May 9 and 10, fearing eventualities, they attempted to blow up and destroy all the wharves and harbour works at Dalny. But before they ultimately evacuated Dalny they had sown Talien-Wan Bay thickly with torpedoes. Togo

sent in a portion of his gunboats and torpedo-boats, beginning on the night of May 10, to sweep Talien-Wan and Dalny bays for mines. Whilst this sweeping was proceeding, the Russians fired upon the small craft, one of which, Torpedo-boat 48, got blown up by a mine. Two days later the Japanese despatch-boat *Miyako* met a similar fate, and worse befell on the 15th, for the Russians, profiting somewhat by the Japanese lessons, had carefully marked the course of Togo's fleet when his ships came to attack Port Arthur, or crossed within, or just without, the range of their coast batteries. Whilst Togo's fleet was on patrol duty, steaming ahead in line, during a slight fog, at 1.40 in the morning of the 15th, the *Kasuga* rammed the small cruiser *Yoshino*, which sank in a few minutes, only ninety being saved out of her crew. On that same, most calamitous day for Japan, at eleven in the forenoon, as the battleships *Hatsuse*, *Yashima*, and *Shikishima* were manœuvring ten miles south-east of Liaotushan, the leading vessel of the squadron struck a mine. The infernal machine burst immediately under the splendid battleship *Hatsuse*, which managed, by dint of arduous struggling, to keep afloat for half an hour, when she suddenly disappeared beneath the sea. Out of a crew of 750 men but 300 were saved. The fog still continued, and although at the time, and for long afterwards, the Japanese denied the truth of the story, it was then reported that the battleship *Yashima* was also hit



by a Russian mine. The *Yashima* was hit, however, but she was conveyed as far as the Japanese naval base, among the Elliott islands, and there beached and temporarily repaired. I saw her myself lying there a month later on, and mentioned the fact; but it was not until quite recently, and after Port Arthur had fallen, that the Japanese admitted the fact; nor was this done until the *Yashima* had been conveyed to Sasebo, and there put again into thorough repair and fighting trim and sent back to rejoin Togo's fleet. This wholesale disaster but threw into a brighter and clearer light the high character and rare merit of Togo's daring seamanship and fight for the sovereignty of the seas. Few will begrudge so brave and so able a man his well-deserved successes, upon which all the achievements of his country during the war have been built. For a year, day and night, he bore, ungrudgingly and uncomplainingly, strains to which few, if any, naval commanders have been subjected to since the days of our own national hero, Nelson.

Ever untiring, Togo, on May 17, sent a squadron into Kinchau Bay, which there landed troops and destroyed a railway bridge or two. Three days afterwards a flotilla of his gunboats and destroyers, in spite of a heavy fire from the forts, sank a too-venturesome Russian destroyer; and on May 24, preserving the undaunted front he had shown from the beginning of hostilities all through, he approached and again bombarded the forts of Port Arthur.

## CHAPTER XIV

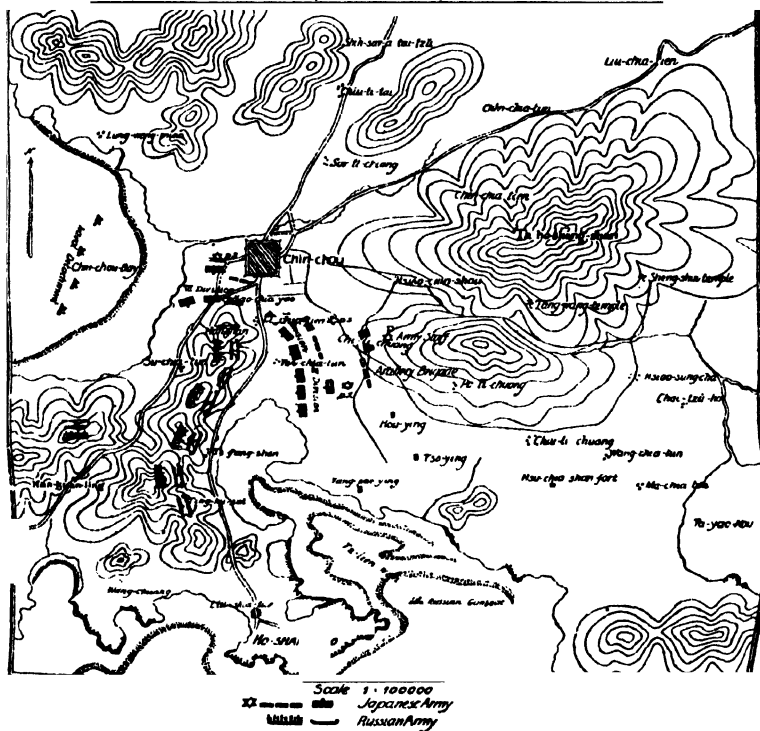
TAKING PORT ARTHUR BY THE THROAT—BATTLE OF  
NANSHAN — HONOURS TO THE DEAD — THREE  
ARMIES AFIELD

JAPANESE troops were poured from oversea into Takushan. General Oku pushed a column to the westward in order to hold the railway which he had cut, severing the communication from Port Arthur on the south and from Kuropatkin on the north. The Japanese general's object was clear as well as necessary ; it was to prevent the garrison of that fortress from receiving reinforcements, or supplies, sent overland. He led the main portion of his force to the south along the east coast, and at the same time sent a column by the road that runs to the south-west into Kinchau. There were skirmishes on the way with Russian detachments, who strove to delay the advance by taking positions on the high ridges that spread themselves like barriers across that portion of the country. General Oku had no great difficulty, however, in steadily driving the Russian General Sakharoff's troops back towards the narrow neck of land, a few miles south

of Kinchau, which connects the Liao-tung Peninsula with the mainland of Manchuria. At that point the distance from sea to sea is less than five miles, the shallow waters on the west side lapping far inshore when the tide is full. Several miles to the north-east of Kinchau there is a bold range of hills, which extend on one side towards the road along which the Japanese advanced. Their craggy eastern flanks extend down to the sea, forming headlands, bights, and big bays.

For two months or more the Russians had been preparing to defend the narrow approach to the Liao-tung Peninsula. Behind the quaint, little, Chinese walled town of Kinchau there is a small clump of hills, called Nanshan, which dominate the narrowest part of the neck. This position the Russians occupied, and, employing large numbers of coolies, began laboriously fortifying, after their customary elaborate methods. With the relatively limited forces at their disposal, due chiefly to the folly of fighting on the Yalu, they were unable to prepare and hold the much higher range of hills to the right front. These, too, they probably observed might be turned or occupied by the Japanese landing upon the west instead of the east side. The Russians protected the Nanshan works by numerous trenches, the approach to which, in turn, was obstructed by barbed wire entanglements, pitfalls, and mines. They had in the emplacements in the works, besides large howitzers,

**SKETCH MAP OF THE BATTLE OF NAN-SHAN**  
(26 MAY 1904)



[To face p. 200.]



15-centimetre cannon (nearly 6 in.) and quick-firing 4.7 guns.

During his advance on May 16 General Oku found himself opposed by a Russian force, which had 8 quick-firing guns, detachments of cavalry, and included the 5th, 14th, and 16th Rifle Regiments. These, after a sharp, decisive engagement, retreated, leaving thirty dead upon the field. From prisoners taken on that occasion it was learned that General Stossel had entrusted the immediate defence of the peninsula and the Nanshan position to the 4th and 7th Infantry Divisions. Admiral Togo, with characteristic energy, had cruisers, gunboats, destroyers, and torpedo-boats constantly on the watch upon both sides of the isthmus, ready to assist the advance of General Oku's troops. On several occasions, even as early as May 16, the Japanese warships were able to fire upon the Russians as they passed along the roads leading across the neck. On May 17 seven of his ships entered the Kinchau gulf and bombarded the railway bridge and station of Kinchau and passing trains. It was at very little loss to themselves that the Japanese pressed in and secured the rugged high ridges to the north-east, which overlooked Kinchau and Nanshan. Farther afield skirmishes, but not of an important character, took place between the Russians and the column sent north to hold the railway near Pulantien, Port Adams. With their usual care in making preparations, the

Japanese placed their artillery in position and made ready for deliberate assault upon Kinchau and Nanshan. From their central works the Russians had thrown out outposts and placed small detachments to hold a good deal of the low ground that intervened between Nanshan and the north-easterly ranges.

As you leave the great bay of Talien-Wan and the once habitable-looking town of Dalny, nestling in the corner thereof to the south, you see Nanshan on the left, and on the right the north-east range of hills already alluded to, called the Sanchishan. As seen from Junk Bay, a northern corner of the great Talien-Wan Bay, Nanshan lifts its abrupt low heads but slightly above the rising ground. It is a four or more multiple-topped hill, and about four hundred feet or less in height. In truth, it is a pigmy to the raw-ribbed Sanchishan, five miles away to the north-east, whose rough lower slopes almost gives access to Nanshan. But bulk is no true measure in that which interests mankind, and lesser Nanshan will long loom on the human horizon. These clubbed Nanshan hills present no striking features in the isthmian landscape. There are far greater hills to the south as well as to the north of them, ranges thick strewn, with the restless sea on either side, where the tides seek to fret away and overlay the land. Nanshan's lower gullies and rain-washed cuts were all converted into trenches and used as rifle-pits.

On May 21 the encounter began with an artillery attack that was to determine the fate of Nanshan, and therewith Port Arthur. On the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th the guns were still laid upon the lower works, which replied at times to the Japanese batteries, but the latter did very little damage. Finally, General Oku's attacking columns advanced by the right towards Kinchau, several of his guns being moved forward into new positions. The leading troops gradually extended and took up ground to the left, *i.e.* south, overlapping on that side the Russian defences. This proved to be a somewhat risky enterprise, for the Russians still held Dalny and Talien-Wan Bay, and one of their gun-boats was enabled to pour a heavy fire upon the left of the column. Rough weather on May 24 prevented the effective co-operation with the land forces of the three Japanese gun-boats and torpedo flotilla ordered into Kinchau Bay. Even on the 25th the warships were unable to render any assistance, and it was not until the following day that the contest, which they were to determine, entered upon the ferocious and decisive stage.

With the descent of the Japanese into the low ground, the Russians had withdrawn within their outposts without offering serious resistance. Kinchau also fell into the hands of the Japanese. General Oku formed up for attack with the 4th or Osaka Division on his right, the 1st Division in the centre, and the 3rd Division on his left. It was in that

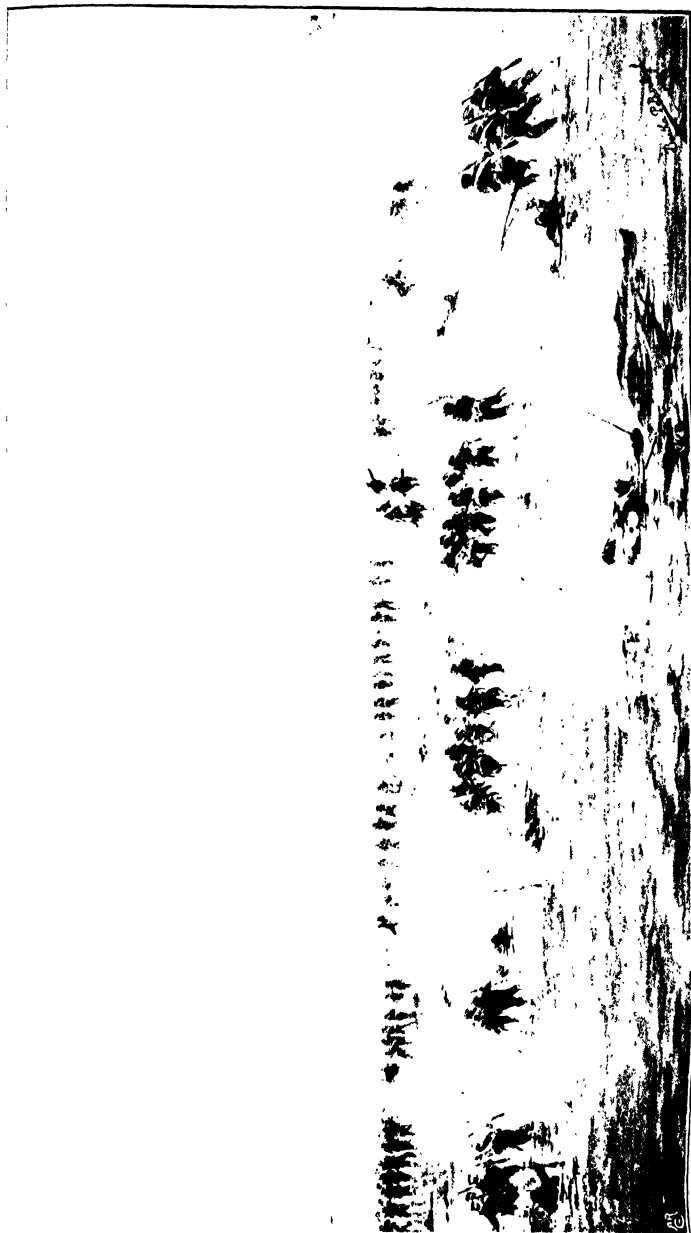


formation they advanced after dark and took up their attacking positions. It had been arranged that the assault upon Nanshan was to open with a heavy bombardment at half-past four in the morning, but there being a fog, General Uchiyami, who commanded the guns, did not begin firing until an hour afterwards. At 6 a.m. four of the Japanese shallow-draft gunboats began bombarding Nanshan from Kinchau Bay. The Russians replied with all their guns, of which they probably had about 111 in the field, and the action rapidly became furious. Several of the Japanese ships were hit, and one of the gun-boats, through a shell bursting upon the deck, lost her captain and nine men. For three hours the artillery duel raged, when the Russian fire began to slacken, mainly through the raking fire of the squadron, which drew close in upon the rising tide. By eleven in the morning all the Muscovite forts had been silenced, and two of their quick-firing batteries were seen to retreat hastily to the high ground at Nankwanling, ten miles south of Kinchau. The Japanese troops on the right and centre rushed in and gained cover in positions from 300 to 600 yards from the trenches. A Russian steamer from Dalny skilfully shelled the 3rd Division. She also escorted five steam launches filled with troops in order to disembark them, to assail the apparently lost 3rd Division on the flank; but a Japanese detachment boldly moving forward to meet this Russian landing party, they reconsidered the

matter and retired. The battle went on ding-dong, and a battery of large guns, fired from a point 7,000 metres away at the unfortunate 3rd Division, wrought disaster, and checked their attempted enveloping operation.

Meanwhile the two other divisions persistently tried to advance ; but the strong defences, the many entanglements, machine guns and cannon, foiled every effort of the Japanese to get to close quarters. General Oku, like Kuroki, following the bad method of the German school, had sent in his troops at first in very close order, and, as at the Yalu, their casualties were unduly swelled on that account. Again and again the Japanese sought to break through the entanglements and assault the enemy's works, but the Russian infantry made so obstinate a defence that they could not penetrate to the main line, nor were their batteries able to make a sufficient breach in the defences. Hours were passing, and the roll of the uselessly slain was increasing. The unlucky 3rd Division, which had all but lost touch on the right, was virtually surrounded by the Russians, who had reinforced their right. It was in imminent danger of annihilation or of capture. The infantry of the 1st Division, with incredible bravery, repeatedly charged, though losing heavily by the Russian fire. The day was closing, apparently disastrously for the Japanese, for the ammunition of their batteries had run short, and they were preparing to withdraw from the field. Yet,

though the sun was sinking to rest, it was determined to make one further grand combined effort to storm the Russian position, and afford an illustration of the maxim, that a battle is never lost or won until the dead and the spoils have been counted, and put away. The Russian trenches, which on every side ran out towards the sea, had their ends turned back so as to afford protection against attempts to turn their flank. But there seemed to be an opportunity for getting around and behind the position if it were possible for troops to move across the wet sands, wade the shallow water, and then swing round and take Nanshan in the rear. And this is exactly what the gallant leader of the 4th Division essayed. Maj.-Gen. Nishijima led his brigade for a final stroke down towards the sea-sands, the men rushed into the water, wading far out, and, swinging around, they advanced to the assault, covered by a savage and well-directed fire from the gunboats. The Russians strove to check this extraordinary feat, hurrying out bodies of riflemen, turning their quick-firing machine guns and cannon on the daring soldiers; but the remainder of the infantry of the 4th Division and the infantry of the 1st Division, discarding all shelter, leaped anew to create a diversion in their comrade's favour. With a mighty rush the brigade of the 4th Division bounded ashore, gained the trenches and forts, and then in hand-to-hand combat, with pistol, sword, and bayonet, drove the enemy out of their last



BATTLE OF NAN-SHAN. VICTORIOUS ATTACK OF 4TH DIVISION.



lines of defence, and captured the summit of the works. Amid a lurid scene of fire and slaughter and wild excitement, the whole of the Japanese line ran in, the 3rd Division also joining in the movement, which at 7 p.m. carried the whole of Oku's assaulting columns into and over the Russian works, sweeping away all opposition.

The setting sun had sunk below the horizon ere the "Rising Sun," the flag of Japan, was waving in triumph over the forts which commanded the neck of the Liao-tung Peninsula. It was a triumph and a rout, the Russians flying in disorder towards Nankwan and Port Arthur. The victory had not been cheaply gained, for, although the Japanese casualties were at first given as 4,204, I have reason to know that they totalled, killed and wounded, over 5,000. The Russians left 500 dead upon the field; during the fight they had been able to remove many of their wounded and slain to the rear. Their total losses in the battle were probably about 8,000. As usual, they fled just in time to escape being caught in the final successful rush. The Japanese captured a quantity of stores, much ammunition, mines, and seventy-eight machine guns and cannon. But what was of far more importance than all these portable trophies, they had shown their splendid hardihood as soldiers—that they were men before whom even the best troops might have occasion to examine themselves and tighten their girths, before going down against them to do battle.

In the conflict at Nanshan the Japanese officers and men showed that they were possessed of the spirit of the true soldier. A division surrounded, their gun ammunition all but exhausted, there seemed no alternative but retirement for Oku's army ; but their courage rose to the occasion, and they struck with all their force a death or glory blow, and deservedly triumphed. We will have to turn over many pages of many histories before finding an action fit to be compared to the fight for the Liao-tung neck, the throat of Port Arthur.

The Russians in retiring blew up the railway station and a magazine they had at Tafangshan. Among the other captures of the Japanese were search-lights, dynamos, rifles, and much small-arms ammunition, besides a number of prisoners. The possession of Nanshan, furthermore, at once opened up Talien-Wan Bay to the Japanese fleet, and made the capture and permanent occupation of Dalny a certainty. It furthermore isolated, and quite put beyond the power of the Russians, any chance of a successful advance being made by troops overland to the relief of the Port Arthur garrison ; for the Japanese, holding the lines at Nanshan, with their warships in the sea on both sides of the neck, going by the road to the south was absolutely barred. With Talien-Wan Bay and Dalny in their possession, there need be no longer occasion for landing troops upon the open beach, and military operations would be thereafter conducted with more

certitude, irrespective of wind and weather, whilst the reconstruction of the railway line would afford rapid and safe transit by land.

Strange, but true, there were no jubilations, no lantern processions, no mafficking, no music and "Banzais" in Japan after Nanshan ; and why ? Not because they were not pleased with the victory, or feared to count the cost, for that never seemed to trouble them much. It was solely, I believe, because on the occasion of the rejoicings over the Yalu victories, close thereon came the sad news of the loss of two of Togo's warships and the transport disasters. Like all mankind, Christian and pagan, savage and civilized, however much we may disclaim the impeachment, the Japanese have their "superstitions." I call it by that name for want of a better, and "superstition" has also to be reckoned with in affairs as much as the nose upon a woman's face.

It was the 4th Division and the men of the aforetime denounced Osaka regiments, because of a now forgotten act of cowardice in war, that advanced through the water and snatched victory for their country's arms out of the jaws of defeat and death. The Russians had believed their left flank to be impregnable, not only because of the protection of the sea, but by reason of scores of mines, fougasses, and wire entanglements. Fortunately for the assaulting columns, the wild storm and the rains had washed away the covering of earth, exposed



the mines, and laid bare many of the wires, so that when the pioneers who led the advance reached the shore, they were able to destroy the connections of the fougasses and the mines. The Russians used war balloons; they were kept out of range, but they rendered service in directing a deadly fire upon the attacking Japanese forces.

So hot and long-contested a struggle produced numerous incidents of great individual as well as high collective courage, which deserve a niche in the annals of battles. Wounded officers and men fought to the death, rather than yield a single inch of ground or take cover. Though shot, those able to move would worm themselves forward, and with their last strength sever entangling wires, or indicate a way along which their comrades might hope to leap into the Russian trenches. An officer who lay dead with what looked like a bit of towelling about his head was found in that way to have secured from capture the "Blood-Red Sun," the national flag of Japan. When it was unwound there was read, in spite of the stains of blood, written by the hand of the dead man: "For ever shall we guard thy standard, O Sovereign Prince, even if this our life shall vanish with the dews of the morrow."

There were subsequent imposing funerals in Tokyo, in honour of the officers who went down with the battleship *Hatsuse*, and those who fell at Nanshan. In some respects the former resembled what can be seen upon similar occasions at

Portsmouth. A naval band, a squad of bugler blue-jackets, marines, and sailors marching with reversed "arms," an officer's detachment, wreaths, gunlimbers, and guns bearing the remains; and lastly, the family and public mourners in carriages and afoot. They were all sad and sorrowing demonstrations which wended their way through crowded streets, to the strains of a mournful march, to the temple cemetery. The boxes upon the limbers bore within them some souvenirs of the dead—a lock or so of his hair, or a garment—and upon the top were displayed his insignia and medals. The Japanese conduct funerals irrespective of the presence of the corpse. That is quite a secondary consideration, and therein may be sagacity, for, as I have intimated, a lock of the deceased's hair, a photograph, a discarded garment, serves the purpose of showing their respect and paying honour to the manes of the departed. Such a fine "celebrant" sense must afford a melancholy pleasure to undertakers; would it be cruel to them if the custom caught on in England? White-robed priests were in the *cortège*, and two score of sailors bore young trees in their arms to plant round their heroes' graves. And as if to emphasize the reversal of our customs, in Japan the ladies, who attended and followed in the carriages, were all dressed in spotless white. The approved pose of the "gentler ones" seemed to be, that they should gaze fixedly with downcast eyes at their hands, lying folded in

their laps. But I will not pledge that the ladies did not note the demeanour of the dense throngs, and the many tokens of respect, out of those dangerous corners of their black eyes. By the way, the guns drawn in the funeral procession were of an interesting type. They were about six-pounders, and the breech was in a case fitted for recoil, with a small compressor oil or air-buffer underneath. Evidently they were quick-firers, and of, to me, a novel and seemingly handy and excellent pattern.

But these be lugubrious, possibly profitless, topics, and such are not the ways of thrifty Japan. I think that I have solved why they prefer to have their garments, even women's kaimonos and men's "nethers," cut in straight lines, as with a circular saw. It is that they may be readily undone, washed, dyed, and re-sewn, for every humble Japanese does all that work at home. And upon wash-days you can see yards of gown stuff, and honest men's breeks that have been "reverted" into strips of cloth, stretched upon boards, after cleaning and redyeing, to be dried in the sun. Theirs be truly frugal abodes, void almost of furniture; no chairs, with a mat for a bed, a block of wood for a pillow, and no bed-clothes, for you dress when you lie down to sleep. But China and this Far East demand the fullest attention of our statesmen and economists; yea, the very best attention; for here are the great markets of the

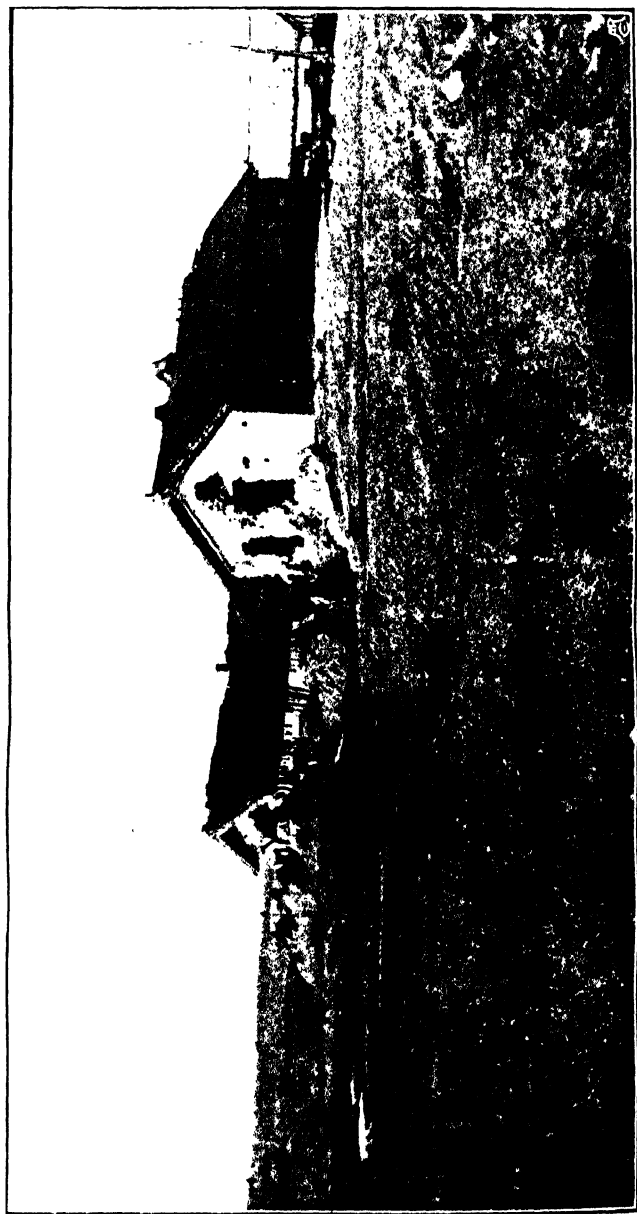
world, which are to be lost or won, that must count for prosperity or the reverse, to a million British homes. As customary, we are slack; the Americans, the Germans, are wider awake to these interests. Material wealth comes by continuous energy and applied industry. It was in Chefoo I saw a fair sample of our manner of how not to do things. If you had letters or communications to send home you forwarded them to Europe by the German, or by the French Post Office—by any but the English. That was hopeless, as the merchants there know full well: run—his Gracious Majesty's Post Office!—by two Chinamen, leisurely Orientals, who knew not where "Malta" was. "Was it a town in England?" There is urgent call for thorough, practical reform in our administration of the Empire's interests in all lands of the Far Seas.

Call it what you will, strategy, pluck, out-numbering, out-fighting, the battle of Nanshan, the second great conflict between the armies of the Tsar and the Mikado, conferred the stamp of superiority upon the Japanese forces over those of their enemy. The result of that encounter gave a further fillip to the operations of the Japanese—Kuroki moving onward, and General Oku going south to complete the occupation of the neck of the Peninsula and ensure a close investment of Port Arthur. Confessedly, the Russians saw they were overmatched, for, destroying bridges, railway stations, and stores, they everywhere yielded ground when attacked,

falling back within the lines of the great fortification. Kuroki busied himself with improving his communications, building bridges, and making passable roads to the front. He actually employed large numbers of his troops to assist in constructing a narrow-gauge railway which was laid from Wiju, ultimately up to Liaoyung. Meanwhile, these preparations of his were more immediately directed to enable him to attack and drive the enemy from the Motien passes and ranges, down upon the plain to Liaoyung and Mukden. General Oku continued his forward movement, forcing the Russians back on all sides, so that by the end of May, after various minor encounters, they withdrew altogether from Dalny. The Japanese immediately occupied the town, where, though they found a good deal of damage had been wrought, yet, in addition to the majority of the dwellings, 100 store-houses, the barracks, the railway station, the telegraph office, and the dock jetties were found intact. They captured a considerable quantity of undestroyed stores of various kinds, and, in addition, 200 freight and railway passenger carriages.

Day by day the plan of campaign unfolded, so that he who ran might anywhere read, except in Russia. General Oku, who, with his men on board transports, had waited long among the Elliott Islands for the propitious moment to effect the landing at Pitsewo, had succeeded in bottling up General Stossel and the garrison at Port Arthur.





RUSSIAN RAILWAY BLOCK-HOUSES. WAYSIDE, CARRIED BY JAPANESE, PROTECTED BY PALISSADES  
AND TRENCHES.

He was therefore able to devote himself to a fresh enterprise. But, first, he had to hand over the charge of assaulting and capturing the Russian fortress to another leader, General Noji, who had already joined the Second Army. Part of his force General Oku left behind, whilst with the remainder he turned his face north, moving up the Siberian Railway. Dalny now being in the possession of the Japanese, Admiral Togo was able more openly and strenuously to set about clearing away the Russian mines, that had been set so thickly all over Talien-Wan Bay. Another, the Fourth Army, under General Nodzu, had taken the field; this force, mobilized at Hiroshima in the inland sea, was conveyed by transport to Takushan and there disembarked. Takushan is about 100 miles to the west of Wiju, on the Manchurian coast, and from there direct roads run to the northwest to Tashikow, where the branch line to New-chang leaves the Siberian railway. There are side tracks also from Takushan, running over a considerable distance, very nearly parallel with the Wiju-Fenchwang-Liaoyung road, along which General Kuroki was operating. The interposition, therefore, of General Nodzu, with his two divisions at Takushan, not only covered the Japanese advance under Kuroki along the Wiju road, but afforded a measure of security for General Oku himself, who was completing the shutting up, upon the land side, of Port Arthur. It was the presence probably of



this interposed force that delayed and paralyzed for a time the Russian advance to the south to render assistance to the Russian garrison in the Liao-tung Peninsula.

I have more than once anticipated, so as not to break in upon the narrative dealing with the carrying out of the more important movements. It had been expected that General Oku would have conducted the siege operations against Port Arthur, but, after their customary habit, the command of them was given to General Noji, who had distinguished himself in the former war, in the capture of that stronghold from the Chinese. The demonstrations made down the line to relieve the pressure being put upon the Port Arthur garrison by General Oku did not so much as ruffle his equanimity. General Yalckenberg was sent out by Kuropatkin with a flying column, comprising a few batteries of artillery, several Siberian regiments and Cossacks, in all about 12,000 men. They came down the line, but were checked at Lichiatung, some twenty-seven miles north of Pulantein, whereat the Japanese lost sixty-three killed and wounded.

As the rope was being drawn tighter upon Port Arthur, numerous attempts were made to establish direct communications between the beleaguered garrison and the outside world. General Stossel erected four huge poles upon the summit of lofty Liaotushan from which to transmit wireless telegraphic messages; his friends and countrymen

outside, to the north and the south, sought to establish stations which could exchange communications. A considerable amount of friction was created by what was alleged to be the misuse of neutral territory. The Japanese themselves did not hesitate to send their war messages in all directions, even through neutral territory. And they were able, after a time, by means of electric discharges from the ships, to interrupt and render unintelligible nearly all the messages that the Russians strove to transmit. Quite early in June, General Noji, advancing from Dalny, and extending his men over the lower portion of the Liao-tung Peninsula, had advanced to a point within fifteen miles of Port Arthur. About the same period the Russians in the beleaguered fortress were striving to clear away the obstructions and mines which Admiral Togo had laid. One of their gunboats, the *Giliak*, whilst engaged in removing these infernal machines, was blown up and sank instantly, and the incident so alarmed her consorts that they all hastily steamed back into harbour. The accident had the immediate and lasting effect of making the Russians much more cautious in their clearing operations. The Japanese admiral who was engaged in sweeping Talien-Wan Bay for explosive mines, proceeded with much greater caution; still he was unable to avert mis-haps, and one or two of his ships were damaged and a number seriously injured. However, before the end of the first week in June, Togo had

removed chiefly by destroying, over forty Russian mines which had been laid off Dalny and in Talien-Wan Bay. These clearing operations were rendered necessary in order that the excellent harbour of Dalny might be used as a new base, not only for the troops besieging Port Arthur, but for the supply of General Oku and General Nodzu's forces. The Russian columns that retired to the north were careless or foolish enough to omit to destroy the bridges, and the railway, as they fell back. True, they burned the stations and the store-houses, but the line itself was very slightly damaged, so little that within a few days the Japanese, having captured a large number of trucks and carriages, were able to use these, by means of man-haulage, for carrying stores to and fro, along the line. Junk Bay, which is an inset to the north of Talien-Wan Bay, was for a time used for the debarkation of supplies; from there they were put upon the railway trucks and sent on to the north to the troops holding Pulantien, and the neighbouring Port Adams, as well as to the column investing Port Arthur on the west side, or near Pigeon Bay.







WORKING ON THE REPAIRING RAILWAY BRIDGE DAMAGED BY RUSSIANS.

[*Tsvetac* p. 218.









## CHAPTER XV

### THE BATTLE OF TELITZ, SOMETIMES CALLED WAFANG-KOW—JAPANESE VICTORY—ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL RAID BY THE VLADIVOSTOK SQUADRON

As I believed would be the case, the Russians did not have the wisdom or the courage to withdraw from Port Arthur before it was invested. The Japanese artillery had enabled them to gain two pitched battles, and was to assist them in winning other victories. It may be that the Japanese infantry would even have won in many pitched battles, without their overwhelming superiority in gun-fire. But they could only have succeeded after far more terrible losses, in officers and men, than they did sustain, besides a grave waste of time, which might have enabled the Russians to have altered the relative positions of the opposing numbers. I well remember in the early days of the Boer war, before Colenso heights, how the general was urged to bring up by train, and put upon temporary sidings, just six 6-inch naval guns, in addition to the 4.7's, so as to pulverize the position and open a road into Ladysmith. But the cost, etc., etc.; so

many reasons were interposed. The Japanese, wiser in their generation, looked further ahead, and always put material upon the ground sufficient for the work; and they exercised becoming care to have everything ready before they started to hammer their opponents.

It was on June 6 when General Nodzu was enabled to push forward a reconnoitring column from Takushan, seven miles to the north-west. They surprised a detachment of the Russian cavalry, and in a skirmish killed and wounded fifty of their enemy. Throwing out a wider screen to their front, the Takushan force, or Fourth Army—for it was called by both names—established touch on the right with Kuroki, and on the left, with General Oku. Kuroki had again begun to move forward upon the Motien range, and numerous skirmishes and minor actions occurred, the advantage on several, but not material, occasions appearing to rest with the Russians. On June 8, by means of this co-operation between the First and Third Armies, the Russians were edged back, and the important town of Siuyen was occupied by General Nodzu. Four thousand Russians, with six guns, who were driven out of that place, retreated towards Kaiping an important town upon the railway, a little distance from Tashikow whereat, the Newchang line branches to the west, on to Tientsin and Peking.

Admiral Togo, ever active, sent a squadron towards Kaiping, in order to assist as well as

protect the advancing Japanese columns. It was a diversion that threatened the Russian rear, and made the projected advance of a Russian column against Oku, to relieve the strain upon the Port Arthur garrison, a hazardous and dangerous undertaking. And the subsequent bombardments by Togo, a portion of whose lighter craft steamed far inshore to the mouth of the Suingyue river on the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of June, did considerable damage to the enemy, and compelled the retreat of a force of between 3,000 and 4,000 cavalry and infantry. Russian trains that were running to the southward, with supplies and troops, were also compelled to turn back. On June 8 two companies of infantry and a squadron of cavalry, near Kaiping itself, sustained considerable losses from the fire of the ships. Nay, more, the Russian forces in Yinkow, or Newchwang (practically the same place, the one being the European and the other the native town), were withdrawn to the north.

Admiral Togo was back again at Port Arthur on June 12, busying himself there more than ever, bombarding and planting hundreds of mines to effectually seal the harbour. How great the strain must have been on him at this time, with his numerically inferior fleet, few, perhaps, will ever know. Recollect, the battleship *Hatsuse* had been sunk, her sister, the *Yashima*, all but lost—so badly damaged that it required nearly six months to put her to rights—whilst the *Kasuga* had to return to

Japan for repairs, and was away from the fleet for over a month. With what was left, he maintained watch and ward and supremacy, and was, as ever, aggressive. With the coast bestrewn with torpedoes, and Russian torpedo-boats lurking in wait to strike, if occasion offered, in the black nights and thick fogs of the rainy monsoon, his task was indeed most onerous. He could only have been able to spare Admiral Kawimura very few ships to look after the Vladivostok squadron and the security of the Tshushima Straits. These facts, fortunately for the Japanese, were not well known at the time. It therefore need not excite so much surprise to know that the Vladivostok squadron, about June 12, set out again to raid in the Korean seas. On that occasion, as before, they were lucky enough to fall in with transports and to make their escape back to port, after having done considerable mischief to their enemy. The Russian squadron comprised the four cruisers, the *Rossia*, *Gromboi*, *Bogatyr*, and *Rurik*, together with half a dozen torpedo-destroyers and torpedo-boats. Running unobserved to the south, and passing to the south-west of Tshushima, they got upon the track of the Japanese transports going to and from Korea and Manchuria. They were sighted off Iki Island at daybreak on June 15. About five minutes to six in the morning, forty miles from Moji, the Russians overhauled the *Hitachi-maru*, firing a shot across her bows. This large transport

steamer, and a sister ship, the *Sado-maru*, had just left Moji, and were proceeding with troops to land them in Manchuria. The *Hitachi-maru* had a large number of engineers on board, with many big guns, a special siege-train, and various materials, intended to be used in the attack upon Port Arthur. The *Hitachi-maru*, which was first commanded to stop, disobeyed the order, and instead, putting on full speed, the captain, a Britisher, deliberately attempted to ram the nearest Russian cruiser, the *Gromboi*. His chief officer and first engineer were both Englishmen. It was well known that Captain Campbell, a bluff sea-dog, had declared he would never be taken by any Russian ship, but if overhauled, and the chance offered, he would ram the enemy. It was whilst proceeding to do this, with the knowledge and approval of the Japanese officers on board, that dire catastrophe befell him and his vessel. The Russians, realizing what was intended, moved ahead, and opened a heavy fire upon the defenceless *Hitachi-maru*. Machine guns and quick-firing cannon poured their shot and shell into her, wrecking the engine-room and boilers, and turning the decks, where the men had mustered, and were firing at the Russian ships with their rifles, into a slaughter pen. It is extremely likely that had not a shell struck the bridge, carrying away Captain Campbell's legs and throwing him a mangled corpse upon the deck, he would have succeeded in ramming the *Gromboi*.

Those who sprang to take charge after this disaster altered the course of the ship so as to attempt to run away. The Russians gave them no chance to escape, but continued to pour upon them a deadly and crushing fire. The colonel commanding the troops destroyed the regimental flag before he was killed by a shell. Other officers committed *hari-kari*, or shot themselves with their pistols. A few jumped overboard. After a further broadside or two from the enemy's quick-firers, the vessel sank, the troops cheering and shouting, "Banzai, Nippon," as the water covered the decks and she took the final plunge. She had on board nearly 900 men, besides a number of horses. Of the soldiers and crew less than 100 were saved. A little later the Russians hailed the *Sado-maru*, which stopped when challenged, and a number of her crew and a few officers were made prisoners. But the great majority refused to surrender, the officers, locking themselves in their cabin, prepared to commit *hari-kari*. A Russian destroyer then discharged two torpedoes against the *Sado-maru*, hitting her amidships, and apparently damaging her engines and hull so greatly that she must sink to the bottom. The Russians must have been called hurriedly away by an order from their commander, Admiral Skrydloff, because they did not make sure of the sinking of the *Sado-maru*. Probably one of the Japanese cruisers which came up about noon was the cause of their abrupt hurried departure. By one o'clock in the afternoon

the Vladivostok squadron was heading north, pursued by a cruiser of Admiral Kawimura's, which was signalling by wireless telegraph to direct and bring up the Japanese observation fleet. But a fog came on, and after darkness fell the Russians changed their course and were able to shake off their pursuer. A day later the Russians were off the north coast of Japan, where they did some further damage to shipping before they returned to Vladivostok. The *Sado-maru* appears to have been an excellent ship, well-found, with sound, watertight compartments, for, in spite of the terrible holes that had wrecked her engines and torn great gaps amidships, she still floated, though awash, through the night and the following day. A number of fishing-boats and one or two passing steamers came to her assistance on the 16th. In the meantime, some of the men from the *Hitachi-maru* were saved and taken on board the *Sado-maru*, and others of the unfortunates, left struggling in the water clinging to pieces of wreckage, were picked up by the fishermen. The *Sado-maru* was got back into Moji by dint of great energy, taken into dock, where she was thoroughly overhauled and re-equipped. Only fifty or sixty of the troops and the crew on board the derelict were killed, so that of the total casualties out of 1,400 soldiers who were on board the two sister transports, the *Hitachi-maru* and the *Sado-maru*, about 1,000 perished.

Beyond Port Adams, or Pulantien, the railway



winds through a rather hilly country. As far as possible it keeps near the valley lands, by the stream which debouches into the Liao-tung gulf at Siungyo. There are many passes through which the railway track winds, and at a place called Wafangkau, or Telitz, there is a very rough bit of country, and a gorge, through which both the railway and the road pass. General Oku, having left General Noji behind to sweep up the enemy after the battle of Nanshan, and proceed with the investment of Port Arthur and to lay siege to that place, smartly faced about and hastened northward with the rest of his army to join the column he had previously directed to stand on guard near Port Adams. His advance speedily reached Pulantien, and so reinforced the detachment there that, instead of having to remain on the defensive to check the Russian General Stackelberg and his troops from moving south and harassing the Japanese, they were enabled to reverse the position of affairs and become the attackers. A portion of General Oku's cavalry moved up to support his right from Pitsewo, driving off, as they came along, small parties of Cossacks. By June 15 General Oku, having his divisions in position at Port Adams, moved forward. His right marched along the Tasha river, but the main body kept by the railway and the road, which ran together almost due north. On his left a strong column was thrown further out, which subsequently became an important turning

force, deciding the fate of a protracted and hard-fought battle. In this manner they moved up to within about seven miles and a half south of Telitz, a mountainous district held in strength. The Russians occupied an extended front from Tafangshin to Lungwangmiao, in extent about ten miles, with outposts far to the front to east and west. Many of the ranges run at right angles to the railway, particularly those on the west side of the track. The hills being well-defined and abrupt, they afforded magnificent positions for defence, as good as the best koppies in South Africa. The Japanese guns, quickly taking position, opened a cannonade against the Russians, which, beginning at three in the afternoon, was continued until after sunset. On the 16th, at daybreak and in a dense fog, the battle of Telitz was begun. The Russians had dug numerous trenches along the brow and the crests of the hills, and constructed various minor works and gun emplacements. General Stackelberg, who commanded, did not wait to be attacked, but, adopting the wise tactical system for all armies, advanced to anticipate the enemy. Thrusting forward his left and centre, they pressed the Japanese infantry of the main column. As the light improved it was seen that the Japanese right was being severely pressed. Meanwhile, the turning column which had proceeded in the direction of Foochow had gained the desired high ground to the west of Wanchiaton by 9.30 a.m. without

meeting serious opposition. From there the Japanese opened with infantry and cannon, striking heavily upon the right and flank of their enemy. But the contour of the ground was such that artillery fire was ineffective. However, they succeeded in compelling the Russians to retire from Tafangshin quite early in the forenoon. The Russians brought up artillery and poured in a hot fire, but they were unable to check the Japanese column on the left, which, moving forward, rushed the heights upon the front, whilst at the same time the centre advanced. But the Russian left wing still stubbornly held its ground; being quite unshaken, they checked the advance of the Japanese centre and threatened to overwhelm their opponents' right. Twice General Oku had to send in his reserves to stem the tide on the right of the oncoming Muscovites, who, elated with their small successes, were striving desperately to wrest victory from defeat. The Japanese cavalry, seeing the critical situation of affairs, courageously galloped forward, extending far on the right, to assist the menaced wing. Falling upon the enemy's flank and rear, fighting as dismounted infantry, they for a while stemmed the Muscovite torrent. But the Russians also brought up their reserves, and the Japanese cavalry was checked, and had temporarily to withdraw to some little distance. Then began a series of attacks and counter-attacks, neither side quite succeeding or altogether giving

way. The ding-dong conflict raged until three in the afternoon without clear advantage to either army. Doggedly the Russians strove to carry the central Japanese position on the right; as obstinately the Japanese held on to the summit. They fought with the bayonet, and unable at times to fire at each other, they hurled rocks and stones. Oku threw in all his reserves, and the left column pushing vigorously on, the Russians found themselves being steadily enveloped, and so were forced to beat a retreat. But they drew off their men with a considerable degree of skill. During this operation, by making a wide detour, a portion of the Japanese left got into a position from which they could ambush detachments of the retreating Russians proceeding to the north-west. As the enemy were moving through the Telitz gorge, the Japanese infantry opened fire from the ambush upon their retiring columns and transport. The Russians were thrown into complete disorder, and being unable to make any real defence, a rout ensued. Mercilessly the Japanese infantry and guns mowed down the mob of soldiers flying in panic, overthrowing the transport horses and riders, and turned what, but a few minutes before, was a fairly well-ordered column into a number of scattered, frenzied fugitives, who had thrown down their arms and were seeking safety in flight. General Oku gave the Russian strength at twenty-five battalions of infantry and seventeen squadrons

of cavalry, with ninety-eight guns. But considerable reinforcements arrived for the Russians during the fight, at least two regiments coming up and detraining almost upon the battle-ground, where their comrades greeted them with cheers. The Japanese did not push their victory at all vigorously, contenting themselves with sleeping upon the battle-ground. They buried about 1,600 Russians, and besides these, it is said the Russians removed many of their dead by train, so that Stackelberg's total casualties must have been very heavy. The captures included sixteen quick-firing guns, a regimental flag, and among the prisoners was the commander of the 4th Regiment and six officers, with about 400 men. During the action at least two of the Russian generals were wounded. Much bitterness of feeling was created owing to an alleged violation by the Russians of the usages of war. Whilst the Japanese left column were driving their enemy through the gorge, a considerable force escaped by displaying the Japanese flag. Oku's commanders naturally thought the force must be some of their comrades who had succeeded in advancing from the centre, and thereupon ceased firing.

Following in the footsteps of Western custom, the Japanese Emperor made proclamation of a day of thanksgiving for the victories to his armies at the Yalu and Nanshan. It may be that I am wrong, but this introduction of a religious obligation was to me a new disclosure of their

character. However, a great function took place in Tokyo. There was public holiday, and the garrison paraded and marched to the Yasukuni shrine, a Shinto Temple which possesses a magnificent colossal gateway, in itself so fine as to be almost an act of worship. The day had been set apart by edict of the Mikado for paying reverence to the manes of the departed heroes who had died for their country. In column the troops advanced, marching up the spacious enclosure, along the glorious, widespreading avenue that led to the sacred buildings. Priests were in attendance to discharge their offices. The soldiers presented arms, the vast crowds bowed, and doubtless men and women offered heartfelt prayers for dear ones. Subsequently soldiers and populace made free offerings, throwing silver and copper coins upon the great steps of the temple. And those vestments of the priests—nay, their very pose—have I not seen something like thereunto in other shrines betwixt the Bosphorus and the Hebrides?

It may have been that the exaltation of a better spirit led to a formal invitation being extended, about that period, to the Port Arthur garrison to surrender in order to save bloodshed. A Japanese peace party, which included some members of the "Red Cross" societies, sent one or two blockade-runner junks into Port Arthur. These craft carried leaflets printed in the Russian language. Thousands of copies were thrown about the Liao-tung Peninsula.

They bade Ivan have no fear about falling into the hands of the Japanese, for he would receive from them the most kindly treatment. Russian officers and men were told they would be as honourably dealt with, and as well cared for, as their many comrades, sick and wounded, who had already been taken prisoners, and were in Japan; and Japan, they were assured, was fighting under the strict rules of the Geneva Convention.

## CHAPTER XVI

A RUSSIAN NAVAL SORTIE FROM PORT ARTHUR —  
GENERAL ADVANCE OF THE THREE JAPANESE  
ARMIES—CAPTURE OF MOTIEN PASSES.

TELITZ was a fruitful victory. The Russians recoiled a long way before making any further stout stand against the Japanese armies. General Nodzu was able to move forward several score of miles beyond Suiyan without having any serious engagement by the way. For future needs the Mikado created Marshal Oyama Viceroy of Manchuria, *vice* (it may be said) Alexeieff. Oyama and his headquarters staff were taking the field, and the conferring upon him of this further dignity was significant of the Japanese intentions. As early as June 22 the Japanese had moved up to within twenty-five miles of the walled town of Kaiping, their left flank ably supported by some of Togo's ships. They were striving to reach Tashikow, where the Chinese Eastern Railway joins the Siberian line. The three Japanese armies, first, second, and fourth, were advancing along upon a front of about 150 miles. The Russians appeared undecided, irresolute, and



incapable of concentrating and delivering a fatal blow upon one or other of the oncoming Japanese forces. Their operations at this time were undoubtedly being directed by General Kuropatkin in person.

On June 23 the Russian fleet at Port Arthur attempted a sortie, with disastrous results to themselves. It appears that prior to that date the Russians had cleared away most of the Japanese mines that blocked egress from the harbour. The gun-boats, launches, and other vessels engaged on June 23 in completing this work were attacked by one of the Japanese mosquito squadrons, which, darting to and fro, fired upon them, and strove to hamper them and prevent the removal of the mines. At three o'clock seven Russian destroyers came out to drive off Togo's flotilla. A minor sea-fight took place, and a Russian vessel was hit and set on fire, and had to return into the harbour. The cruiser *Novik*, however, came to the rescue of the Russians, when the Japanese small craft in their turn at once steamed away out of range. Then, the clearers have finally made the passage safe, the *Novik*, showing the way, led the Russian warships out to sea. The fleet that steamed out consisted of six battleships, five cruisers, and fourteen destroyers. They steered nearly due south, as if proceeding towards the Miaotau group of islands or Chefoo. The Japanese Navy was not altogether unprepared for them. They had always special craft on the

watch close to the harbour, whilst the majority of their fighting ships and lesser vessels were held in readiness some seven to eight miles south of Encounter Rock, a small reef which stands in the true course, about twenty-three miles from land. The time occupied by the Tsar's ships in coming out of the harbour, from nine or ten in the morning till towards dusk, shows it was not an easy exit. The Russian admiral steamed at first quite slowly in line ahead, or single column. A few cruisers and destroyers were spread out upon his front as scouts. The bigger ships were about one to two cables apart, making a line estimated by Admiral Togo of two miles in length. Probably the Russians had no wish to risk any action, but merely to escape in the dark and rush for Vladivostok, or the nearest neutral port, there to dismantle if necessary, so as to prevent the fleet from falling altogether into the Japanese hands. The monetary value of so many vessels, apart from their fighting worth, was perhaps considered. It looked also as if they wished Admiral Togo to slip in behind them and cut them off, whilst they ran for a port upon the opposite shore. But the Japanese were wary, and were taking no undue risks of fouling mines dropped astern of Russian ships, or letting their enemy scatter and slip them in the dark. So Admiral Dewa, on the west, kept edging the Russians towards Encounter Rock. When at length Admiral Togo was sighted, the enemy turned about to starboard, and

stood in reversed lines back to Port Arthur. Meanwhile, Togo had so manœuvred his fleet as to concentrate his weight of fire upon the advancing Russian line. When the enemy went about, he most adroitly changed his position, hanging upon their port-quarter, astern of their line, so as to still have the tactical superiority, able to bring a superior weight of metal to bear upon part of the Russian battleships. As the enemy fell back Admiral Togo, though it was long bowls, fired a few rounds from a 12-in. gun, but the Russians apparently thought that under their batteries was the safest place. So back along by the land they steamed until under the batteries opposite Golden Hill, where they ranged themselves, held by kedges, sterns close inshore, and bows outward. With all their torpedo-nets set, and the electric search-lights from ships and forts spraying glaring beams in all directions, making night bright as day, they lay in fancied security. Wisely, not risking his irreplaceable craft, Admiral Togo sent in his torpedo-boats. Throughout the whole of that night the Japanese, in their frail boats, dashed and circled, flotilla after flotilla charging at the Russian battleships and cruisers, trying to find a weak spot in their iron nettings. What a night! The dazzling glare of flashlights, the roar and rattle of cannon and small arms from ships and shore batteries, the churning and splashing of waters from shot and shell, and ever amid the awful din the persistent Japanese

torpedo-boats flitting like war demons unscathed in that inferno. They probed and searched for the weak points in the enemy's ships, unable, owing to the manner in which the Russians were moored, and the dense spray, to get in their fatal blows. So the strife went on until near morning, when one of Togo's torpedo-boats, dashing along shore from the west, struck twice at the *Peresviet*, hitting her near the bows, and sending her to the bottom in a volcanic outburst of flame and flying missiles. Another battleship was also torpedoed, as well as the cruiser *Diana*, and in the morning these maimed craft, with the other mauled vessels of the Port Arthur squadron, one by one crawled back within the harbour. The damage sustained by the Japanese throughout that long night of incessant fighting was relatively trifling, whilst the Russian fleet had been further weakened by the total loss of a battleship, the crippling of another, and by damage done to a big cruiser. Shall I add—and the expenditure of much of the garrison's store of ammunition?

By careful and steady advances, in which there were numerous skirmishes, General Kuroki, who had brought up his right, dashed forward to seize the passes on the Motien range. The Russians had dug themselves in so as to strengthen the more important positions, but, as usual, these were turned, and though they made a stout fight to hold the range, they were driven back in the most skilful and valorous manner by the Japanese troops,

General Nodzu co-operating. The First Army advanced in three columns—one upon Fenchuling, another against the Russian right flank before Tansunpo, whilst a detachment thrown far out from Chiehkuoting, supported by another force, proceeded to attack the rear of the enemy's right flank, which they held by three battalions, six guns, and a cavalry force. There was one whole day's continuous fighting among the hills, the Japanese adroitly moving on from cover to cover, seizing one salient point after another. In the afternoon a flanking force that fell upon the Russian right had to sustain a counter attack, for the latter had received reinforcements of three battalions, with sixteen guns. A bitter contest ensued, and was continued until nearly eight o'clock, when the Russians were finally repulsed and driven back. A detachment which had got into position near Wafangting, at the foot of the hill, and the eastern foot of Fenchuling, held on until five in the morning, when the Russian artillery poured into them a deadly hail of shells. The Japanese gunners replied, two companies of the Russian infantry being driven off. At one stage of the battle several of the Japanese batteries advanced too far and were placed in exceedingly critical positions, but, with the help of their infantry, they were able to extricate themselves. Moving on through a valley to get upon the enemy's left flank and rear, the Japanese got into a position from which they were able to

seriously threaten the safety of a considerable portion of the enemy. Pursuing their advantage, this detachment, assisted by engineers, assaulted the hill, cut the entanglements, and carried Fenchuling by storm about midday. The Russians, smarting under a fierce artillery fire, retired rapidly upon Simuchang. The captures included six Russian officers and eighty-two men. The Japanese found 200 dead upon the field, whilst their own casualties were under 200 killed and wounded. For three months the enemy had been engaged in preparing the fortifications and entrenchments, but the carefully planned Japanese attack carried all before it.

The Motien range, like many other main ranges of hills in Eastern Manchuria, trend east and west, but they spread out numerous spur hills, which project a long way to the south. Beyond Kaiping to the west of the railway there are extensive tracks of flat or undulating valley land, through which many watercourses meander, but to the east of the railway Manchuria is mostly highland. There are amongst the hills many beautiful valleys and magnificently wooded slopes; indeed, the Manchurian landscapes afford many magnificent and most picturesque views, as charming as some of the lesser mountainous districts in France and elsewhere in Europe.

It was in the dense grey morning mist on July 17 that the Russians made their second attack

in order to recapture the Motien Pass. On the night of July 4 they had made an unsuccessful attempt, with two battalions, to recover the crest of the range. It was through these passes that the main Wiju-Liaoyang road led, and beyond the summit descended towards the lower ground, winding to the west to the railway. Through the other passes branch roads also ran over the range, to the towns and villages on the north side. General Kuropatkin probably thought, when he evacuated the Motien in the first instance, without making a fight for the possession of the crest, that better defensive positions to cover Liaoyang were available nearer that town. He was also probably apprehensive that the large force under the Japanese commanders would have enabled them to extend their left, and, moving along the more passable routes west of the railway, to outflank and endanger the retreat of any troops placed upon the Motien to hold the passes. Be that as it may, as Generals Oku and Nodzu advanced, Kuropatkin evidently thought better of it, and strove to recover the ground he had evacuated without a fight. In the first action, on July 4, the Russians might have succeeded had they pushed forward the attack with all their strength, for the Japanese were only holding the crest with a portion of a weak battalion. In that attack but one Russian battalion actually engaged, the other looking on, whilst their comrades, after having lost 200 men, were being driven back by

the hastily reinforced Japanese outposts. Thereafter the Japanese worked with their customary diligence, and strongly fortified the passes.

In the second and more desperate attack of July 17 to recapture the Motien, the Muscovite force numbered between 10,000 and 20,000 men. They moved silently, completely screened by the heavy mist that rolled like a white sea in the valleys, and overflowed as dense clouds on the hills. With a front extended over fifteen miles, they came on. Almost half of the whole force was directed towards the summit of the pass. The narrow road worn into the hillside by the rain and wheel-ruts served in places as trenches, the rocky sides and cuttings also affording shelter. The Japanese had heard the noise of the oncoming enemy, and were on the alert. It was on the Sunday morning, at three o'clock, that the Russians fell upon, and overpowered with bayonet and rifle, several of the outposts on the west side of the range. Two hours later, two battalions of their infantry were on the west side of the pass, within 1,000 yards of the Japanese trenches and main line. At once fire was opened upon them, but the mist prevented its being made accurate, and the artillery posted on the north-west, at Wufengkuan, could do little more than fire alarm-guns. Gradually the Russians reinforced their attacking lines which were spreading over the hills, so that by half-past seven they had four regiments engaged. They tried to envelop the Japanese left,



but were repeatedly checked by the fire from a strong work occupying the highest land in the pass. As the daylight improved, the artillery was able to take part in the action. As slowly the mist began to disperse, the Japanese guns found numerous excellent targets in the masses of the Russian infantry advancing in close formation along the valley. Salvos of shrapnel were showered upon them. That the fire was accurate, the dropping of dead and wounded bore testimony. Despite their losses, the Russians came bravely on, and got within 300 yards of the Japanese position on the extreme right. In other parts of the field, however, they were unable to get nearer than 1,000 yards, and the limit of their advance was reached shortly after seven in the morning. There was a temple built far up upon the side of the hill, over the wall of which the Russians clambered, driving out with the bayonet a few Japanese who had held on there to delay the advance. But the Muscovites were unable to make any fresh headway because of the gallant stand made by the Japanese on the right. There a battalion of the 16th Regiment withstood an assault made by a whole Russian regiment, and repulsed it. As on former and later occasions, the Russians displayed a pitiful lack of energetic, intelligent co-operation among their assaulting columns.

Up to 9 a.m. desperate and repeated attempts were made to recover the pass, but thereafter the vigour and fire of the assaulting force waned quickly,

and they began to retire. The Russians left over 200 dead on the field, so that their losses must have been over 1,000. The total Japanese loss was returned as four officers and fifty-one men killed and eighteen officers and 351 men wounded. The Russians brought up thirty-two guns to the attack, and when they retreated they fell back towards the north and to the east. Subsequently, whilst the Japanese were following up their enemy, several minor actions occurred. But the Russians made an excellent rear-guard defence, twice delivering fierce counter attacks, which, though in each instance repelled, ultimately checked too close pursuit. As the enemy still held a strongly fortified and high position, overlooking the road to Liaoyang, the left of which was protected by almost precipitous hills, and the right by a river, Kuroki determined to dislodge them. He brought his guns into the valley during the night of the 18th, and moved his infantry forward, sending detachments to the right and left of the Russian position. A fierce artillery duel was begun on the morning of the 19th, the Muscovites using in reply thirty-two field guns. The cannonade continued for four hours, when the infantry advanced on all sides. It was towards sunset, however, before they succeeded in capturing the enemy's position, and the Russians were driven back in disorder upon Anping, a small body escaping to the northward. Two officers and forty-five men were taken prisoners. The Russians subsequently bombarded the Japanese

and made demonstrations as if they were going to adventure to recapture the position, but nothing beyond hot artillery duels took place.

When the Japanese received reinforcements they advanced with their whole line. Seven battalions of the Russians halted on the heights near Kinkiapotse, and, having placed four guns on that position, opened fire and checked the new pursuant. In other portions of the field there was also more or less severe fighting. At Hsinkailing, for instance, a Japanese company was attacked by a battalion, and subsequently two others joined in, coming from Tawan, but reinforcements were sent up from one or other of the Japanese forces, and the Russians were driven back to the west. A regiment of Russian infantry also attacked a battalion two miles east of Ksiakaoling, but these were easily repulsed. In the morning further afield a Russian force of about 1,000 attacked a company holding Hsiamatung, but the Japanese offered an obstinate resistance, and held their ground, although every officer above the rank of sergeant-major was either killed or wounded. After the Japanese being, as usual, reinforced, their assailants retired. At one in the afternoon Kuroki, extending his left, brought his guns to bear and hastened the ultimate general retirement of the enemy. It is said that the 3rd and 6th Russian Rifle Divisions were engaged, and the 9th Infantry Division. General Count Keller, who had succeeded General Sassulitch in command, was hit and killed by a shell during the action.

General Oku on his side continued to be actively aggressive. On July 5, in the morning, his advance met and defeated an observation detachment of 700 Russians holding a position near Schihodai. Pursuing the execution of his plans for the capture of Kaiping, where there is a wide and at times unfordable stream, he pushed steadily forward, winning several miles day by day. With his right thrown well forward into the hills, and linking up with General Nodzu's army, he pressed every advantage. Indeed, the recurring application of strong pressure, first from one, then another of the three Japanese armies, must have vexed and puzzled Kuropatkin. On July 8 the Russians holding Haishantai, and the high ground north of Seitei, detrained troops near the former place in order to make a vigorous defence. At daybreak on July 9, General Oku began cannonading all the positions held in the hills to the east, and the detached hills to the west of Kaiping. Many of these admirable commanding eminences were strongly fortified, the hills being criss-crossed in all directions with trenches. In spite of their stout defence, the Russian artillery was silenced by eight in the morning, and their infantry were forced to retire. Still, with commendable pertinacity, they occupied second positions and made another stand, but Oku advanced as before, and by noon the enemy had again to retreat. They fell back about six miles, taking up another series of dominating ridges, from

which they attempted to shell the Japanese, but the Mikado's batteries silenced those of the Tsar before three o'clock the same afternoon. So ancient Kaiping was occupied on July 9, and that place being, in a sense, the key of the Liao valley, Kuropatkin's forces were placed once more in a disadvantageous defensive position. The retiring Russians in the first instance concentrated at Tapingchao, and from there fell back upon fortified camps near and within Tashikow.

Without affording his men any opportunity for rest, General Oku advanced against Tashikow, which, after Telitz, became the most important victory in the series of encounters up to Liaoyang. His seizure of that place compelled the Russians to retire from Newchwang, at the mouth of the Liao river. Before evacuating it, however, they burned the railway station, destroying enormous quantities of stores that they were unable to remove, and they sent a gunboat up the river, where it was subsequently blown up. So important did General Kuropatkin regard the holding of Tashikow by the Russian troops that he appeared in person on the field, assisting General Sakharoff, who was in nominal command. The Muscovites mustered, it is said, twenty battalions of infantry, with a brigade of artillery and a division of Cossacks. Oku, in his report, states that he advanced from Kaiping on July 23, driving back small bodies of the enemy on his front. Subsequently, Russian detachments of

cavalry, infantry, and horse artillery frequently attacked and delayed the advance of his left. The Russian guns firing on the 24th from a good position near Taipinling and elsewhere were able to delay his advance by preventing his batteries getting into suitable places from which they could reply. However, his right wing, which attacked the Russians, enabled his centre to advance some distance. Once more it was checked by the Russian guns. The left of the Japanese attack, posted near Wutaishan, thereupon took ground to the front, and its artillery advancing, rapidly unlimbered and opened fire upon the Russian guns. From entrenchments and loophole parapets, built in successive lines, protected by abatis, barbed wire entanglements, and mines, the Russians believed that these field defences assured their safe tenure of the ground. But General Oku, disregarding all obstacles, including their well placed and covered artillery, thrust his right forward and attacked. But once more he had to accept a check, for no ground was gained, and at sunset fighting was temporarily suspended. A portion of the Japanese had during the engagement succeeded, by an exhibition of the greatest daring, in penetrating the Russian lines, but there they were met, held, and thrown back by a superior number of Russians. The Russian guns continued firing long after dark, planting shells here and there until nine o'clock at night.

The indomitable commander of the Japanese right thereupon decided to make a night attack, and obtained General Oku's approval. Nearly the whole of his infantry was formed up into serried lines for the assault. At 10 p.m. they were ordered forward. Full of frenzied ardour, they ran at the Russian fortified works near Taipingling, and succeeded in carrying the first line of entrenchments. With unchecked violence they dashed upon the second line of the defence works and carried them, quite regardless of the heavy losses they meanwhile sustained. Such was the position of affairs at three o'clock in the morning on July 25. Then other portions of the forces moved forward, and new assaulting columns captured the high ground to their front. So at dawn the Japanese artillery, which had been distributed in good positions close to Wulingkwan, poured in a hot fire from all their batteries. The Russians appeared unable, or did not care, to withstand so furious a bombardment. Oku's cavalry, which had been sent out on the left, made a detour, not only protecting that flank, but menacing the safety of Kuropatkin's right. Thereupon the main body of the enemy began their retreat, passing by Tashikow, and part of them by a more eastern route to the north, towards Haicheng. Although the Russians set fire to the stores at Tashikow, and strove to damage the railway junction, beyond destroying a quantity of food-stuffs and forage, they did little other real

damage. Large quantities of arms, ammunition, guns, and many prisoners fell into the victors' hands; and although the enemy confronting Oku had included the 1st, 2nd, 9th, and 35th of the Siberian Reserve Divisions, with 120 guns, they seem to have rather hastily determined to give up the contest and withdraw from that valuable, strategical position. Newchang was occupied by the Japanese on the 26th, the Russians falling back to the north. The enemy gave out that their determination to retire without making a fight to the death at Tashikow was influenced by the advance and closing in upon them of General Nodzu and General Kuroki's columns. The Russians ultimately fell back a considerable distance, vacating Haicheng on August 1, and it was occupied by the Japanese on the 3rd. The Japanese returned their casualties at over 800, including 12 officers and 136 men killed, and 47 officers and 848 men wounded. They gave the Russian casualties as over 2,000 killed and wounded, including 265 prisoners and many guns. Among the Russian wounded were Lieut.-General Suvaroff and Major-General Kondradovitch. The Japanese buried 512 Russians, including six officers. Unhappily specific and serious charges were again made against the conduct of the Russian forces during the battle. It was alleged that they had hoisted the Japanese flag, under cover of which they had sent volleys to General Oku's force, and that they had gauded out



the eyes and broken the teeth of dead men, and filled their eyes and mouth with sand and mud.

The Russians evacuated Tashikow at noon on July 25, and burned the European town and other European settlement in the vicinity.

## CHAPTER XVII

JAPANESE METHODS—NAVAL BATTLES OF AUGUST 10  
AND 14—DEATH OF RUSSIAN ADMIRAL—GOING  
FORWARD—AT LAST—WITH THE ARMIES

HOLY Russia received many severe shocks in May, June, and July, 1904, and was destined to receive many more within the course of the next twelve months. And wherefore, when the raw material, taken all round, is of much better quality in Russia than in Mikadoland? Simply because thoroughness characterizes the Japanese in army methods, as should be the case where the assurance of a free and unhampered future for the State is concerned. Their drafted recruits are carefully picked, smart youths, free from physical blemish and weakness. They select only the best of the coming manhood of the country, and thereafter go untiringly to work to turn them into competent soldiers. In their training there is no roughness, no "knocking about" of men, or hard swearing at awkward squads. The patient, persistent, suave politeness of the race is also common property in the army. It appears to consume time in an intolerable

fashion, but it wins its object—the cultivation of the intelligence of the individual, who is imbued with the sense that precision, drill, and duty are ~~first~~ and for ever. Their discipline ensures effectiveness in routine, obedience and steadiness in quarters and in the field. Sublimed therewithal goes the district and regimental pride, to keep untarnished their record and to gain further fame. The officers still more fully share this spirit, and are leaders who fight to win, and prefer death to defeat. Many Japanese soldiers and sailors, as in the sinking of the steamships *Kinshu-maru* and *Hitachi-maru*, chose suicide to facing their comrades and families shamefaced as beaten men. Again, the Japanese do more in their schools than we do to teach youths how to march and how to handle a rifle. Further, the Japanese constantly keep their men up to the mark. In Seoul and elsewhere in Korea you could see on any day whole battalions of Japanese soldiers, stripped to shirts and trousers, being put through the best and most up-to-date physical exercises. With and without rifles they were drilled, taught to fill their lungs, cheer and shout at the right moment when going forward to charge the enemy. And as with the soldiers, so with the sailors; but only a little more arduous is their schooling. Besides, the Japanese navy have already a splendid tradition, which is impressed upon every cadet and stripling, to wit. that a Japanese man-o'-war's man must hold his life

as of no account, except to add to the glory and service of his country. Thank Heaven, the same spirit still rules in the British navy, but the abundant perfection of being thus armed above death is a significant feature, worthy of consideration.

And as in their training, so in their equipment. The men are prepared in the best way their leaders know, and the very best weapons and materials are procured and placed in the men's hands where-with to ensure success. How carefully every detail was gone over before Admiral Togo's fleet was dispatched to smash the Russians at Port Arthur! The officials believed they held a large balance of chances in their favour, but yet they neglected no opportunity, nor did they hesitate to undergo what we should call terrible risks. In the first bombardment of Port Arthur the battleships and cruisers escaped a hundred times by the merest chance from being struck and seriously crippled by the fire from the forts. These are details. It was of the "preparation" for victories that I set out to write about. Who suspected, even in England, that the Japanese army and navy had combined so much prescience with their caution? Rifles, cannon, ammunition, equipment of all kinds, had been got ready, each article the best of its kind. The very boxes, cases, and sacks of provisions and material had been schemed out—the shapes, weights, and gross quantities. None of these packages was to be over 60 lbs. Most of them were much lighter,

so that cartridge-cases, flour, rice, firewood in bundles, dried fish in bales, saki in tubs, packages of clothing—nearly everything, in short—could be easily and quickly handled. Trenching tools and arms were also actually “done up” so as to be shipped and transported in convenient bulk. And the transport carts, saddlery, and harness were also discreetly packed.

Before going to war the Japanese headquarters staff pre-arranged with the tailor and the shoemaker, as with the cook and the kitchen. Of the *personnel* who controlled the army, the headquarters staff, which, with aides-de-camp and retainers of kinds, numbered nearly a hundred men, a word. The immediate chief, Marshal Marquis Oyama and his two assistants, Generals Kodama and Fukushima, accompanied General Oku's army, which was the largest of columns. To begin, Japanese fashion, at the tail.

An undersized, round-faced, pleasant-looking gentleman, not what would be called of characteristic Japanese features, but with the long body and short limbs of his race—that is the outward man of the assistant chief of staff of the Imperial Japanese Army, Major-General Sir Yusumasa Fukushima, K.C.B. He was born under fortunate stars, and his name, “Fukushima,” means “Happy Valley.” General Fukushima was the official brought into more immediate contact—that is, he and his aide-de-camp, Captain Tanaka, a big-headed and more typical

Japanese—with the press and the foreign attachés. Both are suave, with the refinement of politeness, when receiving visitors. Whether they enjoy these callers' society as much as they profess to do might be a moot point, were one captious. Sir Yusumasa's immediate superior is General Kodama, who is a smart, thin, little man, a typical Frenchified Japanese. He has the deserved reputation of being a great planner and an untiring master of detail. Undoubtedly he is an able soldier, and his happy world is one made up of military affairs. Generals Fukushima and Kodama, and their chief, Marshal Oyama, are the real headquarters in the field.

General Fukushima was born in Nagano Province, Japan, in 1853, and attained his present rank in 1890. Before the war he lives at headquarters, that is, in the war office at Tokyo. His room was about eighteen feet by twenty feet. He worked at a desk, and had a big table near him covered with maps and papers. Behind a screen in a corner of the apartment was a small bedstead and a few toilet requisites for the assistant chief of staff. Like his immediate chief and many of their subordinates, General Fukushima lives in the department, rarely stirring abroad. It may be that this "strict attention to business" explains why the Japanese arms have been so uniformly successful. The major-general has been a great traveller. It may be recalled that he rode across Europe, through Siberia to Port Arthur, and that he has covered 45,000 miles in

voyaging about the world, seeing many lands and armies.

But how different all is in the East from Western customs! The Japanese have the weaker emotions well under control. They certainly do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves, or wipe the rain of feelings therewith. In the gravest issues men and women force a smile, rarely is a tear seen upon their faces. To be ordered to war is presumed to be as the bestowal of an honour, so relations and friends bear themselves towards their sailor and soldier boys as if the occasion was one for general rejoicing. Well-schooled as women always are in the usages of race and custom, mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters look on placidly, and strive to have an air of being pleased. You can see them bringing forth an infrequent smile at these leave-takings. The very children have caught the Spartan or Stoic habit, and bear themselves as if it were a holiday. No Greek or Roman mothers ever bore their sons going to war, or the bringing home of their dead bodies upon their shields, with better fortitude than the Japanese mater. In the heat and dust at a battalion's entraining I saw two boys of eight to ten years of age, each with a grip upon the tail of their soldier-father's tunic, trotting beside him, proudly singing war-songs as he hastened with his company to the railway station. And the women—some with babies slung upon their backs—matrons and girls hied then hot-foot after to see their fathers and

husbands off to war. Mostly sedate and unemotional, they said their "The gods speed you;" but there were a few who had flushed, anxious, and uneasy faces. Yet the correct habit of your particular "set" is not always master of nature, for, as I looked more closely, I noted here and there grief-stricken faces amongst the women, woe-begone eyes, and tears and sobs that were only withheld by the effort of well-nigh choking themselves by pushing corners of their garments into their mouths. There were in the throng a few boys of quite tender years, father's darlings and playmates, I ween, who had gulped down their first bitter draught of sorrow, listless, mute with the pain of parting. These drear eternal partings that sear into the very sap of life, have we not all of us felt them, and longed for time and place when they come no more?

And of the men, the Japanese soldiers. In camp they are both sentimental and vivacious—less of the former and more of the latter. By day and at night they gossip, tell stories, sing songs of love and war, to the twanging of strings; yea, and unto the stertorous strains of concertinas. Curious that all these things should be combined with the "three o'clock in the morning" manhood gauge of courage, blossoming in a land where they have carried the "carneying" gentle art of pleasing to perfection. But they do not misuse the word "pleasure," as Westerns do, into the cultivation of egoism. Japan is the home of smiles, where the



morning sun, rising from the great ocean, first beams upon the land. In all conditions and situations that life presents, grave or gay, the Japanese smile, and not always with, to us of the West, an appreciable difference of expression. Usually, as "truthful James" remarked, it is "childlike and bland." But there, enough! one could write a whole chapter upon smiling, that sweet gift, the lack of which makes monkeys look so sad. And, though fain some would have me write it, I cannot admit that the native surfeit of smiling gets upon one's nerve. No; there is the more accurate definition, that it is a human beamish greeting, "At your service" fellowship. Happily, placidly, as he ordinarily lives his life, the Japanese, man, woman, or child, have little fear of death. They go down into it not shrinking or "scourged like the quarry slave to his dungeon," but with the decorous ease of "one who lies down to pleasant dreams." For them there is no fear of eternal condemnation, or damnation, which is much the same thing. There are fields for discovery, about these old Eastern civilizations; and not all their treasures are upon the surface, as in the practice, by young and old, of the art of smiling.

Secrecy in all things is an ineradicable Japanese trait. As a rule they made no display and tolerated no fuss when dispatching material or sending their troops to war. Nearly all the work was done silently, between the hours of midnight and four in the

morning, so that only those who were awake and upon the watch saw battalions, batteries, and regiments hurrying to railway stations to entrain. And the custom was to dispatch the men from wayside stations, never marching them through the streets in the glare of day. Surely the Japanese have that Oriental fondness for doing things covertly, reminding one of the habit of mind of the wily gardener who, if he wanted a cabbage, would try to steal upon it from behind, to cut its head off.

A chafed sore will ne'er get well, and no one British born can ever endure Chinese uncleanness. An unregenerate Mongolian serving-man had been guilty of two offences. He had committed a petty theft and a gross act, which threw several of my party into a rage, and a fiery gentleman used his stick about the culprit's shoulders. A sweetly nurtured youth, brought up in the strict Dissenters' "peace and goodwill" faith, looked on with beaming face. And for encouragement, as "P." slackened in his task, shouted, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver; hit him hard, old boy." The mosquitoes were troublesome at Kinchow, for the baggage carts being late we had to make shift, both in the eating and sleeping arrangements. Next day we decided to make a long trek of thirty-two miles, up to Port Adams. The road, so-called, zigzagged near the railway. There was no particular track, but choice of a dozen, all deeply rutted. These war-worn routes diverged to where the drivers hoped to find

"good going," winding through fields of dhurra and millet, and skirting hillsides to avoid the soft marsh and "slob" lands. They bore the characteristic of the country through which they passed, never a penny nor a thought had been wasted upon them by anybody.

It was no light task transporting the indispensable supplies of ammunition and provisions to the three armies. Manchurian roads are in the condition that they were in the Highlands of Scotland before General Wade took them in hand. Heavy thunderstorms, accompanied by deluges of rain and hail, frequently transformed the countryside into a quagmire and swelled the streams into deep rivers. But, day and night, the transports were forced to struggle forward, tens of thousands of Chinese coolies and carts trekking across plain and hill, following old deep-rutted tracks or seeking to make new pathways. General Oku followed up his successes at Tashikow, for a Japanese column, after an action, occupied Simucheng, a town twenty miles west by north of Tashikow, on July 31. Simucheng is on the road between Siuyen and Haicheng. The Russians had twenty-one guns on a hill over 1,000 feet high. This height was carried by the Japanese, who made a dashing assault. Counter attacks were made to regain the hill, but they were repulsed, and the Japanese bivouacked near their enemy. Following close on their advantage, the whole of the Mikado's troops advanced,

and Haicheng, an important Chinese walled town was occupied at noon on August 3.

To anticipate somewhat, various incidents that attracted attention to naval matters occurred during the month of August. On the 5th, fourteen Russian destroyers sallied from Port Arthur, and attempted to surround two of the Japanese craft of that class, but they were attacked and driven off by Admiral Togo's ships. The Russian destroyer *Reshitely*, which came out in a "death or glory" sortie made by the whole squadron from Port Arthur at dawn on August 10, retreated to Chefoo. There it was subsequently cut out by the Japanese. The incident gave rise to what was feared might prove international complications, but fortunately nothing happened. The battle of Admiral Togo with the Port Arthur warships was of more importance. It appears that as the Russians left the harbour, their countrymen cheered them vociferously. The Japanese came up with their enemy's fleet near Round Island, and an action ensued, which, with intervals, was continued until sunset, when the Russian ships scattered, the majority returning to Port Arthur, but the battleship *Tsarevitch*, and several cruisers, including the *Askold*, the *Novik*, and the *Diana*, with a few destroyers, fled in various directions. The Russian fleet consisted of six battleships, four cruisers, and eight torpedo-boats. Admiral Togo had, to oppose them, but four battleships, two cruisers, and thirty-two torpedo-boats. It was about

forty miles to the south-east of Port Arthur, with the Russian ships steaming but six knots an hour, that the battle began about ten in the forenoon. Manœuvring for position, and firing with his big guns, Admiral Togo devoted his attention to the Russian flagship, *Tsarevitch*, upon which Admiral Witgeft, the commander-in-chief, sailed. Side by side, and not at very long bowls, the battle was fought, ship closing in with ship, each selecting his opponent. For thirteen miles the rival fleets steamed together, fighting all the while, then turned back. To clean up ships the fleets stood apart, and there was a lull in the action for one hour, during which probably both sides had lunch.

At two in the afternoon the *Askold*, turning with the rest of the line and steaming south-east, resumed the attack. This second encounter was carried on as before, with no apparent advantage to either side until 3.15 p.m. Then another interval occurred, during which the fleets again turned away from each other. Fighting recommenced for the third time at 4.50 in the afternoon. An hour later Togo had again concentrated all his attention upon the Russian admiral's flagship. He surrounded her near the Shan-tung promontory (off Wei-hai-Wei), and rained a terrible fire upon her on all sides from close quarters. The Russians replied with equal ardour, and some of her sister ships came to the assistance of the *Tsarevitch*. Three 12-in. shells struck the Russian craft, each inflicting considerable

damage. One hit the conning tower and, bursting with terrible force, swept the bridge where the officers were, instantly killing Admiral Witgeft, and severely wounding Admiral Matussevitch, and also the commander of the ship, who subsequently died. Admiral Witgeft's body was torn to pieces and swept overboard, only part of one of his legs being left upon deck. The roar of the cannonade was deafening. Guns' crews were annihilated at their work, and the huge 12-in. shells ploughed up the decks. The blow in the conning tower destroyed the telegraphic and steering communications, and the killing and wounding of so many chief officers left the vessel for a time without a commander. Her funnels were shot away, and her bridge was destroyed. Unmanageable, she ran in a circle until a junior officer was able to assume command. Meantime she was being terribly pounded, though the *Retvizan* and sister ships came to her rescue. The torpedo flotillas of either side, though observant, were unable to take part in the action. When the Russians found that no further orders came from the *Tsarevitch*, the admiral next in command ordered that the fleet should return to Port Arthur. Fighting in a desultory fashion, thereupon the majority of the Russian ships, including the *Retvizan*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviet*, *Sevastopol*, and *Poltava*, with a number of gunboats and destroyers, turned towards Golden Hill. Meanwhile the *Askold*, accompanied by a destroyer, escaped to Shanghai, where they were

afterwards dismantled. The *Tsarevitch* and a destroyer, the *Bezshumny*, ran for Kaiochow, the German possession, which they, not being very closely pursued, were enabled to gain. There both craft were also dismantled. On the way the battleship was attacked repeatedly by Japanese torpedo-boats, but was enabled to beat them off. The sailors kept well behind their armour during the action. Her casualties were four officers and eight men killed, and six officers and forty men wounded. It seems strange that the *Tsarevitch*, with funnels shot away, her steering gear and engines damaged, should have been practically left unmolested to withdraw to Kaiochow. The *Novik* ran out to sea, and, passing to the eastward of Japan, was again chased, run ashore, and destroyed upon Saghalien. The *Diana* managed to reach Saigon, whilst the remainder of the Russian craft, more or less crippled, retired next day within Port Arthur, where they attempted to refit.

Coincident, and doubtless to co-operate with the sortie of Admiral Witgeft's fleet from Port Arthur, the Vladivostok squadron reappeared in the Korean Strait.

It was on August 14 that Admiral Kawimura, with his squadron of four cruisers, sighted the three Vladivostok warships. He cut off their retreat to the north, and at half-past five in the morning commenced action. The *Rurik*, an old-fashioned cruiser, being slowest, was first overhauled and fired

upon, as she lagged behind. Her sister ships, the *Rossia* and *Gromboi*, turned and came to her assistance, but steamed ahead as Admiral Kawimura's ships drew up. Fires had broken out several times on all the enemy's ships, but the *Rurik*, having the most attention directed to her, became disabled, and her replies slackened. Her guns had been hit, and were almost unserviceable. Soon she appeared to be sinking by the stern with a list to port. Whilst two of the Japanese cruisers devoted their attention to her, four others chased the *Rossia* and *Gromboi*, which were endeavouring to escape. They followed in chase until about 10.20, and then abandoned the pursuit and turned south in search of the *Rurik*. It seems inexplicable that the pursuing vessels did not continue the chase for a quarter or half an hour longer, for the Russian ships were nearly out of action, and within that space of time must have surrendered or been sunk. This unexpected close of the action enabled them to repair damage and regain Vladivostok. Meanwhile the *Rurik* had foundered, and the crew, which had helped to send over 800 Japanese to the bottom on the *Hitachi-maru*, were, in their turn, left struggling in the water. However, the Japanese came to their assistance, and 600 of the Russians were rescued from a watery grave. The Japanese losses in the action of the 10th were rather heavy, among the casualties being four officers and twenty-nine men killed on the *Mikasa*, Admiral Togo's flagship, and ten officers and seventy-eight



men wounded. On the *Yakuma*, one officer and eleven men were killed, and ten men wounded. On the *Nisshin* seven officers and nine men were killed, and two officers and fifteen men wounded. The *Kasuga* had ten men wounded. The *Asagari* had two men killed, and there were a number of others killed on torpedo-boats, destroyers, and cruisers. The *Gromboi* and the *Rossia* also sustained heavy casualties in killed and wounded.

At last! Two significant words which serve as expression for pent feelings, for "release," for "attainment," for "doom," for "joy." When we correspondents actually were embarked for a "destination" assumed to be "unknown" at the front, we said, "At last we are really going to the headquarters of the Japanese in the field." There had been so many slips betwixt the cup and the lip that few were sanguine that we should go at all. There were eighteen of us, servants of destiny and ambassadors of the people, who had received very little furtherance from any source. Nay, the Japanese War Office had been inspired by those not qualified to improve their knowledge in certain directions, but the gifts of the gods are apportioned, and brave soldiers, with remarkably rare exceptions, have never had wisdom conferred upon them in any degree commensurate with their courage. At last the hot vapour-bath atmosphere of Tokyo and Shimonoseki were ashore and behind, as were the months of fretful waiting. The rippling

blue waters were dancing by, hastening from island-studded seas to the ocean. The sisterly winds leaping down the many high-rounded, prettily wooded hills, issuing from gorges and glens, fanned wavelets until they swayed and flashed like myriads of mirrors. Those balmy breezes of the sea; summer or winter, they come as a cure for all cares and worries. Theirs is a mysterious charm; but small wonder, for before us does not the expanse of old Ocean dip into the infinity, whilst the airs that swing too and fro are kissed by the uttermost ethers of the universe? So happy, contented, we went bowling along over laughter-rippled turquoise waters. Then, along by the shores of Korea, where somebody remarked on the endless variety and shape of the islands, and said the devil must have been having a battle royal there with the Titans or the angels. "No," I said; "his Satanic Majesty has been in a temper, smashing his china." So, on and on, a wait at the Ellfott Islands, and then over to Talien-Wan Bay, with a hundred other transports.

When thought is tense, awake or asleep, you do not turn over trivialities in your mind. We were near Port Arthur, where we were led to believe we were to be stationed. Day and night the big cannon boomed, and in the dark the electric search-lights flashed in every direction. It was in Junk Bay we landed. With noise of salvos of cannon and crash of heavy shells the besieged and besiegers at Port Arthur saluted the "Fair Dawn." On July 26 a

closer bombardment of the vast Russian fortress had been begun. Step by step the Japanese had herded their laggard enemy within lesser lines. Tricked in respect to destination in the fleet, we were ordered to go forward to the north, and our baggage was placed upon native carts. So we took the road, riding on Manchurian ponies, compelled to turn our backs on the sound of the Port Arthur guns. Our route, which led through Kinchow, was thronged with transport carts and cavalymen, leading their fiery, ferocious mounts. Good feeding and want of exercise on board ship had developed a spirit of murderous fury in the little horses, so it was one continual struggle to keep them in order. The steeds of the Far East have this further fault besides truculence, they are for ever whinnying, *i.e.* squealing like stuck pigs. The gorgeous East! There be no Aladdin's palaces nowadays in those parts, nor is east of the Caucasus, despite flower and colour, altogether a garden of sweet dreams for an awake and uninoculated European. The road ran between low stone walls built to protect the husbandman's crops. Those moiling millions of Manchuria and China, how ungrudgingly they till the soil, and that with but quaint, single-handed, wooden ploughs and archaic hoes! But they bring forth in abundance harvests of rice, wheat, millet, barley, with beans, fruit, and much besides. The land is but scratched and appears to be inexhaustible. Apparently, John Chinaman glories in the tradition of Cain; he is a

born tiller of the ground and mayhap has claim to certain heirship in that illustrious person's disposition. He grovels in the dirt, and prefers it, baked or unbaked, for house or wall. From Egypt and Babylon to the Great Wall of China, and beyond, the Orientals toy and labour with mud and clay. Big and little bricks they make and build, preferring them apparently to stone. Even little Kinchow's walls were quite stately, though small compared to Mukden's massive structure. The Japanese were already administering, after their own fashion, the natives. How careful they were of their soldiers! They were not allowed to use any but boiled water as a beverage. You have to be something of a connoisseur to know the difference between hot water and Japanese tea, which they are continually drinking, if you ordinarily take sugar and cream with the "cup that cheers." But I am assured that the tea has a fine flavour, and is an excellent beverage. It was Dickens who, quoting the proverb that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," remarked that there were people who in pursuit of either made things very uncomfortable for their neighbours. But Dickens knew very little of the utter indifference of the ordinary Chinese to dirt, or he would have written more kindly of the over-zealous housewife. Dirt and tatters! That is China, major and minor, and the sight of a homely, well-darned patch upon one of my own garments nigh brought tears of gratitude to my eyes that I

had not been born anywhere east of Greenwich. Truly, John Chinaman possesses no sense of that which is clean or unclean ; but if anybody can, the Japanese will effect a sanitary, and if they cannot, a moral, reform in China, for they of the " Rising Sun " believe in and practise the virtue of much washing. I had seen in Japan and Korea draught oxen having their hoofs protected by straw and leather coverings. These rough brogues were useful to save the animals when hauling. But it remained for me to see a farrier in Kinchow nailing iron shoes upon a bullock's hoofs as if the animal were a horse. The oxen thus shod are quite common in Manchuria.

John Chinaman, like the Japanese, put his clothes on when he lies down. His sleeping-place consists of a brick and mud bench, raised about thirty inches from the floor. It is permeated by flues, in which a fire is kept burning in the winter, and John Chinaman, stretching himself upon the top, and tightly closing every crevice, is kept warm. Insect powder is worth its weight in gold in such places.

## CHAPTER XVIII

ON HORSEBACK TO THE FRONT—CHINESE TRADES-  
UNIONS—TRENCHES—PHILOSOPHY AND TEMPLES  
—HAICHENG—BATTLE OF ANSHANSHAN

It was a hot midsummer's day, with steaming vapours rising from the sodden fields. The landscape, as usual, was treeless, except where clumps of dwarf cyprus, acacias, and neglected fruit trees marked native homesteads and unwallled villages. To keep to the road was all but imperative, for Japanese patrols might have mistaken us for wandering Russians, so the rails were our finger-posts. I plodded on alone for the most part, off-saddling twice to feed and rest my Korean steed; and only reaching Pulantien at 6 p.m. All the way the country showed it was one over which war had swept. The European houses had been roughly dealt with: interiors gutted, doors and windows smashed. A few which the Japanese made use of were in tolerable condition. Morning, noon, and night there was constant coming and going, north and south, of transport, guns and troops; and locally, to east and west, of cavalry patrols and

infantry picquets. Not a hill or a coign of vantage but was watched and guarded. Port Adams lies in a wide amphitheatre, and northward therefrom, up to Kaiping, the railway passes through a long narrow valley to Telitz, beyond which it contracts to a gorge.

A word about maps. Wherefore was it that a German map issued in 1901 by the *Könige Preuss* was more correct and far fuller of detail than our War Office Intelligence Sheets? I have both before me, and speak with regret of our British publication. It bears the imprint, "Intelligence Branch Topographical Dept. No. 5,014. Exd. W. P. 1904." That it was wrought partly in India makes the matter rather worse from a military point of view.

From Pulantien, where I spent a relatively pleasant night, dining off sardines and hard-boiled eggs, I set out next morning on a short ride of twelve or fourteen miles to Waufantien, another railway station, and got there ere morning had sped into forenoon. Waufantein had been a locomotive centre, but the engine sheds were empty and the railway bridge had been destroyed, as well as the stationary pumping engines, points, etc. I found quarters of a sort upon the straw-matted floor of an empty building. Some 500 yards north of Waufantein, the fighting began which ended in the rout of the Russians at Telitz, twelve miles further north. How the Japanese ever succeeded so easily and cheaply in turning the Russians out of such a

series of splendid defensive positions by frontal and flanking attacks, is little short of the marvellous.

It was a highland country through which I rode to Telitz, one capable of being made the scene of a most stubborn defence. Great preparations had evidently been made for determined encounter, for there were long trenches, low walls, and earthworks which commanded all the slopes to the southward. Signs of past conflict were all around, wreckage of accoutrements, clothing, and what-not, as well as in very fresh mounds of earth that the living had passed over, and the stricken dead lay buried beneath upon the battle-field. For many miles, too, beyond Telitz, as at Nanshan, the rain had laid bare ghastly trophies of the struggle. Next day, through another defile, fourteen miles to Pauwau-fantein. It was near there that, after their turning movement at the victory of Telitz, the Japanese detachment had ambushed and severely punished the retreating Russians. The whole district is very fertile, and the crops of grain, sorghum, and what-not are abundant and heavy. Each railway station seemed worse than another for resting-place, owing to swarms of insistent flies. In summer in Manchuria, they are plague every year. These buzzing pests, intrusive, clammy, and bloodthirsty, appear to be indigenous. Yet when the first glinting white-steel frost comes careering down from Siberia, these venomous, countless myriads are smitten dead, brushed away, and forgotten for a season. It is



such trifles on the way that overfill life's worries. But there were other things for thought: shrines, monuments, small roadside temples, and the hallowed graves of the much-revered fathers of the living John Chinamen. Yet wherefore this odd con-tretemps, to bring shrines and flies cheek by jowl? And pretty miniature shrines they were, such as you find in many places in Europe, by roadside and field. These Mongolian and Manchurian tributes of the devout usually resemble a small ornately tiled house. Within is a lamp, an image, or scroll. About the doorways and sills, passers had laid other lamps, or made offering by burning joss-sticks. The monumental monoliths, often like tombstones, had curiously mystic designs carved upon them other than the dragon; and beside some stood tall, garish-coloured flat poles, slabs of stone, with strange illumined inscriptions. More rare than shrines, or monumental slabs, that are to be counted by thousands, were the little open village temples, with their gaudily painted flaming rows of terrible deities and orgie-like heroes. But I am impinging upon delicate ground and have but this to say: that all these things are but the outcome of that innate spirit of reverence for better things possessed by every good man, and by all women.

Anon, a day of many small adventures, a ride of fifty-eight miles, an incredibly stupid Chinese guide, an unintentional visit to Marshal Oyama's headquarters, then into much-gated and heavily walled

Kaiping. My domicile was within the compound of the local "swagger" Chinese Club, which was really a temple. Access to the place was through a narrow, filthy lane. Some day somebody should write about Chinese clubs and guilds of masters and men. Many of them were old before the Christian era began. The men's trades-unions, whether they be those of waiters, laundrymen, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, or other callings, have a solidarity unknown outside China. An injury done to one is an injury done to his guild, and must be atoned for, or the offender will find himself unable to obtain the services of a single worker in that particular handicraft. As with the men, so with the masters, and viceroys and Peking officials have ere now had to yield to the "passive resistance" of the guilds. These unions have a virtue worthy of copy amongst working men of other lands. If a member tricks his employer, be he waiter, labourer, or artisan, the society compels him to make good the loss, and will rather, and do, pay themselves than "lose face" by having the whole craft put to shame. It was nearly midnight when I entered the club. And there, thanks to an old friend, Colonel Haldane, one of the attachés, I was furnished with something to eat and drink, ere to sleep the sleep of the tired traveller.

There is one thing that all art fails to adequately convey, whether it be descriptive, mimetic or pictorial, and that is the profundity of dirt. The club buildings and the surroundings were Chinese in

their uncleanness, and yet they were many degrees better than the native buildings. I bought a Manchurian horse. That animal was one of the silliest of living creatures. Because he had never seen a European, the sight of one gave him a fit of the frights, and he behaved worse than an ordinary animal would do alongside a roaring traction engine. He broke his halter and bolted to the mountains; yet was not lost, but had only gone before. An afternoon and nearly all-night ride, during which violent thunderstorms and deluges of rain greeted us on our journey north from Kaiping. We had to ford many streams, the water coming up to the saddle-flaps. A comrade's horse, fond of the water much as a grampus, sat down in it, and nearly drowned his rider. When both gained the bank, they were as sculptors' clay models, dripping with ooze. We lay down in our wet clothes to sleep, and what the bodily warmth did not dry, the bright sunshine of the next day did on the road to Tashikow. Ten miles out therefrom I was welcomed by a most hospitable Japanese commandant of a station; later, another twelve miles into Haicheng, a bigger and rather cleaner town than Kaiping. Our quarters were in a Chinese compound, enclosed by poor, small buildings worse than cotters' hovels. The twenty yards of open space provided free run for chickens, ducks, geese, dogs, pigs, cattle, and horses. But we were now at the fighting front, and all the precautions observed in face of an enemy were enforced.

Three officers were set over us as guides, mentors, and censors. They "filled the order" in every particular, Japanese fashion. It appeared to be one of their duties to bring us maps and plans, and expound at much length the story of old battles, when our minds were set on seeing new actions. About Telitz I indirectly learned two things: that the pursuit of the victors should have been keener, fog or no fog, and that a young Russian officer leading a charge of cavalry, finding himself abandoned by his men, who had tailed off, poignarded himself before the admiring eyes of the Japanese soldiers.

By invitation we paid a ceremonial visit to General Oku at his comfortable villa quarters, situated two miles on the south side of the broad, shallow river which runs before Haicheng. How much better for us had we been permitted to "tent out" beyond the mud and reek of Chinese buildings! Up to the doorway of a canvas pavilion we stepped, one by one, each gave his name, and was shaken hands with in succession by, first, a royal prince, Captain Nashimoto (who is upon the staff), then by General Oku, and lastly by his chief of staff, Major-General Ochiai. General Oku, the victor of Nanshan and Telitz, is a soldier of remarkably fine presence. For a Japanese, his is a tall, spare, sinewy figure. He was clad in a uniform of new British greenish-tinged khaki; upright, straight as a lance, with keen hazel eyes, and the experiences of fifty years of life looking therefrom, many of them spent

upon active service. It was a face that would impress the most indifferent stranger, for it conveyed the impression of a man to be reckoned with, one with whom you could trust your life and honour in a fight. And his staff was no "show array" of frills and ribbons, but a thorough capable, military, workmanlike body of officers, who looked as if they knew and did their duty. In a few well-chosen words, interpreted for us sentence by sentence, General Oku welcomed the correspondents to the front, and to the Second Army. He expressed his regrets at the hardships we must have met with on our way, and assured us that whatever he could do to make us comfortable, and to enable us to carry out our mission of informing the public of Europe and America of the progress of the war, he would do for all. Major-General Ochiai spoke in much the same strain, and thereafter Mr. Melton Prior, on behalf of the correspondents, thanked General Oku and his staff for their kindly greeting. Mr. Prior also expressed the hope that all those facilities for collecting and dispatching information everywhere conceded by civilized armies would be granted to us whilst accompanying the Imperial Japanese troops in the field.

It came on to rain heavily, and continued almost without intermission for five days. Geographically speaking, the Manchurian hills are old, and the soil, washed down from the quartz schists and limestones, is deep and abundant in the lower lands. The rain

turned all into puddle and clay fields, making locomotion nigh impossible and delaying operations. Manchuria has a very variable temperature, and the rain caused a drop from 90° Fahr. to below 60°. The soldiers were then wearing campaigning cotton khaki. From their caps and solar shades to their gaiters, boots, great coats, and service blankets, their uniforms were as complete as those of any troops in Europe. Wherever possible, the men were housed. Their food was much better than that of the same class in Japan. Putting aside the foraging extras, then purchasable in Manchuria, the Japanese "Tommy" had a varied, abundant, and excellent diet, served in three and sometimes four meals a day. Of course the food was such as suited his taste. They had soups of different kinds, excellent white-flour spiced biscuits, superior to our army's brown bake; plenty of rice, bamboo-shoots, soy, or pickles, dried fish, tea, seaweed, tinned salmon, and fresh meat. The young bamboo-shoots when well cooked are sweet and palatable, but not nearly so nice as asparagus. As for the shredded seaweed, it resembles what is known as "dulse." But seaweed is a lost article of food in the United Kingdom. It may, or may not, have occult good properties, but the Japanese sort, though pleasant to chew (I wonder how it would smoke!), is only a little less, or more, digestible than cabbage-stalks. A number of Buddhist priests accompanied General Oku's and the other armies as chaplains.

These gentlemen in black wore our almost severely traditional, clerical frock coat of the Anglican pattern, even to the collar. I found them to be earnest-minded gentlemen, honouring their office, full of a sense of duty, helping to make easier the soldiers' lot in camp and field. And if England hath to engage in war, to help her ally Japan, I shall look with interest to see the successors of those two good men and good friends—erstwhile Presbyterian Chaplain McPherson, and a Roman Catholic, Father Brindle, now the Reverend Dr. McPherson and Bishop Brindle—hob-nob and work in harmony for the welfare of their soldier charges with Bhuddist confreres. And now that I am writing at large, this further. Although the Japanese soldiers cannot speak Chinese, yet in that the men all read and write, they possess a means of ready intercommunication with the natives. And it is done so easily, just by tracing a few characters upon the ground, upon a wall, or piece of paper, which, by the way, is one of the advantages and uses to which an ideographic written language can be put, as distinct from an alphabet of sounds.

Whilst the Japanese were completing their preparations we waited with impatience, cooped in Haicheng, behind its four-hundred-year-old stout walls. But the place had a history, and had temples and palaces long before the more modern, slatey, blue bricks, stones, and earth were laid, twenty-five feet thick, and piled thirty feet in height,

for rampants. The circuit of its old walls is about three miles. Haicheng is upon the edge of the rolling western Manchurian plain. To the north and east of the town, but a few miles distant, are the hill ranges—rough, cold, and grim as the Grampians. Without Haicheng a dozen low, mound-shaped hills gird the place, convenient for attack or defence. The railway station is about a mile to the westward, and a fine swelling, fortified knoll frowned near by, much as Fort Queuleu does at Metz. Ten years before it had been held as a fort by the Chinese, and was captured from them by M. Katsura, the Japanese Prime Minister, since which the Russians had added to the works, and made as little of it as their predecessors for defence. Furthermore, in the centre of Haicheng there is a rocky eminence, whereupon stands the ancient citadel, which affords admirable artillery positions. Upon the eastern side of the ground of these old castle lands stands the Academy, or Temple of Confucius, a creation full of Mongolian structural phantasy, all as a tranquil Oriental dream—a retreat removed beyond smells and the yapping cries of street dogs. Soft philosophy had deserted the shady terraced walks, whilst they were invaded by the roar of cannon and clash of arms. There were no gross images of heathen deities to distract the students and teachers in that temple. Rank grass and tall weeds hid tombstones and monuments, and even the coarse jagged edges of the yellow



quartz were softened by the herbage which was seeking to overgrow the temple. Nature, which is kin to all things, will survive even the Confucian philosophy.

Shall I never get beyond the tiresome small beer of description, the chronicle of towns and places, in this campaign? It was almost insupportable, the leashed life of war correspondent with the Japanese, the restriction to chatter of incidents by road, mishaps to horses, mules, and our almost sacred mess-pots and bottled restoratives. It was on August 3, that the Japanese entered Haicheng; for although they had to fight their way up almost to the gates, the Russians, as usual, hastily evacuated the place the previous night. After their occupation, the Japanese enforced needed sanitary regulations upon the townsfolk. Drains were dug, waste waters let off, and disinfectants scattered broadcast. If they could only persuade the Chinese to take up with habits of personal cleanliness, Haicheng might be made fit to live in. If the Chinese women's feet were not bound so that the whole sex is crippled, and the men were shorn of their pigtails, there would be great hope for the future advancement of this most dirty, most kindly, yet withal most honourable-minded Mongolian race. Marshall Oyama had various proclamations affixed to the gates of Haicheng and other Manchurian towns, telling the people that the Japanese had come as friends to help them. He begged the people to remain quiet,

and to pursue their ordinary avocations with perfect confidence.

From the hill beyond the railway station a good view was afforded of the hill-ranges to east, north, and south. There were the peaks and passes of the afar Motien-ling mountains, and nearer, Tsien-shan upon our front, to the west (left) spread the great plain, far away across which the Liao, with its branches and tributaries, meandered. The lowland was a waving sea of ripening grain, bounded by the western horizon. Afar thereon clumps of dark-leaved trees, overhung by fluffy pale smoke, showed where each village nestled. All this was in the war area, within cannon-shot, yet outspread lay the abundance of peace, a glorious harvest of millet, sorghum, maize, barley, and rice. Scarcely twenty miles northward, hard by a gap through which the railroad runs, was Anshanshan, a name given because of the neighbouring saddle-back mountains.\* Anshanshan was the then advanced centre of the Russian position south of Liaoyang. The Muscovites had entrenched themselves along the ranges facing the Japanese position over a front of eleven miles. They had flanking detachments afar to the east among the hills, and Cossack patrols watching their left. Out upon the western plain they had more forts and trenches, held by two big columns of infantry and cavalry. It was officially reported that Kuropatkin had twelve divisions at Anshanshan, eight being upon our immediate front.

The Russian outposts were ten miles to the south of Anshanshan, face to face with the Japanese, and the opposing pickets sniped each other daily and nightly. Of course, the Japanese had moved men and guns into predetermined positions. The play was cast, the actors knew their parts, and we only awaited the ringing up of the curtain upon what was to be the most significant drama of this wonderful war. At Anshanshan the topography of the neighbourhood favoured the defenders better than at any point nearer Liaoyang, or indeed at Mukden. But Kuropatkin, with that occasional indecision which characterized him, preferred to hazard indecisive battles to a decisive action which should seal the year's campaign. It was stated that the Russian dispositions before Liaoyang were on their extreme left facing Kuroki, General Mistchenka; before General Nodzu, part of General Stackelberg's troops, and the remainder with those of General Kosikovski opposing General Oku's troops.

In answer to our repeated inquiries to know when we should be permitted to go forward with the troops, we were invariably told "very soon." But "very soon" and "very sorry" were so Japanese that these words had passed into a joke amongst us. However, at length, happy as released schoolboys, we were let out, beyond Haicheng's walls, and the fresh, clean air was as balm and medicine. Through columns of marching infantry, beyond miles and miles of transport, guns, and

cavalry, we rode toward the roar of the guns. The Russian guns were replying to the Japanese artillery. Afar, on our right front, Generals Nodzu and Kuroki's line of attack could be distinguished by the bursting of hundreds of shells along the sea of hill-ranges on the north-east. General Oku directed his columns straight against Anshanshan, the main body keeping near the railway. But there were plenty of skirmishers, and long rows of "supports" extended for miles across his front, and a separate detachment was thrown out far to the west as a flanking force. The battle, or rather engagement, for it cannot rightly be put in the former category, began at daybreak, but it was not till nine o'clock that the Second Army came fairly into action. General Oku and his staff joined the troops in the field on the night of August 25. Soon hundreds of shrapnel were hurtled upon the hills held by the Russians. Many shells seemed to burst far too high. A striking feature was the clever way in which the Japanese hid their troops, guns, and impedimenta from observation. Here was I watching the "beginnings" of a big battle; yet the usual fussy, bustling evidences of impending conflict were nowhere visible. The army was ready to spring, but meanwhile the men were tranquilly resting behind village walls, and in the fields screened by the tall millet stalks. There, too, I saw part of the reserve ammunition column and the Army Medical Corps and Red Cross contingents. The foreign military

attachés, including those of our own country, were watching the panorama from a position upon a low green hill on our left. Neither they nor the correspondents could see much from so remote a distance. Certainly we could hear the guns, and now and then the deep rolling of musketry volleys, and see the puffs of cirrus-like cloud smoke from the bursting shrapnel. We were four miles from the actual fighting lines of our friends and allies. Looking over the plain, with its browning crops of strange grain, and beyond the dark clumps of trees, where stood homesteads and hamlets, I traced the receding tide of conflict by the track of the shell-fire. Beyond some low hills, three miles to the northward of where the Japanese supports were stationed, there was a dip in the landscape, through which a stream ran, and we saw a little of what was happening to the advancing lines of infantry. The shelling waned, swelled, and faltered at times, only now and then answered by the Russian guns. We heard that the Japanese troops, moving smartly along the plain, had driven in the Russian advanced posts, clearing the enemy from their defences upon the left, the centre, and the right. The villages of Kaujachahsan, Talansi, and Kansempoo had been taken from the Russians, and they had been driven back into their very strong lines at Anshanshan. There are few natural positions which have so many advantages for being easily held by defenders as Anshanshan. It has a bold range of hills which

curve in a great semicircle from south and east, running out into the western plain. The railroad runs through a gorge between two big double or camel-backed hills. The road is as the entrance way of some huge castellated fortress. Thick walls and massive gates still remain of an old Chinese rectangular work built across this mountain pass. In front of all, a number of foot hills and a stream made of it an altogether ideal position for defence. The Russians had, with much labour and some ingenuity, further added to its strength by digging trenches and building forts. I have thus early described the Anshanshan lines, that what follows may be more readily understood.

The rain-clouds became heavier as the afternoon wore on, and the action, which was but a brisk skirmish, slackened and stopped. So we pushed forward a few miles to the north-east, and put up for the night in a dirty Chinese village called Wanakatan. Between 5 and 6 p.m. there was a renewal of the contest, the cannon booming, and the musketry volleys waking all the echoes. It rained throughout the night, drizzle and downfall; but, as prearranged, we were all called at three o'clock next morning, and in the saddle and on the road an hour later. The previous evening we had sent a letter, signed by all, to General Oku, asking to be permitted to have a closer view of the operations, and of the firing lines, stating that we assumed all risks, and unless we were permitted closer inspection we

could not do our duty. Splash through mud, mist, and rain of the dreary morning of August 27 we went along. We rode three miles out to a low conical hill, where we dismounted and climbed to the top. The hill had previously been the advanced Japanese outpost upon General Oku's right. On the summit there was one of those most ancient Chinese barrows. The mound had been raised by layers of stones, brick, and earth. But time and storms had cut away half of the sepulchre, with the result that what was left standing resembled a chunk of a stout rampart or redoubt. The wily Japanese had dug trenches about the shoulders and waist of the hill, and other lines of trenches and rifle-pits wound their sinuous length across the fields, dipping out of sight in the folds of the ground. Phew! what a morning I spent upon that hill, for the weather was chill and raw as a wintry day in the Scottish highlands. In the driving rain, squatting upon the almost bare soil, we waited for the coming of day and the battle. It was 5.30 a.m. before the light slowly came into the sky. As late as 7 a.m. it was but half light, the rain and mist playing at prisoners' base across the plain, whilst they romped together upon the Anshanshan ranges. Here and there some scout fired a rifle; but beyond these trivialities, the only sounds were the sigh and swish of the wind and the showers as they beat and coursed over the quivering millet-fields. By 11 a.m. it was evident there would be no battle. The break of

day artillery pounding, and the volleying and assaulting columns of infantry, for some reason had been held back. The fog or some other cause led to the fight being postponed. So sadder, and no wiser, and wet, we mounted our horses to find quarters in another, and still dirtier, Chinese village than the one we had quitted. And the result exceeded our gloomiest anticipations, which is but the truth. We were housed in a fashion, certainly, whilst the soldiers were out and about without tents or shelter, vexing the enemy. Firing went on during that evening and night, cannon and rifle roaring enough all through the ghostly hours. The braying of the unsubdued mules and donkeys, with the wooing voices of the frogs, afforded us further distraction, and provided, after prayers, for uncalled-for remarks. That night four desperate correspondents made up their minds to surrender their passes and return home. And they kept faith with their decision, and on the morrow turned back to shake the mud and mire of Manchuria for ever from their garments, and lives. I almost entertained a sneaking envy for them, that they had the courage of their convictions. Before we had actually lain down for the night, news had been brought in that the Russians had again retreated, declining the proffered battle. They had evacuated Anshanshan, and the Japanese, eager in pursuit, had streamed over the hills and through the gap, and were in occupation of the place. The rain ceased during the afternoon. So



troops and stores went forward to make sure of the ground gained by the men who had bored ahead, and fought their way in rain, fog, and night's dark hours. We followed on at 6.30 a.m. on the 28th instant. The nearer we scanned the Anshanshan ranges and the Russian works, the more formidable the enemy's position appeared. And they had been abandoned after an insignificant cannonade of field-guns. I rode forward ten miles, halting for a short time to survey the scene of the late action. There was a hill like unto Fort Wylie, by the Tugela, at Colenso, South Africa, beyond which rose high spurs, much as does Groblers kloof. But possibly General Kuroki, or another Japanese force, may have made the enemy distrustful of the security of his flanks. I hurried along, riding by a whole Japanese division eagerly marching to the front. There were baggage columns, ammunition columns, Army Medical corps, and more sturdy, healthy-looking infantrymen than I had seen since I joined General Oku's force. The fact is—and it can bear much repetition—the Japanese soldier in the field looks strong and fit—a cheery, hard-working, hard-fighting little veteran.

I got upon the northern slope of the more eastern of the two saddle mountains of Anshanshan. The fighting had been going on as I rode forward. Upon the northern side of Anshanshan ranges there is another wide semicircular bight of valley land. It is three miles or so across to where the ranges

and foothills jut out to close farther view to the northward. The railway bends a little to the west to pass between a small, rounded knoll and a long, low ridge, the last detached humps from the hills. Along that position the Russians made a partial stand. That place was also an admirable one, only slightly weaker than the Anshanshan lines. From 9.30 a.m. the Japanese shelling of all the foothills, and the trenches along them, was heavy and continuous; and the Russians replied energetically for an hour or so, pouring shrapnel over Anshanshan station and at the Japanese cavalry and infantry advancing to the attack. It was a magnificent display. I thought of Bisley, of Aldershot, of a booming contest in the Long Valley, and upon Cæsar's camp. The cannon raged, and the shrapnel rent the air like lightning in a clear sky, casting hail of lead and iron upon the land. The Japanese went on, taking their assigned places for the assault. One by one the hills upon the right were taken. Up the railway, to carry the two outlying humps, they strode, their lines well extended and far apart. You could see their leaders, sword in hand, quietly guiding them towards the most advantageous ground, each section keeping to distance and doing its own work, and all the while the shells were bursting overhead. But the Japanese batteries were paying the enemy back in kind, and with ruinous compound interest. Upon the hills to the east a large body of troops, a co-operating column of Nodzu's, with guns, cavalry

and infantry, helped to drive the enemy from off the ranges, thrusting them towards the plain to the west. But attention was concentrated upon the long, low hill close to the railway. The Russians opened rifle fire at 2,000 metres' range upon the Japanese. Reserving their reply until they were within less than 1,500 yards of the enemy, the islanders hastened on. Japanese shells shrieked overhead until their infantry were within 800 yards of the Russian lines. Then began the final assault, which but few Russians waited to receive. In a series of rushes the Japanese scaled the hill. The foremost thin groups, few more than skirmishers, appeared first upon the flanks and centre of the position. As they neared the top, where a few Russians showed themselves, their supports closed up. Then the final charge, with hoarse shoutings from line to line, and so, amid the roar of voices and rifles, the hill and the fight were won. But still there was no lagging, for pursuit was continued down into the plain and along the railway towards Shashanpo and Liaoyang. The Russians were hurled back by artillery and rifle fire, wave upon wave of Japanese pressing into and over the Sahpo stream. On the battle-field the enemy left over 200 dead. The spoils taken by the Japanese included eight cannon, ten ammunition carts, and about two score of prisoners. The casualties in the Second Army were about 150. I saw in the Japanese field hospital three wounded Russians, one of them an officer. The men belonged to the

13th Siberian Regiment. Of ninety Japanese in the field hospital the majority were hit by bullets in the feet or arms. The Muscovites tried to burn the iron railway bridge over the river by setting fire to the beams and sleepers, but little real damage was wrought, and the Japanese engineers soon repaired the line and replaced the broken points.

## CHAPTER XIX

### GREAT BATTLE OF LIAOYANG—A WEEK OF GRIM FIGHTING—SECOND DAY'S STRUGGLE—TOUCH AND GO

IN the long and sanguinary series of battles that followed, by far the greatest of the war, the Japanese signally defeated the Russians and occupied Liaoyang. The outcome was as I expected, but candour will have it there were qualifications. The victory was not by any means a Pyrrhic one, but there were what there need not have been, significant drawbacks. General Kuropatkin did well, and such criticisms as I heard were but unworthy carpings. Yet with more desperate resolution and better materials, Kuropatkin might have gained a doubtful success. Some wearisomeness of detail is necessary in all things, in the meanest and in the most important of subjects, to form an accurate and independent opinion or judgment. The breaking camp of the headquarters and the forward movement of General Oku from Haicheng on the afternoon of August 25 was the prelude to one week's continuous grim fighting.

Remember that in the East, in writing thereof, I must and do call the west, East, and the east, West. America, is to me East, and China, West. After the passage of the Anshanshan defile the Second Army advanced about fourteen miles further northward. The commander-in-chief, Marshal Oyama, was in constant communication by field telegraph and other wires with the Fourth Army under General Nodzu, and the First Army under General Kuroki; and, further, Marshal Oyama could talk over the wire to the besiegers at Port Arthur, and to the Government in Tokio.

General Oku's army moved forward with its left thrown out, overlapping the railway at distances varying from one to three miles to the westward; the centre and right wing, the latter also thrown forward, stretched quite six miles to the eastward. Almost in touch and prolonging General Oku's right, thrust at an angle to the north-east, was the Fourth Army, General Nodzu's. Some fifteen miles still northward was General Kuroki with the First Army. The actual number of troops in each of these three Japanese armies is not easily determined. General Oku's had three divisions, the 6th, 4th, and 3rd, and part of another. General Kuroki had a like strength, the 2nd, 12th, and the Imperial Guards; and General Nodzu two divisions, the 5th and 10th. But all these generals had, in addition to these classified troops, various other bodies of men called "detached brigades," and "independent

contingents" drafted from various districts, young soldiers and experienced reservists. As, for instance, Kuroki had three extra brigades, so had Oku, and there were besides various special batteries, battalions of pioneers, *gend'armes*, and what-not, accompanying the Japanese armies. My estimate is that General Oku had about 110,000 men with 250 guns, including six batteries, 72 pieces, of 5-in. howitzers. Kuroki had 90,000 soldiers and Nodzu 60,000, with between them nearly 400 guns. Stranger, and more incredible than all, an unprecedented high proportion of these forces were often placed in the actual fighting lines. And yet more, what with the reserves constantly streaming in from the south, Oku and Nodzu's commands were maintained at this strength, despite the frequent heavy depletion by casualties. Also, be it known, except as to the Red Cross detachments, there were virtually no non-combatants in the field with the Japanese armies. One other observation: "Pre-arranged," or as previously "planned," are the chief characteristics of Japanese staff-directed operations. The men and the junior officers seemed quick and full enough of initiative, but the headquarters were often deliberate to despair for ordinary Western-born mortals.

North of Haicheng the Manchurian-Siberian Railway runs close to the western plain, keeping as far as possible from the foothills and the rugged ranges of eastern border lands that stretch away

into Korea. Through that wild country General Kuroki had marched and crossed the Motien-lien passes, whilst General Nodzu had by savage tracks and bridle paths come from Takushan, protecting Kuroki's left. The special charge of the Second Army was to force the Russian game into a trap. There are incidents that happen in most campaigns that are only fit to be considered at guessing competitions, a sample of which is—why, with the many fine positions miles upon miles to the south-east of Liaoyang, Kuropatkin let the Japanese cross the Motien-lien, and allowed his enemy to get possession of the Liaoyang-Wiju road, without contesting the ground inch by inch? However, the Russian general did prepare with rare skill, much labour, and cost at Liaoyang two, if not three main, lines of defences, any of which, in the hands of 40,000 good soldiers, should have sufficed to have withstood a protracted siege and baffled all attempts at capture. Such positions, such works, were as strong as the defences at Metz, and should have been as difficult to force as the forts and lines of Paris in 1870.

We came, of set purpose, full bump against the first of Kuropatkin's triple lines of works on the morning of August 30, some miles south of the Soushan hills. Soushan means "Hand Hill," and outwardly the bold 900-feet-high mass of granitic rock somewhat resembled a man's knobby clenched fist. It is the western upheaval of a range of



detached foothills trending almost due east and west from the highlands. In front of Soushan rise various detached masses, some bare rock, others verdure clad. Upon all of these the Russians had constructed forts, dug rows of trenches and pitfalls, and placed wire entanglements. Their works were numerous, and deserved to be classed as permanent rather than as mere field fortifications. Indeed, some of the structures were almost as formidable as are our defences at Portsmouth. Covering the approaches at the base of the positions, and away beyond these, even on the plain, were trenches, emplacements for batteries, and rifle-pits. The forts in the second line were protected by double banks of wire entanglements stretched above pitfalls, dug like huge bowls 8 to 10 feet deep, separated from each other by a narrow rim of soil less than a foot wide. Sharp stakes were set in the bottom of many of these pits. Before the Soushan lines lay outspread the broad, flat valley land, upon the loam and black soil of which waved thickly, as one field, tall, ripening dhurra, maize, millet, sorghum, and beans. A man riding upon horseback became lost to sight the moment he rode amid the lofty, rustling, tassel-tufted sorghum or millet. Here was screen for infantry, cavalry, and guns. Its sameness of aspect was as the face of the sea, affording no mark or object for hostile gunners to train their pieces. But China, having kept one of the supreme mandates, is a populous land, and there





STREET, LIAOYANG. SEPTEMBER 24TH 1904. JAPANESE FLAG TO WELCOME THE VICTORS.

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were villages sprinkled about, each conspicuous by a fringe of foliage and mudwalls. Along abominable tracks, which, owing to the rain, had become quagmires, Oku's guns and troops went to the front. There were three low mounds that lifted a little above the valley. The Japanese skirmishers pushed on, first the left, then their right they stretched out like horns. Onward followed a thin line or two of infantry; the guns and the supports went to their assigned stations, as usual in close formation. On either side the cavalry did very little, for obvious reasons. The Cossacks sent into the eastern hills were valueless, and the Jap infantry treated the "dreaded" Muscovite with contempt. There was some talk of a force, mythical perhaps, coming out of the west to co-operate with Kuroki, which doubtless upset some of the enemy's proposed schemes.

Before dawn had pinked the east cannon roared, and so began the great momentous battle of Liao-  
yang. Upon the issue hinged the immediate fate of almost half the world, of over five hundred millions of human beings. This is true, but perhaps not very obvious to our dear Islands of the Western Seas. Oku's men and Nodzu's men had been intrusive and vexatious to the Russian outposts, and had driven them in scampering, and were hurrying after, at their heels. The alarm spread along the enemy's lines, shells flew hurtling through the air over where the Japanese were supposed to be massing and marching, and the Muscovite

infantry, Imperial Guard regiments, Baikal and trans-Baikal troops, poured a hail from musketry into the grain, locally called the "Kowlang." The awful din, which swelled into continuous thunderous hammering roar, hastened not awakening day, yea, though the Japanese gunners too shook the air and earth with darting lightning of bursting shells. Far to the east, eight miles away, Nodzu was busy ; still further off, ten miles beyond, Kuroki was evidently hard pressed.

It was, I learnt, to relieve the pressure put upon the First Army by the enemy that, without the customary slow survey, Marshal Oyama had hastened to attack the Soushan lines, Kuropatkin having detached a strong force, outnumbering the troops under Kuroki, whom he was seeking to drive back beyond the Motien-lien passes. The original scheme of the Japanese staff had been to get Kuropatkin astride of the railway, between Liaoyang and Mukden, and so trap the Russians. Haste was necessary, prompt action became doubly important when urgent messages arrived that Kuroki was unable to advance, and had as much as he could do to hold on to his camp in the hills. General Nodzu closed in, but he also soon found himself face to face with the enemy in front of Russian works, where his men had to fight their way step by step. Such was the situation during the two closing days of August. Yes, it was touch and go for the Second and Fourth Armies, and as much so for Kuroki,

though upon the latter had depended the measure of the planned victory, the striking of the fatal blow upon the enemy's communications. And although emergency rations were actually issued in case we should have to retreat, Marshal Oyama sent stern General Oku and fiery General Nodzu to assault the seemingly impregnable Soushan lines. The fell storm of war was rising, and, as prisoners said, Kuropatkin had hastened in person to direct the Russian resistance. He took his position on the summit of Soushan, upon an ancient square structure, not unlike a small hump-backed pyramid, which, as a wart, rises from the middle knuckle of Hand Hill. With their dread artillery, a battery here, half a dozen more there, in the Kowlang, in nooks along the hills, upon Oku's right, a lodgment upon which was secured, the Japanese faced and partly enfiladed the Russian works and guns. But the enemy had other defences in the rear thereof, the cannon of which came into action, and sent a destroying tornado of fire, iron, and lead, which scathed and swept the field. Persistent, intrusive, the worming Japanese infantry scouts, followed by lines of skirmishers, then battalions in column, moved onward. They seized the available outlying villages, smuggled themselves along the low ditches, and hid behind the Chinese graves, which are like unto grass-covered South African ant-hills, whilst the battalions in loose column pressed behind straight to the front, burrowing through the thick

harvest ten-feet-high millet, trudging over the stodgy soil, and wading waist deep the muddy pools and streams. Russian shells burst overhead and at their feet, throwing up volcanic sproutings. But this checked them not, for the business of war was in full swing, and fell Death found himself derided and unheeded. At eight in the morning the enemy had been driven from many of his advanced trenches upon Oku's left, centre, and right. The active Japanese infantry were, with practised activity, making rows of trenches and rifle-pits in front of those from which the Russians had just been driven out. Part of the 6th Division moving forward to support the 3rd Division, passed over the rolling ground towards the foothills to outflank the Russian right. In face of the enemy they were transferred across his front. On the swing they came, turning from east to west along the ridges, accompanied by cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The Russians, apparently alive to the necessities of the situation, vigorously pressed Nodzu's front and flanks, threatening to interpose between the two Japanese armies, and drive him back into the hills. They were also further striving to penetrate as a wedge between Kuroki and Nodzu. The enemy had taken the precaution to construct works and trenches far to the east, thoroughly securing his left flank from being easily turned by any *coup de main* from either of the flanking columns of Nodzu and Kuroki. The rifle firing became furious and

prolonged, and the Japanese batteries, struggling through the mire and ploughed fields, hurriedly came into action. Along the Second Army's front 200 guns were soon in fury roaring from left to right in concert.

On the east of the railway, slightly in front of the rocks of Soushan, were several well-defined detached hills which jut from the main ridge, running to the westward. Each of these was crowned with strong redoubts, their flanks, faces, and slopes protected by trenches. Some of the forts were of a semi-permanent character, one immediately on the south front of Soushan and another on a conical hill rising 300 feet, which stood about half a mile farther west. At a sharp angle projecting somewhat behind these detached works was a long, billowy-topped range, its south face covered with bush, which I called the Scrub Hill. The latter in reality was the key of the Russian position, for it took many of their trenches and batteries in the reverse, including the fort upon the Conical Hill. Early in the action the Japanese directed their especial attention to Scrub Hill. Soushan itself, or, as some of us called it, the Rock of Gibraltar, was too steep and inaccessible to be easily fortified, but the Russians had constructed thereon several trenches and schanzes. From his lofty station upon the top of the structure upon Soushan, General Kuropatkin must have had a commanding view of the whole scene of operations; every movement of the Japanese forces, the position of



their batteries and battalions, must have been spread before him as an open, legible book. Indeed, he must have seen the Japanese headquarters' staff, Marshal Oyama, Generals Kodama, Fukushima and Company, three score or more, seated upon chairs spread upon the slope of a green mound, smoking cigarettes, six miles away to the south, far beyond the reach of the Russian shells. As for the foreign military attachés with the Second Army, they were kept somewhere in like remoteness, but preservedly apart from the Mikado's headquarters' staff. The correspondents were presumed not to mix with either, but to occupy a lesser place befitting their calling, and most of us did, by breaking away and getting alongside the batteries and the men in the fighting lines. There the good-natured, common soldiers and common younger officers welcomed the companionship. Japan is being ploughed for the sowing of a further dominant military autocracy, but there are men of that country who resent such usurpation, and seek to have done with feudalism—Shoguns and Samurais—for ever. From his post of observation upon Soushan General Kuropatkin had field telephones and telegraphic wires; but, as if these were not enough, he made use of a captive war balloon, a big translucent globe that rose to a height of about 1,000 feet, which ascended at first behind the Scrub Hill. It had an attachment that projected from the side for signalling. There was but one aeronaut, an officer who lay in a

net suspended in place of the usual basket car. His chief business apparently was to direct the Russian artillery fire, and he did his side good service, for the tempest of shells from the enemy's batteries which followed his instruction burst over and amongst the Japanese gunners ahead in the millet fields, inflicting grave loss of life. Behind the villages and walls Oyama's guns tried to get the range of the balloon, but the Russian aerostat was too high and too far for the field batteries and howitzers. After a time the "captured" battery, comprising four of the 15-centimetre cannon taken at Nanshan, arrived by rail upon the field, having been hauled upon trucks by hand. From a position close to the railway they opened fire upon the Russian defences. Their heavy shells, aimed to find the range, tore deep cavities in the sides of Soushan and the sister hills, and burst shrapnel near the balloon. The aeronaut had it shifted, but shortly after the balloon was hauled down, after being up about two hours. It reappeared later on at short intervals thrice during the 30th, and but twice on the day following, after which I saw no more of it. But what with the magnificent view obtainable from Soushan, and the careful way in which the Russians had marked down beforehand all the ranges for artillery and rifles, the use of a balloon must have been almost unnecessary. From their many trenches and emplaced batteries along their lines the Russians fairly held the Japanese advance; at any rate,

there were no signs of our making progress, and the ding-dong of conflict ranged and swelled. It was our right and centre that had stuck fast, or had gained ground so slowly that the advance was not appreciable. At 1.30 p.m. an order, which I heard delivered, was brought from Marshal Oyama and General Oku to Lieutenant-General Oshima, commanding the 3rd Division, to advance his right, then swing round, face west, and assault the Scrub Hill from the east. He started at once with his staff to execute the desperate commission. Rain came on, and it looked as if luck meant to favour him, but "favour" and "fortune" are contrary egoists.

A position had been gained quite early upon the detached rocky foothills and lesser ranges on our right (west). Cavalry had pushed over the intervening ground so as to be able to overlook a part of the plain that separated Soushan range from the walled town of Liaoyang. The Russians, as I have said, had works far to the north-east, which checked Nodzu's advance, and other lines upon the hills and plain that covered all the approaches to the town. During the afternoon, part of Oshima's troops gained a lodgment upon a near crest of the foothills, many of his men and two batteries of mountain guns lying screened behind rocky ledges. From there they poured a heavy and fearful enfilading fire upon the positions on Scrub Hill. But they could not advance, and only managed to cling on to the south and east faces of the hills, the enemy's further lines being so

strong that the Japanese could not obtain a sure foothold upon the crests, or near the pass to the north side of the ranges ; several hot cannonadings and counter-infantry assaults were made by the Russians, but Oshima's right wing clung tenaciously to the ground. Oku sent batteries of artillery to assist his hard-pressed right, but these were unable to master the Russian fire, or to get within effective range of the enemy's well-placed batteries, so most of the Japanese gunners diverted their attention to bombarding the trenches in front of Soushan. Men were being struck down, torn, and dismembered, the soil around many of the batteries was swimming with blood running like shambles, but there was scarcely a cry or moan from the wounded victims. The Japanese infantry and gunners held what they had gained regardless of the salvoes of the Russian cannon, or the screech and bursting of shells which bestrewed the field thick with iron and lead, as apples shaken from a full tree.

Yet for all the maiming, the slaughter, the passing of comrades' souls, life's affairs and war's business went on methodically. Lines of ammunition-carts, each drawn by one horse, fed the batteries and the infantry, going and coming all day. These also had to run the gauntlet of fire, and rarely escaped unscathed. The hours dragged, and men, as they lay under chances of instant death, yet had stomachs for feeding, spirit for watching, smoking, eating, chatting, jesting, drinking, doing as they

were wont to do under ordinary circumstances, their duty, and finding no reproach in the faces alongside of the dead. A few houses were set on fire by shells, for the Russians made use of the Chinese peasants' mud huts, and so did the Japanese, for landmarks. The wretched natives, too ignorant or too callous, clung, despite the danger, to their miserable abodes and their household trash. Many of them paid forfeit with loss of limb and life. In one village twenty people were killed, and over that number of native men, women, and children were struck down by shell fire in other places. At 3 p.m. the Japanese batteries began a furious bombardment—a preliminary to a general assault. Most of the enemy's batteries replied as heartily for a while, but afterwards became silent. The Russian batteries, however, upon the near and reverse slopes, whose positions were not easy to locate, continued to return the Japanese fire. Warily the Japanese under General Oshima had prepared for their spring, single line behind single line of men, six or eight deep, having crept as far forward as they could get, lay ready. For half an hour, nearly an hour, the Japanese gunners smote, devastated, the Russian batteries along the front from east to west. Then the stormers started running along up the slopes to carry the nearest main rows of trenches, which were still 700 to 900 yards off.

Greatly daring, with but little shouting, the Japanese swung forward ; then the Russian batteries,

perhaps 100 guns or more that had been silent, burst forth in wild hate, covering the approaches with a fall of detonating shells. Yet over this death's field men dauntlessly pressed, only to meet the more constant hail of Russian rifle-bolts. In groups the survivors, wounded and unwounded, scudded and dodged ahead. Without thought of turning back, they strove to gain a way through the entanglements up and into the Russian works. Around, death was mowing savagely with both hands, yet these Japanese stood their ground, striving to press on, non-blinking, all seeking to win their way onward. Comrades supported those trying to make a road or way by cutting at the entanglements, or by lying down and replying to the Russian fire from the forts and trenches. But neither supports nor reserves could be maintained in sufficient strength, and these shattered, detached groups of stormers were foiled. The ground had not been properly prepared for the task set the gallant infantry, so the order was passed to them to retire. Most seemed desirous of staying, preferring death rather than yielding an inch of the ground gained. But the discipline was perfect, and in groups as they had rushed forward they slipped back, their officers usually the last to retrace their steps, in many places walking deliberately away from the stricken field. Numbers of the officers had already paid tribute with their lives, having persisted in moving about among their men while

under the heavy fire, and the death-roll was added to before the assaulting columns of Oshima's 3rd Division regained cover ; but the day was not over.

The Japanese gunners protected the retiring troops by a violent bombardment, and checked any disposition there might have been for the Russians to deliver a counter-attack. But General Oshima did not confess himself beaten ; he got more batteries into position, reinforced his firing lines in places where the enemy's trenches could be reached by long-range fire. If the Japanese or the Russians had been better rifle-shots, the battles of Liaoyang would have been by far the most bloody in history. Without any long preparatory cannonading, the assaulting columns of the 3rd Division for the second time essayed to carry the left of the Russian lines. But the tale and the sequel were as before. Nor did this second attempt cool or suffice to quiet or damp their ardour, for once more, a third time, they desperately tried again to storm the enemy's works. But once more they met with a repulse, and there was more slaughter. I do believe they would have tried again and again had they been ordered forward, and would have persisted in their assaults until the whole division had been hopelessly wrecked ; but the Russian works were far too many and far too strong, and too well defended, to be taken by an offhand onslaught. The distances to be traversed by the attacking troops before they could gain the trenches was too great. Behind

these were Russian fortifications, which arose almost tier upon tier upon the hillsides. The situation that afternoon seemed serious, though General Oshima held his position. Only upon the west had there been any real gain of ground by the Japanese forces. The smoke of trains had been seen, as if the enemy had been hurrying up reinforcements. When the darkness set in, which it did quite early on the 30th, the Japanese drew in part of their troops for easier handling. All of them hastily dug sheltered trenches for the gunners, and the infantry outposts were strengthened. The furthest points gained were protected by improvised *schanzes* (walls) and shelter-pits. The little villages farther in the rear occupied by them were all put in a state of complete defence by the Japanese, who did not use the houses, but remained outside in the fields near the enemy. There also they dug themselves in, making long, interminable lines of trenches, pits, and cover for batteries and flanking works. In the same way, whether in front or far in the rear, they took especial care to guard against surprises, and to protect their ammunition and baggage columns. Even a small force of cavalry I saw had dug itself in, and sat behind earthworks. There was a good deal of firing of guns and rifles quite late into the night. Most of the shooting was upon our left, the west; but where the 3rd Division lay there was also the snapping of musketry from the Russian outposts. It was not a night or a situation



for the safe bringing in of the wounded or dead, but the bearer companies did what they could, and such as could be brought in were attended to by the surgeons. Many of the Japanese pioneers and infantrymen through that long night stealthily pressed on as they had done in the daylight, seeking to gain ground almost inch by inch, taking precaution to dig trenches and pits as cover for themselves on the morrow in the sodden fields. Wet, bedraggled as they were, the men who sought sleep rolled themselves in their blankets and lay down upon the ground. The houses in the villages had all been given over to the wounded. Few had either hot rice or soup for dinner that night, the majority partaking of army biscuit and dried fish, and so sped and closed Tuesday, August 30.

Rain fell in the afternoon until late in the night of August 30. The clayey brown and black loom of Manchuria held the water like marshland. Beaten tracks became quagmires, cart roads and ditches ran deep turgid streams. War correspondents and foreign attachés were, as usual, conducted to one of the many dirty Chinese villages six miles in the rear of the army. Wednesday, August 31, came ushered in by the sternest scenes of strenuous war. Throughout the night, with characteristic persistence, the Japanese bit by bit had advanced their outposts. The chief gain of ground was upon the west, where part of the 6th Division was posted, but the 3rd and 4th Divisions also made some little

headway. At first in the advance the 6th Division had been diverted to the eastward as a support to the 4th and 3rd Divisions. Subsequently most of that command was placed upon the left of General Oku's line, and assisted in clearing the ground to the west, along and beyond the railway. Thus reaching from left to right in our seven miles' front of attack, General Oku's force had for its numerals the 6th, 4th, and 3rd Divisions, but this leaves out of the count the independent brigades, etc.

As the night sped the rain ceased, and the stars shone brightly, giving promise of fairer weather. Two hours before daybreak the troops were all under arms. The German pattern waterproof sheets, fashioned into the smallest of patrol tents under which the soldiers lay with an armful of millet for bedding, had been folded away with their great coats upon their knapsacks. A new series of bold and wary sanguinary assaults were launched against the enemy's outer lines. Bayonet and rifle, sword and pistol, hand-to-hand, hours following hours, the struggle was continued, in the end proving the Japanese were the "stayers," the Russians the "goers." If there is anything to be inferred from the bearing of the enemy's troops in the field, it is that they often shrunk from too close contact with the charging little wild-cat Japanese. Their persistent and fierce courage had won by dawn the whole of the enemy's first line of outlying trenches and works upon the low ground south of the

fortified Soushan range. So far as I could judge, neither Generals Kuroki nor Nodzu had gained any ground. General Oku's left was again thrown farther forward across the railway, partly overlapping the Russian right, whilst his right, the 3rd Division, had at last got tight hold upon the hill spurs to the eastward. Yet from the volume of fire you could hear the Russian musketry, discharged against the Fourth Army; Kuropatkin was still striving hard to break in between Kuroki and Nodzu's forces. Many of the batteries of the Second Army, toiling heroically through mud and slough, kept pushing forward and opening fire at a distance of 2,500 yards from the Russian works, and this though the gunners had suffered heavily from the Russian shells the previous day. Most of the Russian batteries were securely screened behind the hills. If aught should be made clear, it is that none of the advantages of position or of preparation for battle lay with the Japanese. Even the millet and trees had been levelled in the immediate front of the Russian trenches to afford an open field of fire; and thick-growing sorghum stalks broken to lie along the ground are in themselves entanglement not to be rushed through.

The Japanese batteries and infantry in the small villages in the valley, particularly those in and around Shan-yangtze and Soushanpei—if I have these names right—had heavy casualties. But the Mikado's gunners stuck to and fought their pieces.

Their batteries were never silenced, and only when the ammunition-waggon were delayed did their fire slacken. I pointed out that one of the most satisfactory evidences of prevision in the Japanese armies is that all are fighters; the men who bring up the ammunition-carts to the front are gunners and infantrymen, each liable to be called upon to fill up vacancies in the batteries or battalions. So there was no protracted weakness ever found in the strength of the fighting lines during the fierce afternoon of the 31st. The dead, with their weapons and accoutrements, were left where they fell. Many of the wounded had limped or been helped to the villages in the rear, yet, God knows, the houses, yards, and fields were still full of hard-stricken wounded men. Every roof-tree in the villages was turned into a temporary field hospital; happily quite a large proportion of the wounds were in the limbs, arms, legs, hands, feet. Others and more serious, caused by shell-fire, were upon the head and face.

Marshal Oyama and his *alter ego*, General Kodama, regarded the situation as serious. Kuroki and Nodzu were still being hard pressed, and the Second Army held in check before the impenetrable Russian lines of Soushan. It was not Kuropatkin, but the Japanese armies that were in immediate jeopardy; and ere night fell the situation of Oyama became really desperate. Notwithstanding all that, but for a terrible blunder everything might sooner have gone well for Japan, and Russia

had suffered disastrous defeat. General Ogawa, commanding the 4th Osaka Division, under whose guidance the final sanguinary victorious assault was made at Nanshan, determined upon trying a similar stroke at Soushan. The 4th was on the left of the 3rd Division. Ogawa's centre and right faced "Hand Hill," the spurs and ridges to the east of which were all heavily fortified. During the night and early morning of August 31, Ogawa vigorously pushed his troops far to the front, capturing the enemy's outer trenches up to the base of the hills.

Now, the Osaka regiments, including the 8th, which, with all the others, showed great intrepidity at Liaoyang as at Nanshan, had formerly an unenviable reputation amongst their fellow country-people. In the Saigo rebellion the 8th Regiment used invariably to lose the day. Hence it became a common phrase, "Make take sachirenta!" "Again beaten, oh, 8th Regiment!" But that regiment and the whole 4th Division were put under the command of able officers and thoroughly reconstructed. It was not sent into the Chinese-Japanese War, but in this campaign the division proved that it had been most effectually transformed, for it had become second to none in the Japanese armies. I regret that the commander of the 4th Division, General M. Ogawa, was among the wounded at Liaoyang, a bullet striking him on the head. It is impossible to conceive anything finer than the impetuous, long-sustained dash they made, going straight against

the right front of the Russian fortifications. And they almost succeeded in sweeping the enemy from the whole line of works. The 34th Regiment, which forms part of the 3rd Division, Nagoya district, north-east of Osaka, also displayed extraordinary daring. Major Tashibane, whose duties did not require his actual presence, aware of the position of affairs, sword in hand, led the first battalion of the regiment in the chill hour before dawn, about 4 a.m., against the enemy. The whole regiment, which was led by Colonel Sekiya, advanced from Soushan-tsze village. In a hand-to-hand struggle the battalion drove the Russians from the rifle-pits, pursued them through the fortifications over the pitfalls up to the main trenches and inner works. But Major Tashibane, of whose hospitality I had partaken a few days previously, and Colonel Sekiya were both killed. The major fought unto the last gasp, only falling after receiving seven bullet-wounds and a sword-cut upon the head; but he had exacted heavy tribute from his foes. Day was drawing to dawning. The 1st Battalion of the regiment was upon the Russian force when the reserves of the 34th, finding a way through the all-but-completed second line of pitfalls and barbed-wire entanglements, rushed on to complete the storming of the fortifications. Spreading out into and over the trenches and works, they charged, bayoneting the Russians who lingered. Up a steep, conical hill, 300 feet high and crowned with frowning defences, they

stormed. Suddenly the enemy awoke to the calamity menacing them. Russian troops were hurried into the ditches, and from the parapets a fearful fusilade was poured upon the intrepid Japanese. Over 200 reserves of the 34th Regiment were struck down, wounded and dead. These men fell with their faces uphill, their hands outstretched to scale and seize the big, strong fort. The wounded who could limp or crawl went on with the assaulting ranks—no ; ranks, there were none ! Up the slopes and into the last lines of ditches the Japanese jumped, scrambled, and fought. They thrust, they cut with bayonets, razor-keen samurai swords ; they shot, they tore, they bit, and, when the weapons were struck from their hands, threw stones. Bayonets, rifles, pistols, and samurai blades in savage frenzy beat down the arms of holy Russia. To right, to left, the contest spread, threatening the whole of the Soushan lines. Loudly rose the din of battle, the 34th Regiment pressing on and on, gaining footing beyond the west of the Scrub Hill, the key of the whole position. Full day was near. The victorious stormers spread out, the flags of Japan upon the hillside, they waved them from short sticks. They shouted “Banzai !” But who could hear them in the awful roar, or believe that such a wondrous feat of arms had been wrought, that either dash or valour could have so soon won such defensive works ? Nor did the 3rd Division nearest to them at once grasp the fact, certainly

none of the rest of the Second Army did. And in war even minutes spell victory or defeat. The 15th Regiment of artillery, seeing numbers of men outside of the Russian works, and taking note of the furious cannonading proceeding, made sure the enemy were preparing to deliver some counter-attack. They thereon turned all their guns upon the conical hill and its frowning batteries, racking the sky with the uproar of detonating shells and with bursting bombs, ploughing the hill from base to cap. Nothing remained for the remnant of the battalions of the 34th Regiment that had carried the works, but to lie down and try to escape destruction from the hands of their countrymen. The terrible bombardment continued for many minutes, maiming, slaying with awful wounds, the Japanese huddled, packed in the Russian trenches. And yet worse befell! The Russians, who alone knew what really had happened, came to the assistance of the Japanese batteries, and with cannon and rifle helped on this dire slaughter. A little later real counter-attacks were delivered in strength by the enemy. The conical hill and their other lost positions were retaken, and the 34th Regiment was practically annihilated. They lost all their battalion flags, but claim to have saved the regimental colour. Those of the Japanese who clung on to the last were all killed and wounded, but few, if any, I think, were taken alive. Those who came back from that charge, some three hundred men,



had all upon their bodies three to eight wounds. The calibre of the Russian rifle is larger than the Japanese, which is less than our 0·3. It inflicts a severer wound than the weapon of our Allies. You will recall that at Abu-Klea, some of our wounded came out of action and lived after receiving twelve to seventeen wounds.

The Russians did not attempt to follow up their success, and it perhaps was as well for them, for the Japanese guns, heavily reinforced by the four 15-centimetre captured cannon, were tearing the hill-sides with a fierce bombardment, thirty to forty shells continuously bursting, almost simultaneously, over the conical hill and the Scrub Hill forts. Morning slipped by into forenoon, but the battle went on with unslackened heat, with nothing to show that either side had suffered serious check or loss. Indeed, the Russians seemed to be content not to force matters. Their position at Soushan was satisfactory. They did not seek to advance in that direction, but kept striving harder than ever to smash Kuroki's and Nodzu's columns. From one of the ridges the enemy could be seen engaging the Fourth Army with infantry. The day was pleasant and bright up till one o'clock. About noon the right of the 3rd Division, which had batteries posted on the rocky ridges to the north-east, and whose infantry had been for nearly twenty-four hours seeking to capture Scrub Hill, were again ordered to attack. They had seized the crest and

driven the Russian infantry from some nearer ridges, from which the enemy had previously foiled the Japanese attempt to occupy both sides of the main ridge. Upon a broad knoll, at the east end of the Scrub Hill, there was a Russian work, about seventy-five yards in diameter, which had been dug and blasted in the loose earth and rock. It was protected by outer trenches, and at the foot of the slope, 150 yards or so away, there were double lines of rifle-pits, banked wire entanglements, and *chevaux de frise*. Parties of pioneers had been sent out to try and destroy the obstructions. A few men of a fourth detachment sent had got near enough, before all were killed and wounded, to be able to clear away a part of the entanglements. The 15-centimetre guns had breached the parapet of the fort in two places. Watching that work on the Scrub Hill, I saw the sight of the day, the greatest achievement of men in war. Groups of little short-legged Japanese soldiers started up and began running down the range towards the neck which separated them from the Scrub Hill, many dropped, those left ran on, the wounded men who were hit and could not run on, helped their comrades by firing at the Russians, who were now showing above the works firing rapidly and hurling a leaden sheet of rain at the dauntless stormers. In open formation in squads of tens, twenties, forties, the cotton khaki-clad Japanese ran, those in the rear hastening to catch up with the foremost. The

getting through the entanglements and crossing the pitfalls took a fearful time, it made even the onlooker's flesh creep. They strove to pick their way though shells burst in their faces and bullets whipping up the dust. Most of the men were knocked over, falling to rise no more. But the weak remnant, not more than forty, at last got through, and ran without pause straight towards the fort. The Russians dispatched about a dozen of them before they had covered fifty yards, yet the scattered handful of men never wavered, never looked back, but ran faster than ever for the breach. Then I saw another curious spectacle. After the first three or four had got inside the work, instantly a stream of Russian soldiers jumped out from the rear, and, throwing down their rifles, sprinted for their lives along the Scrub Hill down the reverse slope. Dodging, scurrying like rabbits in all directions, the Muscovites ran wildly in search of cover. Other Japanese soon dashed in to the work; very few, I believe, of the Russian soldiers waited to cross bayonets with them. Still, the trenches did show that some of them had waited and met their fate with soldierly courage.

A satisfactory lodgment had been gained at last upon the key of the position, and a most important work had been carried by assault. The fortification was soon full of Japanese, but scarcely had a hundred men entered when the eager Japanese, jumping out on the west side, ran forward to try

and sweep the enemy from the whole of the long hill. But this was no easy task, certainly not one that so few could carry by a *coup de main*. The farther advance was soon stopped by an impassable fire from scores of trenches and numerous forts, the assailants also coming under artillery and musketry fire directed from Russian positions to the northward. A regiment of the 3rd Division strove to help by a frontal attack upon Scrub Hill, but the men could not penetrate beyond the trenches at the foot of the long ridge, and again and again were severely repulsed. The Japanese were disinclined to take any denial or accept any defeat short of death. Somebody on the enemy's side realized their peril, and that they might soon have to abandon Soushan in a hurried flight. So Russian reinforcements of men and guns were brought up, and a further desperate effort was made to stem the tide of Japanese success. Soon the musketry fire dwindled, for the gunners on both sides took up the gauge of battle, and another of the terrible artillery duels that have characterized the war raged. A tempest sprung from 500 cannon drowned the crash of the tens of thousands of rifles. The havoc being wrought was awful, the din was pitiless, as of the undoing of all the bolts of the tombs of the damned. Charges and counter-charges took place. Men stood for death or victory, and when ammunition gave out, fought by hurling stones at each other. Mines were fired and carnage ran riot. Neither

combatant could quite overthrow the other, and at last, through sheer fatigue, after two hours of furious struggle and of intermittent artillery and infantry duels, the fight lulled. Rain came on, and the driving showers brought further temporary slackening. But in the meanwhile the Japanese once more stole ground, wrought hard, and dug themselves into the positions they had got at such cost to themselves as well as to the Russians. From first to last they always strove in that manner to avoid yielding an inch of ground won in fight. Night came down, yet once in a while the musketry would crash and the batteries roar.

At 7 p.m. the Japanese artillery had been strengthened, and all the batteries had got into positions where their fire could be most effective; they stood ready, provided with an ample supply of ammunition. Then suddenly, with concerted united fury, they burst forth firing upon the Russian works, seeking to silence the enemy's batteries, and destroy those that had throughout the day so repeatedly baffled all the determined charges of the Mikado's infantry. Sparing none of them, they bombarded the whole line of works from the Soushan to Scrub Hill. From seven until nine that night the roar continued of the most effective and severe artillery fire ever heard upon a battle-field, for, bear in mind, these were modern, quick-firing cannon, each being hotly served. The Russians replied for a while, and then nearly all their batteries ceased, or were unable to respond. For two hours,

I have said, we were treated to the weirdest and most deadly pyrotechnic display, wherein there was never an instant's pause in the screech of portentous missiles or crash of bursting bombs, and the unwearied, bold Japanese infantry again gathered themselves together for a new series of persistent night assaults upon the enemy's works. There is this about the Japanese: when they have formed a plan they persist in trying to carry it through on the lines as "prearranged." Whether this involves any incapacity or ready adaptability to change to fit circumstances, as in the case of a retreat, is another matter. But it is certain that during that night of the 31st the Japanese leaders were in grave doubts about the safety of the position, whether the morrow would bring forth an improvement or the reverse, and they took the precaution to remove all their reserve ammunition supplies several miles farther to the rear; so once more their soldiers had to go without cooked rations, there being no time nor means to get them forward. These men, so long, so sorely tried, had to make out as best they could with snacks of cold rice and dried fish, which they usually carried in their haversacks. The military attachés and the war correspondents were also taken back to native houses, and there, during the later hours of the night, for the first and last time, emergency rations of biscuits were brought to us to serve, as we were told, in case the troops should have to make a hasty retreat before dawn.

## CHAPTER XX

LIAOYANG BATTLE, CONTINUED FIGHTING—TERRIBLE NIGHT AND DAY ASSAULTS—DESPERATE EFFORTS OF THE RUSSIANS—THEIR RETREAT—CAPTURE OF LIAOYANG.

CAN the horror and heroism of what was done in front of the Soushan lines on the terrible night of August 31 and September 1, be surpassed by anything recorded in the pages of history? I doubt it, and I grieve to think that the Japanese gave neither the attachés nor the war correspondents any chance, by official consent, of properly seeing the awful task they took upon themselves, after two such days of fierce and none-too-successful fighting. Most of us did something to see and learn what was in preparation, and the manner in which they meant to attempt to do in the dark what they had failed to accomplish in the daylight. This they will merit being said of them, that few, if any, other troops of the armies of the world would have had the stomach, after such experiences as theirs, to have cheerfully, ay, eagerly, as they did, hasten to renew the contest. They filled their pouches with cartridges, cleaned



NEAR SOTSHAN, TIAOWANG.





up their rifles, and waited for the order to spring forward once more at the hated Muscovite ; for this was a popular war with the Japanese, and they waged it with real patriotic and personal fervour. So, ere the bombardment ceased, the whole of the 6th, 4th, and 3rd Divisions—and they were placed as they read, from left to right—crept closer to the enemy's lines. Then there began, first here, then afar, a prolonged set of rushes of small bodies of infantry, seeking to find a lodgment and get nearer and nearer their foemen. Where they got they stayed, hastily digging themselves in, when more men were brought up and the charging processes were repeated and pushed on to the very ditch, up to the entanglements below the main series of forts. The rifle fire swelled suddenly into a duel of death, musketry crashing and roaring like a most violent thunderstorm. Foot by foot the Japanese carried the enemy's trenches, up to the very base of the hill.

It was the small hours of the morning of September 1 when the final rushes and the culminating series of direct frontal assaults were made upon the half-dozen of chief and the score of minor works of the third line of the Russian defences upon Soushan. Creeping stealthily up to the parapets, then rising with stentorian "Banzais," they stormed them, one fortification after another. The 3rd Division swept the Scrub Hill and overran it into the covering Russian defences upon the lesser hills, half a mile to a mile or more in rear upon the north side. Again,

and more eager, if possible, than before, the 4th Division charged the almost impregnable works standing directly in front of Soushan itself. Everywhere the Russians were slain or driven pell-mell from the fortifications. They threw down their arms as they fled, left their overcoats, their blankets, their accoutrements, and even their caps and jackets behind. The 4th Division enveloped the rock of Soushan, firing into the fleeing Russians, and filling part of the trenches with Muscovite dead. They also captured a formidable flanking field work lying at the base on the west side of the great rock. They boldly climbed to the summit of the Hand Hill itself, passing over trenches and *schanzes* the enemy had constructed upon that almost impregnable position, until finally they stood upon the ancient tomb that Kuropatkin had previously used as an observation post. In their swift movement they caught and took six of the enemy's field guns, and others were hidden by the Russians in the ditches and quagmires.

The 6th Division drove the enemy along the railway for over two miles, back upon Liaoyang, and by 3 a.m. the Japanese were in full possession of the Soushan range and all the laboriously constructed Russian works, and were pushing the enemy back upon Liaoyang. On the morning of September 1, a major of the staff came to the correspondents' quarters and made a speech. After various desultory remarks, he said he would first show us the field hospitals. Perhaps he was right in his naïve way.

We were led through one or two of the rooms of a temporary hospital in a Chinese building within a native compound. There were there for treatment 400 cases, although 200 was the extent of the accommodation for which provision had been made. And more wounded men were still being brought in upon improvised stretchers, whilst others came limping or were carried upon the backs of comrades. I was told by a friend who is an authority, that the medical work of the hospital was smartly and carefully done. Even upon the field with the first dressing every wounded man had a coloured paper tied to his coat or shirt, which at once told whether his was a serious case or not, and further described the character of his injuries. Very rare resort was made to anæsthetics except in dangerous cases, and, as one almost anticipated, the Japanese soldiers bore without a murmur the probe and the cutting and dressing of their wounds. Only once in a while some poor fellow, when the probe went deep, or the lacerated flesh and nerves were being put right, or bone removed, would grind his teeth.

Those who had been attended to were mostly smoking and chatting, a few lay asleep. Major Kunishi, adjutant of his regiment, had been promoted, on reaching the hospital, to be chief of his brigade, all the superior officers having been killed. He had sustained eleven wounds, ten from bullets, and one from a piece of shell. He was smoking

and chatting quite gaily. The Japanese wounded were all, I noticed, as speedily as possible washed and put into clean white hospital clothes. For beds they had, as is the custom in Japan, only straw mats spread upon the floor to lie down upon. From the hospital we went to the big strong fort which is immediately to the south of Soushan, the trenches of which were made by blasting the solid rock. The wreck of war and of defeat had strewn the ground with arms, accoutrements, and dead men. The bodies in some of the angles of this extensive work completely filled the wide, deep trenches. Pools of blood and shreds of clothing showed that the enemy must have carried away many of their wounded and dead before they were driven from the position. An equally large and even more formidable work stood in the plain below, 900 yards to the west, close under Soushan. There I noticed lay the body of a tall, powerfully built Russian of middle age. He had a full, reddish beard tinged with grey. The scant remnants of his clothing indicated that he must have been an officer of rank, and the fine silk underwear confirmed other evidences. He lay in close proximity to a Japanese infantry brigade for two days, until some of us complained, when the body was thereafter buried. Eight hundred yards to the south-east of this work, close to Soushan, rose a conical hill, the whole south face of which was a steep green slope. It was strewn thickly with Japanese

dead. In one cluster lay over 300 bodies. The wide area of the trench upon the summit was full to overflow with sadly mauled dead soldiers. There lay upon a space no larger than Primrose Hill the corpses of a thousand men. In no other work were the trenches so choked with dead. There, too, as elsewhere, the great majority were Japanese soldiers; not more than 25 per cent. of the corpses were Russians.

We witnessed a singular incident upon that same conical hill. A group of officers and soldiers were standing near one of the eastern angles of the trench, most of them were upon the parapet. We were warned to keep clear as there were hidden Russian soldiers shooting from the trench. Two shots went pit-pot, a Japanese officer was wounded, and another was killed. The Japanese soldiers instantly threw sand-bags and stones, and speedily covered the hole from which the shots came. Then began a parley with the prisoners thus fairly trapped, and in instant danger of being suffocated or buried alive. An officer, who spoke Russian, asked them if they wished to surrender, and they at once agreed to do so on the understanding that their lives would be spared. A bag or two of sand was carefully removed, and they were called upon to pass out their rifles and bayonets, one by one. They handed them out in that manner, a Japanese soldier carefully lifting the Russian weapons, and removing them by hooking them on the point of his bayonet.

Seven Russian rifles with bayonets affixed were passed out, then a few more bags were removed, and a stone or two shifted, when out of the hole the first Russian rose. I, with half a dozen others, snap-shotted the man as he came through. He seemed sorely alarmed, blinking in the sunlight and remaining still, until he noticed that everybody was grinning at him, even the Japanese soldiers. Then he relaxed, and brought his legs out, and was led aside. Then, one by one, the rest of the Russians came out, until the whole seven stood together surrounded by their enemies, who good-humouredly looked on. Two of the Russians, I noticed, had been wounded in the face and arms, and were covered with blood. And there were two who wore Red Cross badges upon their arms. Several of them were in a painful state of terror, quaking, and evidently expecting instant death. I fancy the sight of so many foreigners somewhat reassured them. They were thereafter marched away under guard as prisoners of war.

But the conflict was by no means at an end, and the 6th and 4th Divisions that sought to drive the Russians beyond Liaoyang found the enemy had halted behind a further line of entrenchments in front of that town, prepared to again dispute their advance. From the Soushan range to Liaoyang the distance is about five miles. A wide plain intervene, then covered with waving grain, chiefly millet. At the base of the hills, and out



RUSSIAN SURRENDERING. ONE OF SEVEN WHO HID UNDERGROUND IN CAPTURED WORK NEAR  
SOU-SHAN, LIAOYANG.





upon this plain towards Liaoyang, were numerous characteristic Chinese villages. Which the cause, which the effect, I cannot determine; whether it was that Soushan is a holy hill, sheltering two picturesque temples, each hidden in deep kloofs halfway up the mountain, one upon the north, the other upon the south face, or owing to the fertility of the plain, one or other, or both; the fields were thickly studded with hamlets. On account of the severity of the Russian fire, and the advent of a cavalry force on the left west, the Japanese hastily entrenched themselves in the low-lying sodden fields, two miles north of Soushan. But it was late in the afternoon before the enemy gave any sign of renewed enterprise. Kuropatkin must have withdrawn some of his troops who were attacking Kuroki, in order to check the further advance of the Second Army. From the Soushan hills you could see trains coming and going at Liaoyang railway station, and Russian soldiers swarming about the place. Most conspicuous in the landscape was the famous pagoda, with its eleven frills, resembling a huge tree ornamentally clipped. West of the tall tower was the square-walled city of Liaoyang, each face a mile in length. There were four gateways, each in the middle part of the wall, a south, a north, an east, and a west gateway. But the Russians, to afford their troops readier ingress and egress, had made wide breaches in the thick walls, and constructed solid roadways and bridges over the

night of August 31. It was not until late on September 1, that the supplies and baggage-carts, which, as a precaution, had been hurried away to the rear, were brought back to Soushan, and the soldiers received their rations. They had gone without hot food for over two days. That evening the soup and rice and water-kettles were once more set upon the camp-fires. Once more we were led away to native quarters in one of the villages, far in the rear of the centre of the Second Army.

Something must have happened to set Kuropatkin's teeth on edge. Perhaps he had received reinforcements by train, or peremptory instructions by telegraph from St. Petersburg, or both. At any rate, the cannon and rifles had punctuated all the minutes during the night of the 1st, and the morning of the 2nd of September. We hastened to the crest of the Soushan lines, and got a position on Hand Hill, to find that the Russians had not retreated, but were aggressively renewing the contest. Their shells were dropped close to the north foot of Soushan, and they were savagely pounding the sloping crest of the projecting spur-hill, whereon were several batteries, and the left of the 3rd Division lay. It was the hill that the Japanese had occupied after driving the enemy from the Soushan lines when thrusting them back as far as possible upon Liaoyang. It was well that the Japanese had, as usual, taken great pains to secure the ground they had gained along the plain by

making numerous sheltered trenches, rifle-pits, and small emplacements for their field-batteries and 5-in. howitzers. The row of batteries upon the projecting spur they had also had the discretion to protect by earthworks. A regiment of infantry lay about upon the face of the spur, and there were two thin firing lines in the low ground in front. The rest of the men were screened behind the ridge.

A whole brigade lay hid behind Soushan rock, and there were a few battalions at other points along the captured range. With these exceptions, the whole of the Second Army was already in the plain between Soushan and Liaoyang, engaging the enemy. Part of the 6th Division was still out, extended two miles or so west of the railway, trying to edge to the north. The Japanese tactics were a repetition of what they had been on the previous days. They wormed forward through the millet and Kowlang, driving in the Russian outposts and skirmishers; slowly occupying the villages one after another. These hamlets, with their many mud walls, served for screen, for attack, and for defence. And the native houses, the pigs, the poultry, and the vegetable gardens, all suffered because of qualities valuable in time of war.

Most of the dead were still lying about, their arms and accoutrements yet littered the ground; they lay, these gruesome bedraggled corpses, in the villages, in the fields, in all directions, in mud, in

water, in ditches, and upon the tops of the hills. The troops were too busy to assist in the labour of collecting and burying, and the Red Cross and Bearer companies could not find natives enough to collect the bodies. Here and there a few of the dead had been laid together in rows, after the Japanese fashion, in wide shallow pits, and wood and grain-stalks, whenever they could be got, were put under and over the bodies. Then a layer of mould was placed over all. In these lesser pits but one or two score of dead were laid, then fire was set to the stalks, and the heat, acting as a brick-kiln, incinerated the remains, and converted them into ashes, where wood enough had been used. Such were the Japanese funereal pyres; like camp-fires, they lit up the sky by night, and sent up thick columns of smoke by day. I again noticed the presence in the field of Buddhist priests, who went about conducting services over the bodies of their dead countrymen.

No serious infantry attack was attempted by the enemy against either Oku's centre or right. But the 6th Division and the cavalry covering their left were stoutly opposed. I cannot say that I have any great faith in the Japanese troopers, but I have still less in the Cossack horsemen, who, having had as fine chances of striking their enemy as ever offered, appeared utterly incapable of doing the least harm. The Japanese cavalry had been used chiefly as mounted infantry, and at Liaoyang





SECTION OF INTERIOR OF RUSSIAN HILLWORK. HIGH GROUND IS RAMPART.

on this and on the next day they did good service, riding out to the north-west and engaging the Russians west of the railway station. Had Kuropatkin been left undisturbed for another month or six weeks in Liaoyang, he and his engineers would have completed their scheme of defences, which would have made of Soushan and Liaoyang a double line of fortifications, impossible to carry except by regular siege. At Soushan we found stores of barbed wire and great barks of timber and other material laid in readiness for the extension of the carefully designed works. The enemy were turned out whilst putting down another bank of wire entanglements, and a second row of trenches and pitfalls. They were also strengthening their forts, increasing the size of the ditches and parapets, and adding bomb-proofs and shelters for men and guns. At Liaoyang Kuropatkin had two miles or more of portable narrow-gauge De Cauville railway laid into the trenches and redoubts to bring up supplies, ammunition, and food. There were works in the plain along the south and east side of Liaoyang. On the south front, just about a mile and a half from the huge city walls, I saw a great banked fort with massive parapets heaped fourteen feet above the plain. It had huge traverses and bomb-proofs, and was protected by outer trenches and ditches, by wire entanglements, deep pitfalls, and *chevaux de frise*. It was a structure to be rated as a first-class fortress, a work over 150 yards in diameter.



And far upon the hills to the eastward Kuropatkin had built upon every commanding spur redoubts, and scored every hillside with trenches. It was under the cover of all these works he assaulted Kuroki and Nodzu, and by means of them he prevented either Japanese general from rushing down into the plain, cutting the railway, and intercepting his communications with Mukden. Though the walls of Liaoyang are over thirty feet in height and forty feet in thickness at the base, Kuropatkin found it unwise or unnecessary to use them, and had contented himself with his outer defences, and such as could be created close to the Russian-built quarters by the railway station. But the great walls of the city into which he had cut gaps for the freer passage of his troops stood ready to be made use of in case his troops might be driven in confusion from the field. Liaoyang's western wall is about three-quarters of a mile east of the railway station. The town stands upon the south bank of the Taisze-ho river, which bends close to the eastern wall.

About 10 a.m. the Russian gunners began to violently shell Nodzu's forces, and at least 200 of their cannon were directed against the Second Army at the same time. This fierce fire was quickly answered by the Japanese, and a thunderous artillery duel went on, with but brief pauses all day, until it became a matter of surprise how both sides managed to keep up the supplies of ammunition for the guns. The heaped millions of spent rifle cases,

and the scores of thousands of brass quick-firing gun cartridge cases that I saw at the Russian works at Soushan and afterwards at Liaoyang, were another proof that the enemy did not lack, any more than the Japanese, for plenty of ammunition. The Russians tried repeatedly that day to break through Kuroki's and Nodzu's lines. It was their presence upon his flank that Kuropatkin was fiercely seeking to be rid of. The infantry and artillery of the Second Army, however, compelled the attention of their foe. The swept fields, the levelled trees, all cut to give free scope to the play of the enemy's guns and rifles from their works, did not daunt Oku's infantry. His skirmishers and fighting lines kept steadily making headway, getting nearer and nearer to Liaoyang and the strongly held, carefully fortified, positions of the Russians. In quarter column the Japanese infantry, though under shell fire at times, went forward by half battalions to reinforce and extend the firing lines. Their artillery took up new ground section by section, the labour of pulling the guns through the swamped fields and rutted roads being a herculean task. Equally so was the supplying them with ammunition which went on all day and night. The one-horse little ammunition carts went tearing to and fro, often under deadliest fire. Their drivers' hardihood could not be surpassed, the men never spared themselves, but unceasingly did their duty in the business of war. The fight became more stern, and the dead were

multiplied mid the harvest. Oku's troops, by renewed rushes, took villages nearer the enemy, instantly digging themselves in, getting closer and closer, until, by afternoon, they were but 800 or 900 yards from the Liaoyang lines of earthworks. The enemy reinforced their artillery with four batteries of quick-firers, which came into position a little south of the railway station. These, with the fire of the guns from the works, supported the Muscovite infantry, and their machine guns severely racked part of the Japanese front. But there was no giving way, and whilst the hours staggered by small impression appeared to be made by the Japanese upon the enemy's lines. Then Oku or some one ordered an assault, and hasty preparations were made, men and guns being hurriedly massed at the front. But somebody evidently thought better of it, and the troops were ordered to retire to cover, if they were unable to find it where they had advanced. In the meanwhile Kuropatkin kept threatening, striving by repeated spasmodic attacks to penetrate between Kuroki and Nodzu's armies. In that direction the losses of the Russians that day must have exceeded over 10,000 men. The shells from the batteries of Oku set one or two houses near the railway station, and some of the Russian stacks of forage, on fire. A large supply of stores had also been previously set alight two or three miles to the north-west of Liaoyang. Thereafter the fighting slackened, and we were taken back

to a village wherein a number of natives had been killed.

Saturday, September 3, the weather was bright and warm. It was not the heat of the day, for it had been hot on earlier dates, but from national habit, that the Japanese soldiers, who had now a little time to spare, were grouped about the wells and pools of water, carefully tubbing themselves. A number in a state of nudity were even washing their muddied khaki uniforms, which they wrung out and, in many instances, dried upon their bodies. No Japanese, either man or woman, ever goes a day without carefully brushing their teeth. In respect, at any rate, to personal cleanliness, the Japanese Tommies presented the strongest possible contrast to the encamping Russian soldiers.

The cannonading and the rattle of musketry had gone on in an intermittent manner throughout the night. Morning disclosed Oku's lines perceptibly advanced. Certainly very little ground had been gained upon the right, but the trenches had been multiplied until they were in long rows of from three to six, set closely behind each other. During the darkness the scouts and outposts had ventured forward, some fifty, others two hundred yards, and with little campaigners' shovels had made rifle-pits. Every five yards their advance was marked with the corpses of dead comrades. The smoke of trains could be seen to the north of Liaoyang station. One long train of apparently fifty carriages steamed

over the bridge and away towards Mukden. It was said that Kuropatkin had quitted Liaoyang, going north in one of the night trains.

At 10.15 a.m. the Russians, moving from north of the railway station, advanced with a large force of infantry and cavalry towards the south-west. Their strength was about 14,000 men. I saw them marching in solid formation, columns of companies in support of the deployed fighting lines. The attack they were proceeding to make was assisted by a score of batteries, including some big quick-firing guns from the Liaoyang lines. Large as was this display made by the enemy to overwhelm Oku's left, it all collapsed like a house of cards, flared and went like a fired armful of straw. The 6th and part of the 4th Division turned their guns upon this Russian flanking attack, and the rifles of the Japanese infantry burst into that prolonged, sustained, merciless roar heard when the air is loaded with death—an ominous sound heard always in the crucial stages of great battles. Russian officers who fought on horseback sought to breast the leaden storm, beckoning upon their lagging men to come into its vortex. In a second or two at the utmost these braves were struck down, and their riderless horses madly galloped for a little while upon the plain. The Cossack cavalry made a show, wheeling about in mass, but they went scattering under the first thorough sprinkling of Japanese shrapnel, running in all directions like peas thrown upon a marble

floor. A round or two more of shell, and they had disappeared from sight. Within half an hour this Russian attack was disgracefully defeated, and more riderless horses were left wildly scampering to and fro across the fields, until one by one they too dropped under the scathing fire.

After that episode the 6th Division was enabled to move up much closer on the west of the railway. The station came under fire of their guns, and the four 15-centimetre captured Nanshan cannon found the range both of the Russian town and Chinese Liaoyang. One of the sheds to the south of the station took fire. Most probably it was started by the enemy to hide the departure of trains, for locomotives had been seen at the station emitting dense clouds of smoke. At 11 a.m. there was a new development, the enemy firing heavily with all his guns at the spur then occupied by but two batteries and one battalion of the 3rd Division. The Japanese gunners paid no great attention to this demonstration, but went on hammering away at the Russian artillery near the railway station. From Soushan to Liaoyang for hours, for days, the sky had been mottled with the puff balls of white smoke from high exploding shells. The effect resembled the appearance and bursting in mid-air of gigantic "What's o'clock" weeds of the English fields. A lightning-flash of fire, a violent crash, and another puff ball was made, a little sphere of white cloud formed, floating with hundreds more overhead, and

ere it had drifted into nothingness, its place was taken many times over by new-comers.

The fires round the station rapidly increased, for at 11.35 a.m. I counted six large conflagrations. Some were, no doubt, started by the Russians, who had numerous stacks of grain, provisions, ammunition, military equipment, lumber, etc., at Liaoyang. In the glare of full day, near the station, long tongues of red flame leaped high above the house-tops, spouting through dense volumes of thick, black smoke. Farther east rose a peculiar dense yellow smoke. Acres upon acres were given over to the flames. It looked like preparation for evacuation. At noon the action occasionally lulled, but it would ever and again break out with renewed fury, always running from east to west. One hour later, three battalions of Russians made a feeble demonstration towards the north-west, to check the too intrusive 6th Division from reaching the railway. New fires broke out among the warehouses, the goods sheds, workshops, and barracks in the Russian town. The enemy's artillery fire upon the centre of the Second Army dwindled, and a little after two o'clock nearly all their batteries were silent. But the rifle fire was brisk, and for half an hour it ran peltingly and savagely along our front. The Russians tried to repress the restless Japanese, who were pushing them back inch by inch from 3 to 6 p.m.; but the relentless push, push process went on. The Japanese on the right (the east) got round the



LIANYANG PAGODA; SUPPLIES ON FIRE.





enemy's Liaoyang defences and forced him to relax his direct attacks upon Nodzu. Upon our left (the west) the 6th and 4th Divisions had advanced quite close to the railway station. Here and there the Russians had taken shelter and were firing from the houses. Some of the buildings were shelled and wrecked, others set on fire. But in reality very little damage was done to the dwellings in the brick-built Russian town, and proportionately much less in the walled Chinese city. Down among the millet, upon General Oku's front, three quarters of a mile behind the firing lines, the Japanese displayed Red-Cross flags from six-feet-high poles. They were always stuck alongside one of their national flags, and were not easily distinguishable from each other. Shells fell beside these field-dressing stations. I was not surprised thereat, for the flags were not easily seen even from the Japanese side, and must have been all but invisible through the smoke from the Russian point of view. Time passed quickly, though even an onlooker was sorely conscious that the hours were heavily weighted with deadly issues, and fatigue came as a growing burden upon mind and body. The signs all were that Kuropatkin had shot his bolt, so by sunset the Japanese troops once more went forward, ranged in many lines to carry the last of the enemy's works, and Liaoyang itself, by a night assault. All Oku's guns started fiercely, administering the final blows. Russian batteries that had in the afternoon come out and taken

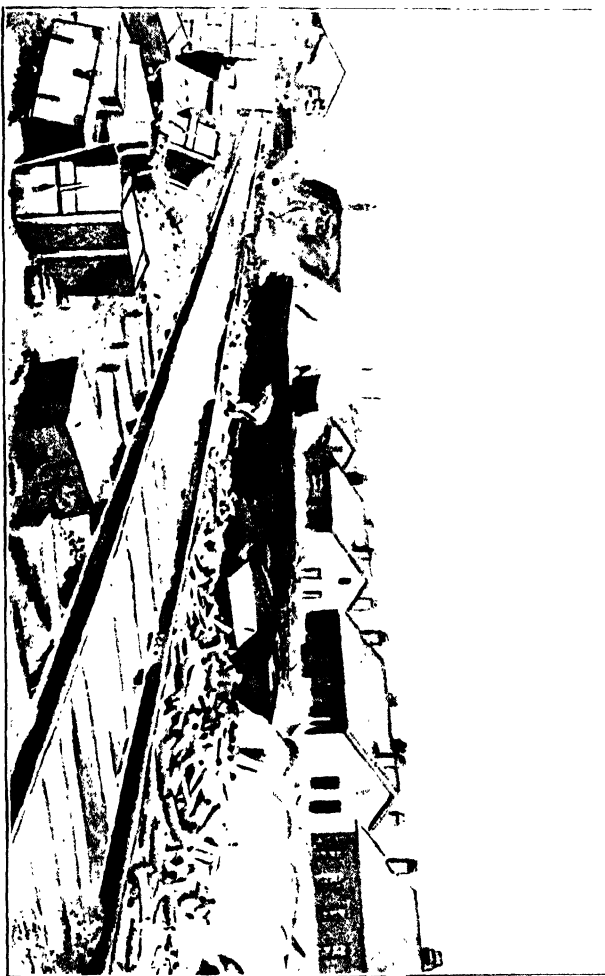
position half a mile south of the station, again began firing with their fiercest fury. That possibly may have helped to delay the assault until nightfall, and saved the defeated enemy from more serious losses. At 7 p.m. the Japanese began to make their sudden, never-turn-back rushes upon the Russian works. The lurid glare of the widespread conflagrations gave the Japanese more than all the light they needed. For a time the flames were of clear advantage to the stormers. With wild "Banzais" the Japanese infantry ran in, carrying the main lines of trenches, whilst the 4th and 6th Divisions seized the buildings by the railway station. Indeed, some of the outlying dwellings to the west of the railway had fallen into their possession before sunset. The Russian rearguard were terribly handled, driven from pillar to post, their retreat suddenly menaced, whilst resistless numbers of Japanese kept recklessly dashing at the front. By 8 p.m. the Japanese were in possession of the whole of the Russian town, the station, and everything west of Liaoyang walls. Shortly afterwards the 3rd Division, having quite turned the great fortification on the south-east outside of Liaoyang, forced the Russians to retire with their men and guns. The enemy's last battery fell back through the south gate within the city walls. From that portal and hard thereby on either side the Russians had maintained a show of resistance, barely enough to enable them to secure the passage of their retreating columns across the four

or five pontoon bridges that spanned the Taitsze river, which runs upon the north-east close to the town wall. The woodwork of the railway bridge Kuropatkin had ordered to be burnt, and it was set on fire when the last train passed across. But the bridge was not permanently injured. In truth, for some reason of their own, the Russians had wrought no serious injury to any of the bridges, and very little damage of any substantial kind to the Manchurian railway. By 10 p.m., even earlier, a few of the Japanese had got through the gaps into Liaoyang, and began fighting with their enemy in the streets. There were still two Russian batteries near the south gateway, and there were numbers of Cossacks, who had lost their places in the ranks, engaged in plundering the Chinese houses and shops. The main body of the enemy's rearguard, however, was drawn up by this time without the eastern wall, which they held with a few skirmishers whilst the rest were hurrying across the pontoon bridges to the north of the Taitsze, the tributary of the Hunho, which, in its turn, is a feeder of the great Liao river. Very shortly after ten o'clock the Japanese forced their way through the gates, and stormed in battalions into the Chinese town. The Russian batteries escaped, but hundreds of the infantry, who, thinking the town was to be held for at least another day, had wandered idly, losing their way in the spacious unlit city. Nimble as cats, the Japanese got upon the northern and eastern

walls, hastening the flight of the enemy across the river. They failed, however, to capture any of the pontoon bridges, the Russians succeeding in destroying these, cutting many of the boats adrift. In the swollen state of the river, then, as the Thames at London Bridge running in full flood, the craft were carried out of reach. To escape, Russian soldiers left behind plunged into the river to swim to the north bank, but the majority failed to get across. The Japanese speedily seized all the gates and began hunting for those of the enemy left in Liaoyang. Some of them resisted to the death, and heavy crashing volleys of musketry resounded in the streets and narrow dirty lanes of Liaoyang throughout the whole long night. I heard them through the hours, and I heard them still in the morning of September 4, and the volleys were frequent and severe until nine in the morning. Nor did the sound cease at that hour, but continued intermittently until 10 a.m. of September 4. The official statement made to us on the morning of the 4th was, "that by the help of artillery since yesterday our infantry gradually approached the enemy's forts, and began to storm them from 7 p.m. last night, and completed their task this morning at 12.30 a.m. A number of Russians lost their way within the Chinese city, and they attempted to carry on a resistance from house to house." But, as I have said, the noise of the volley firing of the Japanese troops who were in Liaoyang shows that

the rifle shooting did not cease until ten o'clock. Nor do I admit that all the firing was by the Japanese from the walls at the retreating Russians across the rivers. Thus was Liaoyang taken, and many Russian bodies were to be seen lying in the mud and the shallow moats and ditches. There were Cossack corpses lying upon the edges of the bridges and the river-banks. It is a grim, sad story, with which I am glad to have finished. The enemy destroyed by fire at one time, by the station, over six batteries of ammunition-waggons. Besides this, they burnt tens of thousands of sacks of grain, a small part of which the Chinese attempted to salve by theft. Much ammunition, clothes, and other stores were also deliberately burned. They left behind miles of De Cauville railway, including hundreds of trucks and other stores of great value. There was certainly a month's provision left intact for the whole Japanese army. During September 3 the Cossacks took free licence and robbed the Chinese stores right and left, but they did not invade many of the native dwellings. Oku's troops took possession of the railway bridge, and soon got the burning woodwork cleared away, and sent a detachment across upon the ironwork to the north bank. These troops, with a few others, followed the retreating Russians about four miles. But a heavy fog had come up with the dawn on September 4, and it hung upon the lowlands until after ten in the morning. The fog, no doubt, checked

any attempt at a vigorous pursuit, and gave the enemy time to pull themselves together. A gun or two was fired during the night and after the enemy got across the river, but no reply could be got, and thus the Japanese entered into possession of Liaoyang. Kuroki and Nodzu were at once ordered by Marshal Oyama to draw in towards the Second Army. For the first time in the campaign the Japanese soldiers broke loose and commenced looting the town. It was not quite a sack, but many mad, bad things were done by the men who had thrown off the restraint of discipline. The total casualties of the three Japanese armies must have been over 60,000 men in the week's fighting. I do not over-estimate when I put, from direct personal observation, Oku's losses at 30,000 men, of whom a large percentage died upon the field. The total Russian losses, killed, wounded, and prisoners, were probably not more than 35,000 of all ranks.



NEAR RAILWAY STATION, LAOS, ANG.





## CHAPTER XXI

WITH KUROKI—LIAOYANG FROM WITHIN—A CRITICISM  
AND A FORECAST

A COLLEAGUE, Mr. R. J. MacHugh, who was attached to General Kuroki's force, furnished this independent narrative, detailing their share in the great battle of Liaoyang. Writing from there on September 5, he said: "The battle practically commenced on August 25, when we marched from Tensuiten. On that day our left division was already in action, and the following morning the right and centre divisions came in contact with the enemy. The country in which the operations took place was of a most difficult description, consisting of steep hills, with deep, narrow valleys and much wood. Our front was a great semicircle, extending for nearly fifteen miles. The point attacked by the centre division, which I accompanied, was Hun-sa-lin. The rival armies faced each other across a narrow, deep valley of hills, so steep that only mountain guns could be employed. The Japanese troops pushed forward rapidly, taking splendid advantage of the cover,

and they finally got within range of the crest held by the Russians. Here for a long time it was impossible to advance, as the enemy commanded the slopes leading to the summit, but after immense difficulty a battery was placed on a point whence it could shell the crest, and the Russians soon were obliged to evacuate their position.

“Considerable loss was sustained by the central Japanese division in this attack on the crest, and that night and the following the sky was illumined by cremation fires in the valley below. Meanwhile, our other two divisions had been fighting hard. The right division carried the position assigned to it by a night attack with the bayonet, but the left division was held fast for two days, till the advance of the other divisions compelled the enemy to retire towards Anping. The object of our advance was to seize the right bank of the Tang-ho river and compel the Russians to retire on Liaoyang, where it was hoped we should be able to prevent their escape.

“On the evening of August 28 the first part of this programme had been successfully carried out, and Anping was in the possession of General Kuroki. The Russians made a very poor stand on the heights beyond the Tai-tse-ho. At Anping extensive trenches had been dug on the cliffs overlooking the river opposite and above the town, but the first few shells from the Japanese batteries sent the enemy [Cossack.—B.B.] flying. I was amazed to

see the officers leading the way in this headlong fight across the hill and down into the valley behind. The officers could easily be distinguished in the forefront of the crowd of fugitives. There was not much fighting, except by our left division, on August 29 and 30, the time being spent in gradually drawing closer the cordon around Liaoyang. To General Kuroki's army was assigned the task of holding the east and north-east side, while the other two armies attacked from the south and west.

"Like a great bow, the Japanese troops drew around the doomed town, and on the morning of August 30 all was in readiness for the great assault on the concentrated Russian forces assembled under the personal command of General Kuropatkin. At dawn the guns burst forth, and until the sun went down the thunder of over 500 pieces of artillery never ceased. It was one of the greatest artillery duels in history. The Russian guns stretched in an immense semicircle from west to north-east, and were faced at every point by those of the Japanese. As one gazed down from the mountain every plain seemed vomiting smoke, and throughout the long summer day the white soft vapour, the flame, and the shriek of bursting shrapnel never ceased for a moment, and although the fleecy puffs of shrapnel smoke looked harmless enough, every one was darting death to the combatants in this battle of heroes. In some places the Russians had three tiers of guns, many of them guns of position, ranged against

the Japanese field-guns. Indeed, it was a gunners' day *par excellence*. When night fell neither side had gained or lost an inch of ground. Darkness did not put an end to the struggle, and long after night had fallen the gunners fired at the enemy, the flashes lighting up the midnight sky like crimson lightning. Morning brought a renewal of the conflict, but its fierceness did not nearly equal that of the previous day, and the relative positions were again unchanged when the sun went down. Meanwhile, the army which I accompanied began a great turning movement against the Russian left, intended to cut off its retreat towards the north. All night long troops streamed away to the north-east, and, crossing the River Tai-tse-ho on pontoons, threw themselves against the left flank of the enemy. General Kuropatkin had apparently expected this move, for General Kuroki found his divisions faced by a largely superior force. But the Japanese went boldly forward, and had wrested a wide tract of country from the enemy before sundown.

"The key of the Russian position was a low, round hill, named Hai-yen-tai, and its grassy slopes were destined to be the scene of the bloodiest encounter of the war. The hill was shelled fiercely during a whole day. The Russian batteries replied, but their fire was ill-directed, and did very little damage. The success of General Kuroki's flank movement depended on the possession of Hai-yen-tai, and the general resolved on a night attack to

secure it. In the early hours of September 2 our centre division advanced, and carried it at the point of the bayonet after a sanguinary struggle. When morning came it was the turn of the Russians to shell the hill, and for hours a perfect hail of shrapnel raked its naked slopes. But the Japanese held grimly on to them, as their enemy had done on the previous day, despite heavy losses. With the night both sides resolved on night attacks—the Japanese to capture a Russian battery that had annoyed them so much during the day, the Russians to regain possession of the bloody slopes of Hai-yen-tai. Neither desperate venture was destined to succeed. The Russians, in the darkness of the night, threw themselves with reckless bravery against the slopes of the hill, but were met with a courage just as devoted. The enemy almost gained the summit, but were swept away again and again by the Japanese bayonets and bullets, till they at last gave up the struggle and retired with appalling losses. About the same time the Japanese attacked the Russian battery, but the Russians had arranged electrical devices which gave them the exact position of the assaulters, and the brave Japanese were mowed down in swathes. One battalion was practically annihilated. It cannot be written that the Japanese assault was repulsed, for the men died in heaps in front of the Russian guns. Morning came and found both sides in the positions they occupied at sunset, but hundreds of gallant men were lying

stiff and stark on the blood-stained sides of Hai-yen-tai and before the Russian battery. On our right there was better success, and the Japanese gained possession of Five Head Hill, and also a hill at the coal mines. For another day the Japanese holding Hai-yen-tai were subjected to a terrible punishment from the Russian batteries, but they stuck to the hill, with its sides absolutely littered with dead and dying men.

"In the mean time the Japanese armies on the other side of Liaoyang had gained ground, as you will hear from another source, and the Russian position there was becoming untenable. General Kuropatkin began his retreat towards Mukden. We strove hard to push forward to the railway to cut him off, but the force on our front had been strengthened, and the attempt was rendered impossible. [Kuroki, in short, had been beleaguered, and had as much as he could do to repel Russian counter-attacks.—B.B.] It was not until the evening of September 4 that the enemy began to retire, and General Kuroki's troops and baggage moved towards the north. I visited Hai-yen-tai as I went forward with the troops, and a more terrible sight was never witnessed. Hundreds of dead lay unburied, and the green slopes were so covered with blood-pools that it was almost impossible to walk without stepping in them. The whole hill was littered with broken weapons and articles of clothing and equipment belonging to both armies. Grimmiest of all

were the hundreds of broken and twisted bayonets, all blood-stained, that lay about in heaps. If any lesson were wanted on the horrors of war, the hill of Hai-yen-tai more than supplied it to the full. The ownership of those few hundred yards of green hillside cost in killed and wounded nearly 3,000 men. Taken as a whole, the battle of Liaoyang must rank as one of the bloodiest and hardest fought in history. It required six days of the most desperate warfare to oust the Russians from their positions. To-day the contest was still going on, making, with the preliminary battles since August, twelve days of incessant conflict, fought with the grimmest and most determined courage.

“No attempt has yet been made to compute the losses, but the total for the twelve days must amount to 40,000 or 50,000 men killed and wounded, counting both sides. This great battle has ended in a victory for Japan, but the success is not so complete as it would have been if the bold and daring attempt by General Kuroki's army against the enemy's left had been attended with better results. The Japanese plan of attack was to throw two of their armies against the enemy's right and centre, and one against his left. But the strength in which General Kuropatkin met the latter part of the plan rendered it hopeless for General Kuroki to hope to succeed in this bold and well-planned attack on the enemy's line of retreat. And so it happened that the Russians were able



to retire in good order on their base further north."

The following notes were read to me by Dr. A. Macdonald Westwater, at Liaoyang, on September 7, 1904 :—

"*August 27.*—Mr. McCormick, a correspondent who had just returned from the fight to the east against Nodzu, said the Japanese had been beaten.

"*August 28.*—Continued heavy firing. Big guns to-day from the direction of the Saho river. Japanese shells falling over the east part of Soushan and to the south of Soushan. Left flank of the 10th corps. Russians gave way, which, I was told, caused the retreat of their right centre. It was said this was the 6th, not the 10th Russian corps. Up till August 28 the Russian troops did not come into the town and could not be seen from Liaoyang. On August 29, Monday, which I call the first day of the Liaoyang battle, there was big gun and rifle firing from the Japanese, who were reported to be at Lungfungling, a pass to the south-east. Fighting went on all day, and when upon the wall I saw shells bursting this side of Soushan.

"*August 30.*—Very heavy firing began before daylight, both the Russians and Japanese were fighting, and the cannonade was all along the Soushan range of hills, many of the Japanese shells bursting far on the north side of them. We had 150 men, women, and children, who had flocked into the refuge I had opened. Of these eleven

women, seven children, and two men, who were wounded, were moved into a house by themselves. The result of the day's fighting is supposed to be that the Japanese have advanced a little, occupying Kaofunton village.

*"August 31.*—Rifles began firing as early as four in the morning, the cannonading at 4.45 a.m., but it was not so heavy as yesterday. Heavy firing recommenced about 4 p.m., shells falling in clouds all along the ridge east of Soushan. Shells were also dropping on Soushan itself during the forenoon. The Chinese said that the Japanese were in Hunniyi. On the west, the movement of the Japanese was developing, they were coming nearer. During the night of the 31st there was a most furious rifle-fire. At daybreak, September 1, all was quiet. The Russians had been going out of town all night, crossing the railway bridge. The correspondent, Mr. A. F. Cullough, said that the Japanese had been repulsed. In the afternoon, while on the north-west corner of the wall, I saw the Japanese shelling the railway station.

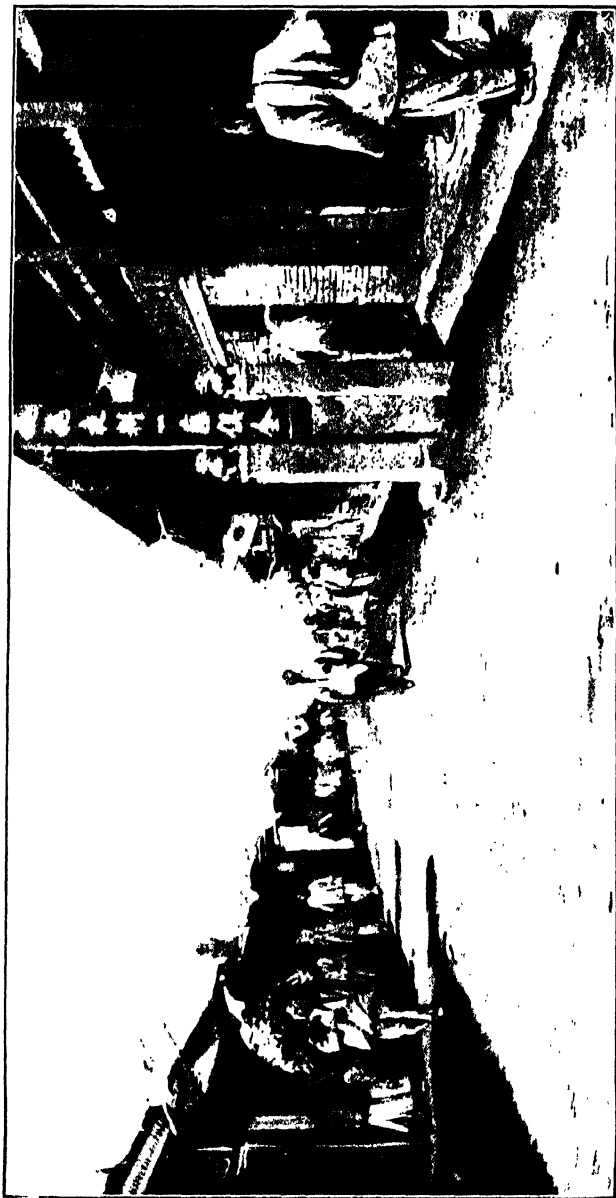
*"September 1.*—The Russian batteries got badly hurt, the Japanese shells raking their whole line. It was completely silenced for a time, but later on they began again; very many artillery-men must have been killed. The shelling went on in the west all evening. At 9.30 p.m. I heard cheering, then shell-firing suddenly ceased.

*"September 2.*—Heavy rifle-firing took place

during the night, and began again at daylight, the Japanese shelling us from the west of Soushan. Their shrapnel burst well out on the plain. Later, the Japanese were shelling the whole plain between the station and Soushan, shells bursting even in Liaoyang. Rode to the refuge; got the women and children put in our bomb-proof shelter. Artillery duel all afternoon. After dark, the fiercest rifle-fire yet heard came from the south-west. I heard the Russian carts galloping past the north wall to escape from danger.

*"September 3.*—In the morning the Russians were still holding the city, but they had been driven close in, especially on the south side, where they were standing by the walls. Very heavy cannon-ading all day; many shells falling in the city about the main street, directly over the south gate, which the Russians are defending. The west part of the town also suffered severely. Three shells fell in my refuge, where there were so many people. One burst in the outer court, scattering fragments and bullets, which passed through the doors and windows and embedded in the walls. No one was hurt. A second shell fell on the stone pavement, fragments flying in all directions, and again no one was hurt. A third came in through the roof of the building, where there were nearly 100 women and children, smashed up a number of tiles, and lodged in the inner roof by a ledge and beam, and providentially did not explode. The rooms have all been marked





STREET, TIENTSIN. SEPTEMBER 4TH 1900. JAPANESE LEADS TO WELCOME THE VICTORS.

[*To face p. 363.*]

with bullets as well as pieces of shell. The Chinese wounded came in in great numbers, and I had to find more accommodation. Several rifle attacks were made during the course of the afternoon. After dark, expecting the usual night attack, we slept in the bomb-proof, and did not hear a sound. About daylight I was told the Japanese were in the city. As I went out in the morning to visit the hospital and the Chinese officials, I was met by a squad of Japanese soldiers, who covered me with their rifles. I told them I was an Englishman and a doctor. One of the number spoke to me, and then they let me go. Many more wounded came in, keeping me busy for hours giving them first aid. The looting of the town had begun on Monday by the soldiers. The Russians behaved remarkably well, even the Chinese venturing to bully them. The natives got lots of money from them. In the villages the Russians, however, stole and outraged women. When the Japanese came in there was a great deal of petty pilfering. When I returned from the hospital to my compound, I was told that there were two Japanese in the place. I ordered them to the gate and followed them, whereupon one of the soldiers lunged at me, thrusting his sword through the lappel of my coat, and cutting me slightly on the neck; then he cut me across the hand with the weapon. I turned to pick up a stick to defend myself, when they both clambered over the wall and escaped. The Russians had about

250 guns. About eight to sixteen trains came into Liaoyang a day, each of them drawing many coaches. The Russians had plenty of food in town outside of the walls, their soldiers had very little indeed—sometimes nothing; but they never grumbled, though they were without food occasionally for nearly two days. The men are splendid material; the fault lies with their officers. The Japanese look with two eyes—one one way, and one another—at everything. The contrast is very great between them and their foes. The Japanese are clean and smart, and very small; the Russians usually big, slovenly, and overloaded with equipment. Many Russian soldiers had to have their uniforms made in Liaoyang. Their officers wore pongee silk and lilac-coloured drill material for trousers. They seemed to have plenty of money, and spent it recklessly."

In turning over my notes and recollections of the great struggle between the Japanese and Russians at Liaoyang, I become more and more impressed with the weary grimness of that prolonged contest. If we accept the heroic devotion, the ready self-sacrifice of their lives by the Japanese officers and men, and how much of that was due to the terror and spirit of feudal overlordship and race hatred, none may gauge, where were the compensations for all the straining of thews and the bloodshed? A battle lasting over a week, fought as Tybalt fenced by the book, and rather poorly at

that, needs lightening by some of the redeeming features of "glorious war" to be delivered from the category of downright insensate butchery. The victors should bring home substantial trophies, guns, prisoners, a province, or the enemy so humbled that he must needs sue for peace. What of all this was there in Liaoyang. A disaster but escaped, heaps of wreckage, and a Chinese town, the natives of which were none too friendly. For two days, September 4 and 5, Liaoyang was given over to sack to the Japanese soldiers. Yet, under all the circumstances, I do declare that, so far as I know, the pillage was of a relatively mild kind. Shops were broken open, ransacked, and stripped. Private houses were invaded, but that may sometimes have been to search for Russians. Of the grosser outrages of sacking, I heard little upon any good authority. And let it not be forgotten that numbers of the Chinese engaged in looting, stealing without discrimination from each other, and from the abandoned Russian stores. Loud complaints were made. On September 6 the Japanese headquarters cleared the city of all stragglers, sending the men back to their regiments. Some of Nodzu's army were amongst those sent to receive fitting punishment.

Guards were put at the gates, and wide breaches made in the walls by the Russians to facilitate the going to and fro of their troops. I spent two days in going carefully over the Russian works around Liaoyang, and in exploring the city, when order was



restored, and it is creditable to think how quickly that was done, and the town assumed another and not its normal aspect during the enemy's occupation. Under Japanese military directions gangs of natives were set to work to clean the streets, to repair the roadways, and to enforce an incomprehensible thing upon the Chinese, viz. strict sanitation. Their houses were visited, and they were compelled to scrupulously clean them, removing all dirt. Public conveniences were appointed, and any one caught committing a nuisance in the streets, or throwing rubbish of any kind down, was severely punished. The last regulations on behalf of civic sanitation nearly broke many of the natives' hearts. What could they do? Well, they wept; those who know China will comprehend. Were there ever such marvellous field-works as those constructed by the Russians? Even the foreign military engineers, like the rest of us, expressed their unbounded surprise and admiration. Those big defences, detached fortresses, capable of fighting on all sides, surrounded by wire entanglements, and 40 ft. wide, and in double rows 10 ft. deep, pitfalls so laboriously constructed! The great piles of used cartridges, waggon-loads of them, showed the fury of the enemy's fire from cannon, machine-guns, and rifles. There were all the means to have helped to command victory; but the men who had the handling of the tools, unlike the Japanese, were not inspired by patriotic fervour and race

antagonism to do things that needs be added to make the perfect fighting man, if not the best soldier.

General Kuroki was brought to within five miles of Liaoyang, and he, with a few of the 6th Division, sent detachments after the enemy, pressing the Russians back in a mild manner nearly twenty miles. This enabled Marshal Oyama not only to secure the Yentai coal mines, but to clear the neighbourhood of the Liaoyang-Wiju road, the undisputed possession of which was of vital consequence to his plan of campaign. The Japanese had at last an opportunity to afford their troops some needed rest; the delay also served for bringing up reinforcements and stores, and for a general reorganization. Once more the officers and men had leisure to bath, to clean and wash every stitch of their clothes, even unto the cotton gaiters and spare sets of sandals. There were a dozen or more of Russian dead floating about near the bridge close to the city. The bodies were not brought ashore, but with long poles were pushed out of the way to drift to the other side. In my rambles I saw that the De Cauville railway trucks bore the manufacturer's name, "Arthur Keppel, Berlin." I called upon Dr. A. Macdonald Westwater, of the Presbyterian Church Mission, a man, as I learned from others, in a million, brave as a lion, who went about alone, regardless of shell-fire and bullets, succouring the wounded and doing good. He opened a refuge for the starving, homeless fugitives,

giving shelter to seven hundred men, women, and children. That was the least part of his work. He had, in addition to other charges, a hospital, where, on September 8, there were about 400 wounded natives—men, women, and even little children. He had no assistant; his only helpers a few Chinese, who served as nurses. There were on September 7 many serious cases in this free hospital—little children 'who had limbs shattered by shells, and women and men who had not escaped similar calamity. Children were born to wounded mothers in their dire extremity, in the thickly packed rooms of the native dwellings converted into hospitals. There and elsewhere huddled all the wrecks of siege. Yet the people were wondrously quiet and patient. I saw the doctor just after he had completed seven amputations, and a score more of cases remained to be dealt with. I have elsewhere borrowed from his diary, but there was no mention therein of the details of his work, in the hospital or the refuge, and it would demand far more space than I can give to do either justice.

From the massive walls of Liaoyang a good view is obtained of the surrounding country. I clambered up into the lofty coign and stood upon a shrine set upon the broad top of the wall from which Dr. Westwater was wont to watch events and report progress to his distracted patients and friends. And to think that 1200 years ago, more or less, the Koreans, then a warlike race, had

conquered Manchuria, held Liaoyang, and actually built that great wall! They also it was who constructed the ancient defences of Haicheng. How the mighty have fallen! for there is no more sturdy craven or abject coward than the average Korean of to-day. Great fires of burning stores were still glowing masses of white heat on the afternoon of September 8. I left Liaoyang and Oku's army to ride down to Yinkow, otherwise European Newchang. On the way down, near Anshanshan, a violent hail- and thunder-storm came on. Pieces of clear ice, varying from the size of a boy's marble to a hen's egg, came pelting down as I have seen happen in Natal. The streams thereafter ran for a while like rivers. But this is a small matter, as is my subsequent journey to Shanghaikwan, Tsientsin, Chefoo, and Tokyo. I left, as nearly all the correspondents did, not merely to get off my messages, but because the Japanese had studiously prevented us from the discharge of what I conceived to be my duty: to be allowed to see their actual manner of conducting warfare, to watch and to follow the more immediate personal side of the conflict. Officially, they sought to restrict us to a mere panoramic view of a battle through long-range field-glasses and telescopes, six miles from the firing lines: of no more service to getting at the real inside of war than studying it from battle-pictures in the art galleries. And they threatened us with the gendarmes in case of further disregard of their

restrictions. There was one, an elderly officer, who thought that the prescribed Japanese method of keeping correspondents and attachés so far away from the firing lines could not, and should not, be reasonably objected to, not even by allies who had come there as their country's representatives to perfect themselves in the profession of arms. And Japan's allies might be called upon to fight side by side with her soldiers! Such was not my opinion, nor was it, I am glad to say, that of the other military attachés, foreign or British, the majority of whom had on many occasions made request at headquarters to be permitted closer acquaintance with the conduct of the campaign.

Every vehicle that could be found was sent up to Liaoyang to carry back the wounded. Hundreds of railway waggons, man-hauled by Chinese with ropes, took away thousands of disabled soldiers. And only the worst cases were put in the trucks; those who could limp had to walk back to Haicheng, or get a lift as best they could in returning empty transport cars. Japanese who lost arms or limbs died in large numbers. At Shanghaikwan railway station there was an incongruous spectacle, a reminder of the Boxer troubles—British, American, German, French, Chinese (and even Hunhutses), with often side by side Russian and Japanese troops. The two latter did not speak or smile upon each other.

On my way again through Japan I passed many

train-loads of soldiers going to join their country's forces in the field. At every station there were local crowds waving flags, shouting "Banzais" to the departing heroes. The new men included old reservists and rawish recruits. They were all in good humour with themselves, and were waving tiny Japanese flags from the carriage windows. Whenever their trains stopped they were regaled with sweets, beer, and foodstuffs. And there was another treat—a novelty in Japan—provided. Lads, dressed up much as some rural and seaside bandmen are in England, were ranged upon the platform to play the old and fledgling heroes in and out. The repertory of these bands was more circumscribed than their instruments, and much less colourless than their uniforms. In most cases it comprised half a dozen of tin whistles, a wheezy concertina, and an accordion or two, and a big drum more or less. At another place they reversed that order of things, and had six drums and three whistles. But they always played something that was breezy and loud, if not harmonious, and everybody cheered, shouting "Banzai, Nippon." And "Banzai, Nippon" means to be musical too, all veneered and up-to-date. But why be thus captious; have I not heard in Ireland, at Orange celebrations, six drums obligato making a deuce of a row, with one poor flute solo? And the Irish drums were as big as a steamer's paddle-wheel, and so filling and boisterous that you could not think, much less speak. Often have I

pondered that the only possible excuse for these frenzied outbursts was that King James, whom the Irish call by an opprobrious name, got a tremendous basting at the Boyne. At Osaka two trains met, one full of soldiers going to the front, the other with wounded men proceeding to the Tokyo hospitals. The cheering was reserved for those going to the war. Ever the same, better the living dog than the dead lion ; but no, there were doctors and quiet Japanese nurses there in waiting, attending the poor fellows, who, at any rate, were back in Japan and would again see their homes. I hope they did not feel slighted, those devoted braves. There were about 50,000 sick and wounded soldiers in the Tokyo hospitals alone, and very large numbers of these were suffering from that curious malady, beri-beri, which was wofully rife in the Japanese armies. Probably over 40,000 had been invalided home from that disease. Whether it is caused by eating so much dried fish, a portion of which is often impure, or cold rice, doctors disagree.

The Japanese hurried reinforcements up to Liaoyang, for to ensure the safety of the Liaoyang-Wiju road it was necessary to hold Mukden. The narrow-gauge railway from the Yalu to Liaoyang was to be finished before winter. From Liaoyang to Mukden is about forty miles. Over Port Arthur the Japanese had blundered in more ways than the world yet knows of. I never doubted but that it would fall ; but there were mishaps to their arms

by land and sea kept from the world as well as from their ally. Why did Togo let the *Tsarevitch* escape and the rest of the Port Arthur fleet drop back, one by one, into harbour between dawn and dark? And why did Admiral Kawimura not make an end of the Vladivostok squadron—the *Gromoboi* and *Russia*—but left them to find their way home, when he could have sunk them with his superior fleet? These and other matters need plain answers. As allies, it is better that we should know quickly than be sorry later on, and for years. Here is a little story not necessarily in this connection. The loss of the *Hitachi-maru* was a sore blow to Japan, for the steamer was filled with the biggest and the best siege guns in the country. There was also an armoured train aboard and other appliances intended to be used against Port Arthur; besides, there were a number of troops on the steamer, including a specially trained body of men to assist in the demolition of that fortress. The Russians got news through Fusan that the *Hitachi* and *Sado-maru* would leave on a certain day for the Japanese naval rendezvous. Acting thereon, the Vladivostok fleet comes down and sinks the *Hitachi*, and nearly does the same by the *Sado-maru*. Now mark the sequel. The Japanese made search to find out who had blabbed, and ultimately traced it to a high official in Tokyo, one holding sea rank and engaged in the admiralty. A Russian cheque for a large sum was traced into his hands. He was confronted



with it and his receipt signature thereon. Then he was led into a secluded room, where a number of his fellow-officers had gathered. They stripped him naked, spat upon him, and kicked him to death. It reads like a romance, but there is more than a vein of truth in the tale, and it was vouched for to me by one who knew the circumstances surrounding the affair.

I wrote last September from Tokyo—

“This year the Japanese should go on winning all along the line. What may happen in 1905 is another pair of shoes, or Russian boots. To succeed, the Muscovites will have to change their whole strategic cockleshell policy of withdrawals. As to their swamping Japan with myriads of soldiers, that is bunkum. With a population of nearly fifty millions, their present fervour, their warlike spirit, Russia, in or out of Manchuria, can do nothing of the kind. The Japanese are neither slack nor idle. They, too, are drilling men night and day, and have certainly a few millions to spare to convert into soldiers. Besides, they can move their men far more quickly, guns and equipment, to any place in Manchuria or Korea than the Russians can. And the Japanese have far better facilities for keeping their armies supplied in the field. Again, what of Russia's chances of ever successfully invading Japan? Than Japan, with its countless hills and endless rice-fields, there are few lands more easy of defence. And the Japanese are neglecting no precautions;

all the boys go to school, and there they are daily drilled how to march and how to handle a rifle. Is there not an object-lesson here for us in the public State-aided schools of the United Kingdom? I have so contended for years. The defence of the State is for the life of the State. The matter of its prosperity is but the possible measure of the people's happiness. So it comes to this, that as long as the money lasts, if Russia puts half a million men into Manchuria, Japan can at all times increase her strength there to 600,000 or 800,000 soldiers. The possession of the sea-power is the key of the situation."

## CHAPTER XXII

THE BATTLE OF THE SHAHO—DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS  
—SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR—TREMENDOUS STRUGGLE  
—CAPTURE OF THE FORTRESS

THERE were two other great battles which I shall treat at much less length, for, being fought under conditions much similar to those at Liaoyang, they were as like as one man in general is to another, differing only in particulars. The Russians who fled from Liaoyang expected to be eaten up on the way to Mukden, to which at first they appeared to be bent on retreating. Their rear-guard toiled lugubriously through mired roads and fields, ready at any moment to bolt, and leave the artillery and even their rifles, so completely were they disorganized. But the Japanese pursuit was very slack, and their attacks were of the feeblest description. Indeed, before the Russians, moving along two roads, reached the Yentai coal-mines, twenty miles to the northward, Kuropatkin was able to pull them together and order a halt. Guns and equipment discarded on the way were recovered, and the defeated Russian columns were reformed and placed





NO. 1. TOWN GUARD, PORT ARTHUR (VOLUNTEERS), GOING ON DUTY.  
 NO. 2. INTERIOR FORT, PORT ARTHUR. GENERAL KONDRACHENKA INSPECTING.

in position behind the lines of the Shaho—a stream which runs from east to west, bisecting the roads and the railway some twenty miles south of Mukden. Being there allowed to rest unmolested for a time, they strengthened their lines, and, receiving considerable reinforcements from Russia, recovered their spirits and actually grew bumptious. On the Japanese side, Marshal Oyama, with the deliberateness of his race, sat down before Liaoyang, and discussed and prepared plans for further operations against their enemy. He also had much to do. Stores and equipments had to be replenished, the wounded and sick removed from the front, and the three armies reinforced before they could safely venture to carry the strong Russian positions along the Shaho. Silently, as usual, but effectively, the Japanese set to work, and were in a state of thorough preparation long before their antagonists. A month and more passed, during which there were but the usual outpost bickerings and petty skirmishes. At length, on October 9, the Russians, buoyed with hope at the evident disinclination of the Japanese to provoke a general engagement, having crossed the Shaho, moved forward towards Yentai. Their cavalry had scouted down the Liao river from Sinmintun, threatening the Japanese communications, and columns of Cossacks had moved among the western hills, appearing and disappearing before the First Army (Kuroki's). The Japanese forces remained in much the same disposition as before,

reading from left to right, Oku's, Nodzu's, and Kuroki's columns were ranged. Their front was, however, more extended, covering an area of fully thirty miles.

Coming forward in much strength on this as on former occasions, Kuropatkin's attacks were of too tentative a kind, for he held back two or three corps in Mukden. Nevertheless, the Russians drove in the Japanese outposts. But they were not uniformly successful even in that, for, attacking one of Kuroki's positions, near Pensihu, though in strength, they were unable to dislodge those veterans. But they were able to seize and occupy a 300-foot high hill situated three miles north-east of Yentai. This placed them in possession of all the rising ground within the area over which General Oku was operating. The commander of the Second Army ordered an attack, and the position was carried after a weak resistance by its defenders. The harvest of kowlang (millet) had been reaped or lost, leaving the country bare, for the fields are there both treeless and hedgeless. Nodzu's troops afterwards advanced and became engaged. The frost-bound earth and the crisp air rang with the tumult of war. The Japanese made great use of their batteries, which had been strengthened in numbers and in weight of metal. Villages were carried one by one, as before, up to Lamootung, the apex of the triangle formed by the Russian right and centre. The soldiers, who were

now wearing their blue winter kit, had donned over their coats a kind of corselet made of sheepskin, with the hide outermost, which, on the wintry plain, served to hide them even better than khaki. The Japanese make wonderfully good paper. It is practically a fabric, and among the uses to which they put it, besides towels and handkerchiefs, is for wearing apparel. They have undershirts, vests, comforters, and overcoats of oiled paper, which are comfortable and light, and yet keep the wearer very warm. Lamootung village was shaken by the Japanese artillery worse than if it had been thrown about by an earthquake, and in a short time the place fell into the hands of their infantry.

The position of affairs was to be reversed, and the Japanese, who had let the Russians come on, became the attackers. Kuroki was enabled on the 10th to retake several of the hills upon his front. The Russian cavalry made a dash for the highland near Kuolien-chai, and a struggle in which the sword was used occurred, but the Russians were beaten off, leaving a number of their dead upon the field. Nodzu pushed forward against Yu-li-tai-tsu successfully, but was unable to capture that place before sunset. The left of the Second Army (Oku's) reached Hochitun, and their garrison in Hsienchang drove off the Russians to the northeast. The tables were indeed turned, and Kuropatkin's troops were forced to suffer a defeat in some senses more disastrous than that at Liaoyang, for



they lost many guns and had heavier casualties than the Japanese. But, like its predecessor referred to, the struggle was continued over several days. On the 11th the action raged in front of the First Army from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon, infantry and cavalry being engaged. During that contest five flanking battalions of Russians made a desperate assault upon the Japanese as far south as the Taiszeho. After a fierce struggle they were repulsed, but the fight continued in other portions of the field against the Second Army, who were being very hard beset. The centre and the left armies of the Japanese were, however, able to continue their offensive movements, and they slowly rolled back their enemy, threatening in turn his right flank. Nodzu, attacked at midnight on the 11th, drove the Russians from his front, and finally succeeded in capturing several field-guns and a number of waggons. General Oku was still being opposed most stubbornly, and he found great difficulty in closing in upon the Russians in his front, who occupied remarkably well-defended positions. But eventually he found a way, and, with a rush in the afternoon, turned their position, capturing over eight guns, a prisoner or two, and some stores, hurling the Russians in confusion to the north. But hammer-and-tongs the fighting continued, for the Russians, though driven back, fought with unusual desperation, determined not to accept defeat. They were pressed

by the converging Japanese armies back beyond the Shiliho, which they had crossed, up to the banks of the Shaho. It was reported that Kuropatkin had 200,000 infantry, 26,000 cavalry, and 950 guns, a huge force not easily to be rapidly disposed of in such a country by deliberate Japanese methods. Struggling inch by inch to retrieve their lost ground, the Russians, making night assaults, persisted with the contest. General Oku had a corps of European troops in his front, whom he found very unwilling to accept defeat. On the 15th a strong force of Russians, led by General Sakharoff, tried to regain two villages upon the north back of the Shaho. The centre of their objective was Linshinpo, an excellent position strongly held by the Japanese. Advancing against this with a tremendous force, the Russians carried the hill, bayoneting the Japanese in their trenches, and capturing eleven field and one machine-gun. Thereafter a prolonged struggle ensued for the recovery of the lost position. The hill was taken and retaken several times. In the end the Japanese, as before, owed much, if not most, of their successes to their gunners, the dreadful and destructive fire of their artillery being found by their enemy to be unsupportable. The Russians were driven off, out-fought, out-flanked, and thrust in disorder back towards that broad river, the Hunho, which runs close to the south of Mukden. It was a defeat, for the Russians thereat lost over 50,000 men, including

nearly 10,000 slain and hundreds of prisoners. A crossing of the Shaho was subsequently effected, the Japanese capturing about sixty guns. What followed, either in the way of combat or otherwise, was of little importance beyond this factor: that the Russians had been forced back upon their defences covering that important city Mukden, the Manchurian capital, which the one side set themselves to retain if possible, and the other with equal, if not higher, determination to capture. There were mosquito attacks of a kind afterward, but the two armies, shaking themselves to rights, snuggled down as best they could into winter quarters, for the rigours of a Manchurian winter were not to be trifled with. It was not, indeed, till after the fall of Port Arthur, and spring had come to abate the rigour of the Siberian winter solstice, that Mukden was battled for and won.

There were those who asserted that the Shaho, after ten days' fighting, was only an indecisive battle, that both sides had fought themselves to a standstill, and each suffered so severely that they had halted, facing each other in their original positions upon opposite sides of the river. Be that as it may, subsequent details pointed to the result as a Japanese victory, and that the total casualties of the Russians were over 60,000, including 12,000 killed. The "returned" Japanese losses were 8,300 killed, 26,000 wounded, and 31 guns taken and 56 damaged. It was subsequently stated that Oyama

had buried 13,333 Russian dead, taken 709 prisoners and 45 guns. That the Russians could not have been so utterly demoralized as Tokyo reports made out, was shown in a measure by the fact that quite early in November they commenced re-attacking the Japanese. On the 8th of that month they advanced against Lamutu, where there was a musketry action, which ended in the repulse of the Muscovites, subsequently nothing much more serious than reconnaissances occurred. The two armies lay in trenches, 700 yards apart, inactive. Kuropatkin received a useful addition to his artillery in the shape of a number of 6-in. howitzers, but the Japanese, with customary adroitness, secretly reinforced their artillery, bringing up many additional and some very heavy guns.

#### STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR.

. . That tremendous struggle, with its successes, its failures, and the final capture of the fortress, attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. To recapitulate briefly. The Japanese entered Dalny on May 29. On June 1 troops were landed in Kerr Bay which had been specially detailed to assist in the conduct of the siege. General Nogi, who commanded the besieging forces, known sometimes as the Third Army, had three divisions, and subsequently four. These were the 1st, 7th, 9th, and 11th Divisions of infantry. In addition, there

was a small cavalry force and large bodies of garrison and siege artillerymen, engineers, and many special bodies of troops, such as pioneers and "stormers," of whom it was said they had volunteered to sacrifice their lives to effect the capture of Port Arthur, and were ready for any desperate enterprise. At first the Russians held positions along the high, broken ground of the Liaotashan, eighteen miles to the north-east of Port Arthur, upon a line drawn from sea to sea. By the middle of June Talien-Wan Bay had been practically cleared of submarine mines, and this excellent harbourage was used for the debarkation of troops and stores not only to be employed against Port Arthur, but, as previously intimated, to supply General Oku and General Nodzu's armies in Manchuria. The left wing of the Japanese forces, that lying nearest Dalny, was ordered to clear the Russians off their lofty observation posts upon the hills. One of these positions, Waitonshan, was attacked on June, 26, and captured at nine o'clock in the morning. An assault was also made upon the position at Shaoping, which was not, at first, so successful, for several Russian cruisers and gunboats venturing out of Port Arthur bombarded the Japanese flank and foiled the enterprise. However, the Japanese fleet came to the rescue and drove the Russian ships away. Thereafter, the attack at Shaoping Hill was resumed; but the Russians fought with the utmost hardihood, standing their ground, and

making good use of their artillery and rifles. Mines were exploded in the face of the assaulting troops, who found bayonet met by bayonet charge, and they were driven back after a loss of 150 men. On another part of the field the Japanese were more successful, for they carried Kenshan at half-past five in the afternoon, whereupon the Russians fell back two miles to another position. Meanwhile the siege artillery was being landed, and the Japanese troops were digging themselves into the works planned to enclose the lower part of the Liaotung Peninsula.

The Russians strove hard to prevent their enemy thrusting them back within the enceinte of the Port Arthur works. On July 5 General Stossel sent out a division to endeavour to recapture Kenshan. They came on boldly to within 800 yards of that hill, and attacked with considerable resolution. The Japanese were able to maintain their ground, and the assault was repulsed, but the Russians renewed the attack after dark. A company of Muscovites, greatly daring, gained the top of the hill. The Japanese, who had not completed their defensive works, there being much blasting necessary, hid behind the rocks, and fought with desperation to retain the position. Unable to get close so as to use the bayonet, the situation being one where rifles were at a disadvantage, the combatants in their fury hurled stones over the walls at each other. The Japanese, with great pertinacity, clung to the position, and in the

end defeated and drove off the Russian company from the summit, but other troops arriving to assist the assaulting column, the fight was continued. The besiegers were unable to lend their comrades that direct assistance they stood in need of, but guns had been hurried into position, and a heavy and destructive fire was opened upon the Russians, which in a short time compelled them to withdraw. The Russian losses were nearly 1,000 killed and wounded; the Japanese casualties, as reported, about one-half of that number. It was not until July 5, after two days' almost continuous fighting, that the Russians fell back, occupying strongly entrenched lines ten miles from where the action had been fought. They ran from Shangtaikon on the west coast, thirteen miles from Port Arthur, to Laotzioshan, eight miles from Port Arthur on the east coast. There were skirmishes almost daily, and towards the end of July engagements of more importance.

On July 26 the Japanese advanced in three columns. The weather was favourable for the movement, with fog and rain. Their object was to move along the railway to secure stations towards Port Arthur. The railway runs from Dalny to the north for a few miles, then makes a semicircle, curving sharply round and going along the west coast, running thence down to the south into Port Arthur. With customary courage and dash, the Japanese assaulted the Russian positions covering the line. Their infantry had come out unattended









W.E.B.



A.L.H. Fecit

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- ROAD
- SEARCHLIGHTS.
- RUSSIAN TRENCHES.
- BATTERIES.
- REPOUTES & FORTS
- SUNKEN JAPANESE SHIPS.
- RUSSIAN MEN OF WAR.
- JAPANESE TRENCHES
- BATTERIES
- WIRES
- RUSSIAN
- ELECTRIC MINES
- HOSPITALS SHUT ON BY JAPS.
- BURIED RUSSIANS.
- SPOT WHERE GEN STROESSER WAS WOUNDED.
- STROESSER'S HOUSE UNTIL AUGUST.
- from AUGUST to the END
- SPOT WHERE GEN KONOPATSKY WAS BURIED WITH 8 OFFICERS KILLED IN THE SECOND FORT.
- RIVERS.



by artillery, it being the intention of their commander to carry the positions entirely with the use of the rifle, with bullet and bayonet. But their attacks, though repeated and persistent, though carried out in the light of day and during the night, alike failed. On the morning of the 27th the Japanese, probably thinking better of it, called in the aid of their artillery, who directed their pieces against Ogekisnan, a strongly held precipitous hill. The cannonade, it was thought, had cleared the ground and prepared the way, but the assaulting columns were again baffled, the Russians clinging to the hill. That same night, however, a brilliant attack was made upon the enemy's right, and partly succeeded. On the morning of the 28th, the Russians, finding the position untenable, escaped down the coast in junks. In the three days' fighting the Japanese, as stated, lost about 500 men. The Russians had now retired upon Takushan and Fengh-wanshan, six miles north of Port Arthur. The Japanese had managed to gain Changlingtzu railway station, and Hoitun, on the east coast. At daybreak, on July 30, the Russian outposts were surprised in their new position, and hurriedly retired within their permanent fortifications, leaving their rifles and camp equipment behind. This series of engagements at that time, and subsequently, were known as the Green Hill Fights. The description and names of the principal Russian works can be better comprehended by reference to the annexed map.

To describe the siege and fall of Port Arthur in measure commensurate with its importance would demand a volume, nay, several, devoted solely to that subject. When Admiral Togo succeeded in securing the sea-power for Japan, and could assure its retention, Port Arthur was doomed. The capture of Nanshan and the seizing of the neck of the promontory but put the seal on the matter. Therefore, as in war, before all else, delays are dangerous. General Nogi was set the task, with his army, of hastening the capture of that fortress, which eventually, with the command of the sea and the holding of the Nanshan lines, must, in the end, have been yielded to the Japanese. So here I will do no more than outline the course of events that led to the surrender of the great Russian fortress.

The Russians speedily discovered, as their comrades had done elsewhere, that the Japanese artillery was all powerful and far superior to their own. Their works were shaken and torn by the bursting of shells fired by heavy ordnance, and slopes were harrowed and trenches "hailed" upon by fierce and prolonged showers of iron and lead. Yet the Russians made a dogged resistance, and had it not been for the death of the real leader and hero of the siege, General Kondrachenko, there is no doubt the struggle would have been prolonged for at least two months longer than it was, and that by the time the place had been gained, little would have

been left of the massive fortifications but ruins. The besiegers tried to effect the capture of the place on several occasions by a *coup de main*. They burst into the town along the railway and were repulsed with great slaughter. On another occasion, finding a way in over the hills from Takushan by the Chinese roads, they attempted by a surprise and rush to secure the heavy works defending the eastern slopes. Again they were repelled. More than once they made ferocious onslaughts *en masse* on the west side from the direction of Louisa Bay. There the assaulting columns met with like disaster, and thousands of lives were thrown away upon the slopes of the detached works from Sueshi lunettes to the famous 203 Metre Hill. Every device known to modern gunners and military engineers was attempted—on the one side to carry the works, on the other to defeat the assailants. Mines, high explosives, detonating shells, setting free asphyxiating gas grenades, and even apparatus for forcing poisonous air into the caponieres under the fortresses were employed. As a matter of fact, the Russians, before the declaration of war, had but finished one of the six or seven planned permanent works of the fortress, and at the close of the siege only six of them had in reality been completed. The other works, spoken of as forts, redoubts, lunettes, and what-not, were but temporary field works, but these often, as I have elsewhere indicated, when made by Russian hands, are more

like what other military nations consider to be permanent structures.

The redoubtable Russian fortress held out until the last day of December, 1904, or, rather, the 1st of January, 1905 ; but for days previously preparations, which could only have been conducted with that eventuality in view, were made to remove important papers and to destroy vessels and materials which otherwise must have become "spoils of the victors." During the long months of the siege there were many furious and protracted bombardments of the forts and the fortress by land and by sea. There were attacks and counter-attacks, forlorn hopes, assaults, and heroic sorties. Not since the Siege of Troy has there been such another story to tell, of brave encounter, of marvellous heroic deeds. And not in the pages of history, or in the affairs of the world, has there ever been conducted, upon so colossal a scale, any such siege, where the newest and most wonderful engines devised and directed by all that the human mind has yet achieved in knowledge and science were combined and employed in the deviltry of destruction of life. It might have been, had the Japanese not feared the chance of the Russian fleet putting to sea from Port Arthur and working them incredible injury, that the siege would have taken another course, and the dreadful sacrifice of life caused by the continued assaults to capture the place been happily averted. In that event Port Arthur would have had to be starved out, and such

might and could have been the case had the Japanese rightly gauged the worthlessness of the Russian Navy shut up in Port Arthur.

In August a brigade of the 1st Division sought to capture 174 Metre Hill. This was one of those detached field- or out-works situated a little to the south-east of one of the bights in Louisa Bay. Behind it, at some distance, rose the great heights of Liaotushan, the highest ground in the peninsula. The Russians never completely fortified that admirable position, which, in reality, dominated the whole of Port Arthur, and would have afforded the besiegers a line of defence with a front less than one-third of that which they had to make use of in order to cover the harbour; but the harbour and the ships should have needed no defence, for the latter should have gone to sea, and never returned until they were in sufficient force to renew the battle for the supremacy of the sea. A battery of 8-in. howitzers was landing shell after shell into the Keekwan forts, and other gunners were paying attention to the Itzushan fortress, whilst a brigade of the 11th Division was also menacing the south-eastern defences. The Keekwans being upon the high ground—indeed, the Keekwan itself, for there were many of them—occupied the dominating crest on the south-eastern side of the great fortress. These demonstrations were to attract attention from the movement against 174 Metre Hill. There the infantry on the morning of the 19th, emerging from



concealment, dashed up the slopes towards the trenches and redoubt that crowned them. They gained the shoulder of the ridge before the enemy began volley-firing at them from the foothills to the south-east from Itzushan and 203 Metre Hill, and the gunners joined in. The rifle-fire soon dwindled, for the destroying shrapnel hurled the Japanese infantry back, and those left alive strove to escape, running down the hill pell-mell. The Japanese opened a fearful cannonade, pounding the Russian works all along the front, and dropping shell after shell into the Panlungs—semi-permanent works that stand between Erhlun, which is close to the railway, and the Keekwans, further to the east. But the Japanese persisted and re-attacked “174” again and again, and at noon, after a casualty list of some 2,000, the place fell into their hands. It was no great gain, except that it cleared the way to further operations against 203 Metre Hill, and enabled a flanking fire to be thrown into Itzushan. The interest shifted to the Panlungs, where the 9th Division began a zigzag advance, moving up to storm a lunette. But the Japanese were unable to hold their ground, and had to retire. As usual, they renewed the attack, seeking to capture the works by a night assault, but in this they were also repulsed. They, however, contrived to send parties of men into Sueishiyu village, a portion of which they managed to retain. Down by the Keekwans the men of the 9th and 11th Divisions

fought all night, and the roar of guns and the rattle of musketry went on for days, at the end of which, baffled, they retired, not a substantial inch of ground having been gained.

Truly, the efforts of the Japanese to force an entrance into the works were magnificent. Fighting went on very savagely on August 23 ; men, unable to use the rifle and bayonet, grappled with each other, and struggled for mastery to the death. Russians and Japanese meeting face to face used the bayonet astraddle over dead comrades, and fell dead together. By night as by day the savage conflict raged, attacks and counter-attacks, the artillery roaring and rending like a hurricane tearing through a forest. Search-lights and star-shells lit up the landscape, serving to make the scene more ghastly. The 7th Regiment, which had run in and then, turning back, strove to carry one of the Keekwans from the rear, had a terrible experience. The

- Russians, who were extremely adroit in the use of machine-guns and flanking fire, smote them right and left, and all that escaped out of that magnificent body of men were 208 rank and file and six officers. The survivors were those who had managed to secure an outwork called the East Panlung. The fighting continued on the 24th, the Russians firing from many of their batteries, the Japanese replying from their whole siege train. The total casualties in those dire conflicts up to August 19 were over 15,000 ; probably, indeed, double that number. For

a time thereafter there was comparative quiet, but the parallels were hurried nearer and nearer the forts, new batteries were added to the investing force, among them a whole train of huge 11-in. howitzers, throwing 500-lb. shells.

On September 17 a second assault was projected. It was planned against Itzushan fort, but, like the previous attack, or rather attacks, it was successfully resisted. However, there remained in the besiegers' hands two small field redoubts, one in front of Erhlung and the other before Sueishiyu. An advance was also made upon 174 Metre Hill, which was taken; but the famous 203 Metre Hill, though attacked again and again, remained with the Russians. 203 Metre Hill was a much-desired acquisition, not only because it would have enabled the Japanese to bring a flanking fire upon Itzushan and other works, but standing at the head of a depression, from its summit the whole of the harbour and the basin lay exposed to view. From there, when the place was subsequently captured, after enormous losses to the Japanese, they directed the fire of their guns, which destroyed the Russian fleet, and brought about the surrender. In October the howitzers, having been placed in position, opened fire. The result of their huge shells upon the Russian works and the morale of the besieged was instant and effective. The Russians replied for a time with all their guns, seeking to find the howitzer batteries, and threw numbers of 10-in. shells at

the Japanese. The besiegers, advancing along the railway, seized a bridge, which brought them close up to the West Ehrlungs. On the 13th the 11-in. howitzers gave a taste of all their metal to the different batteries, including those on Golden Hill and the Sungshu. Three days later they hurtled their enormous shells into the East Keekwan, and the Russians had again to accept challenge to an artillery duel, the result of which went ill with them. Subsequently there were numerous small attacks apart from the customary daily sniping and nightly sorties, and at the end of October the third grand assault was attempted. The besiegers' parallels were carried up to within 150 yards of East Keekwan and East Panlung. An attempt was made to carry an outwork on that series known as "P" Fort.

The Japanese in the siege operations became possessed of two ideas—one, and it was that which eventually succeeded, was to carry 203 Metre Hill, and the detached works in that vicinity, and from there enfilade the more formidable defences on the east side of the railway. The other notion was to break through near East Keekwan, seize, if possible, fortress Wantai, and from there attack and smash in detail the enemy's works. Siege was closely laid to the Keekwans, and big mines were sprung to wreck the glacis and fill in the ditches; but, notwithstanding the continuous desperate efforts that were made to oust them, the Russians

contrived to retain the enceinte almost unbroken. Here and there the Japanese gained some little advantage, capturing outlying lunettes, as the water-works of Ehrlung, Kuropatkin's fort, and other detached structures; but these small successes only enabled them to sit down a little nearer to the great works, one or other of which it was necessary to capture to gain an effective lodgment. Behind the Keekwans, from Liaolitchi to Ehrlung, there ran a thick Chinese wall which connected the line of works, and served admirably as a covered way for the secure going to and fro of the garrisons. The Japanese made preparations for another great attack. They tubbed and put on clean clothes, furbished up their arms and accoutrements, so that, as they said, "We Japanese who fight like gentlemen, if we die, we desire to be found like gentlemen upon the field." But did not the ancient Greeks and the Sikhs of to-day do the same?

On October 26 the besiegers' artillery got to work at earliest dawn. They began by pounding Ehrlung, but, as day warmed, the cannonade swept further east, and the battery of East Keekwan was set ablaze. The duel of the gunners became intense, and special attention was again devoted to East Ehrlung. The Japanese infantry were waiting in parallels scarce forty yards from the enemy's trenches. The Russians felt the effects of the terrible fire directed against them, and their replies lacked concentration and effectiveness. In the late

afternoon the Japanese batteries began firing shrapnel, and the instant that the air was filled with shrieking, hissing shot and shell, the Mikado's infantrymen leaped from the parallels and ran forward into the enemy's trenches. A Japanese flag or two was waved, and, quick as thought, hundreds rushed forward. Dividing into three groups, having seized the Russian outwork, they started with entrenching tools to dig themselves in; but the Russians had shrapnel, which they now turned on rapidly, and, with accurate salvoes, the Japanese were swept from the glacis, but they stuck to their work in their new trench. Mines were sprung upon them, and men were thrown, dismembered, skyward, falling amid the *débris* of rocks and timber. The Russians fought gallantly and stubbornly, and thrice before dawn, with mad ferocity, strove to recover their lost trench. By sheer weight they sought to drive back the Japanese with the bayonet, but though in that corner the Japanese lost six officers and over 300 men, they held their ground.

The numerous attempts made to capture 203 Metre Hill led to more serious disaster to the Japanese armies than any other attacks made upon the Port Arthur forts. It is true that attacks made upon the Keekwans were again and again repulsed, and one of these was of a very sanguinary character, but taken altogether, 203 Metre Hill stands out conspicuous as the scene of the fiercest concentrated

assault and the bloodiest repulse sustained by the Japanese troops. These attempts to storm were often continued day and night without intermission for nearly a week. It should be borne in mind that the main works were protected, not only by trenches and glacis, but by deep and wide ditches resembling ancient moats. Indeed, some of these ditches, though not those of 203 Metre Hill, were over forty feet in depth and the same in width, and were defended by tunnelled ways called caponieres. Sapping and mining had to be resorted to, and when it is stated that all the works were built upon rocky hills, the toil involved, and the time required for such operations, it will be realized, were considerable. No. 203 Metre Hill was not carried until the beginning of December, after a prolonged series of most bloody assaults. The fortunes of the fight swung from side to side, the Russians making herculean efforts to hold the ground. A naval brigade was among its defenders. Worn out, overwhelmed by numbers, they had eventually to succumb, and 203 Metre Hill passed into the hands of the Japanese. The rest is soon told, the 11-in. shells were directed to point after point in the defences. No bomb-proof could withstand the fearful fire of the great 500-lb. missiles. General Kondrachenko was killed whilst sitting at a council of war within one of the works. The tunnelling up to the East Keekwan was completed and the great mine was fired, and that work, like the Panlungs,

fell into Japanese hands. On December 29, General Stossel convened a naval and military council of war. It was attended by twenty-two officers, of whom nineteen declared for continuing the struggle. Three days later, in the afternoon of January 1, General Stossel, who had often vaunted that they would fight to the last man and the last cartridge, declared for surrender, and sent out an intimation to that effect to the Japanese commander, General Nogi. The latter is a grizzled, grim soldier, with a strikingly resolute face. Indeed, he is a man whom having seen you would ask, as I did at a review, "Who is that? Surely that is one of your great generals?" And I was told that my guess was right, and that the man was none other than Nogi, the stern fighter, who was the hero in the capture of Port Arthur from the Chinese. It is not given to every one like him to twice capture a great fortress, first from one nation and then from another.

• It was asserted that the real reason for the surrender was want of a sufficient supply of ammunition for the heavier guns, that they had an abundance of food-stuffs, and a force of about 9,000 men remained fit for duty, though the Russians contended that but 5,000 could be depended upon to man the works, which covered a front of many miles.

General Stossel with his chief of staff, General Reiss, were conveyed from Port Arthur *via* Japan, thence on board a French liner they returned to



Europe, the former to be called upon later to explain the reasons for the surrender. Neither are now quite so certain that they acted wisely in making surrender, admitting it had been better to struggle to the end. It was about the same date that the Japanese troops, under Nogi, held a parade and review and made a formal entry into Port Arthur.

A summary of the divisions and the work they did during the siege may be found convenient. Nogi's First Army mustered about 105,000 men. The 1st Division, with which was associated two independent reserve brigades from the Kobe district, was commanded by General Matsumura, who took it over from Prince Fushimi after Nanshan. They were assigned a position near Pigeon Bay, and had to assist in clearing the Metre detached hill ranges. They shared the disastrous repulse sustained by the 9th and 11th Divisions, and in September were engaged in the unlucky attempts against, among other places, 203 Metre Hill. It was the Kobe reserve, assisted by the 15th Regiment, that were driven out after having nearly captured the whole of Metre Hill, through the concentrated fire of the ships, forts, and field-guns. They also were engaged in the eventful capture of that dominant position. The 7th Division, commanded by General Osaka, arrived as raw soldiers from Japan, and were in action within twenty-four hours after they reached the scene. They also were engaged upon the

Japanese right. The 9th Division under Lieutenant General Baron Oshima held a central position near the railway, and in front of the Panlungs. It was detachments of that force that made an attack upon East Keekwan from the interior. Oshima's division had much hard and almost continual fighting from the earliest days until the close of the siege. The 11th Division under General Tsuchaya, who, after being wounded, was succeeded by General Samegimi, held the left of the lines facing the main Keekwan forts. They also suffered, having heavy losses.

From the Japanese official despatches it seemed that their total captures at Port Arthur were—

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Admirals . . . . .   | 4      |
| Generals . . . . .   | 8      |
| Colonels and majors . . . . .                                      | 57     |
| Captains and commanders . . . . .                                  | 199    |
| Junior officers . . . . .  | 731    |
| • Military officials . . . . .                                     | 99     |
| Surgeons . . . . .   | 109    |
| Chaplains . . . . .  | 20     |
| Soldiers, including 15,000 to 16,000<br>sick and wounded . . . . . | 22,434 |
| Sailors, forming part of a naval<br>brigade . . . . .              | 4,500  |
| Non-combatants . . . . .   | 4,125  |
| With 1907 horses.  |        |

The garrison were formally made prisoners on

January 4. The captives included men from various rifle regiments, reserve conscripts, artillery, sailors, engineers, telegraphists, etc., and gendarmes, besides three judges and two clerks.

Amongst various articles surrendered were 59 forts and works, 54 guns of large calibre, 149 guns of medium calibre, and 343 of small calibre, making a total of 546 guns. The number of shells—nearly all below 6 in. in diameter—found was 82,670. There were 60 torpedoes and about 30 tons of gunpowder, over 35,000 rifles and 2½ million rounds of small-arms ammunition; 290 ammunition-waggon, 14 search-lights; and damaged and sunk 5 battle-ships, 2 cruisers, 14 gun-boats and destroyers, 10 steamers, and 8 launches.

The capitulation compact arranged for the surrender of the whole place with all its belongings to the Japanese, together with lists and descriptions of the persons, forts, and material. Russian officers were to be permitted to carry their swords and take away private property directly necessary for the maintenance of life, and officers, officials, and volunteers, who had signed a written parole not to take arms until after the close of the war, were to be permitted to return forthwith to their own country.

## CHAPTER XXIII

STORIES OF PORT ARTHUR—GRENADES AND SORTIES—  
203 METRE HILL—RUSSIAN OFFICER'S STORY OF  
THE SIEGE—AN HEROIC CHEF—*BATTERIE DE  
CUISINE*.

PORT ARTHUR looms so much in the contest for the Empire of the East that I find I cannot quickly dismiss its story. The struggles around Ehlungshan, the Keekwans, and 203 Metre Hill were so fierce and prolonged, and exhibited so much of the frenzy of sustained human passion, that the tale of them will grow in interest and live down the ages wherein history is read. When the saps got so near that the Russians and Japanese could plainly hear each other in the opposing works, they were wont to exchange soldier talk and badinage. The grenade took the place of the rifle, for no man dared lift his head to shoot. The Russians were the first to introduce the throwing of these deadly hand-bombs into the saps and trenches. With that light-heartedness, that careless disregard of life which comes often from over-trained muscle and mental fibre, from weariness with danger, to soldiers, the Russians

would jovially arrange together to deliver salvoes of grenades. "Ready," "1," "2," "3," some one would whisper; then up would start to their feet half a dozen tall fellows, exposing their bodies as they swung in concert their arms, hurling six bombs amongst the Japanese. Nightly, daring officers, sword and revolver in hand, used to lead out parties of forty to sixty desperate men, and desperate men are armed at all points against all things. These bands were wont to steal across the intervening ground when their scouts, having thrown grenades into the Japanese works, would leap in, and with pistol, sword, and bayonet set to work. These "forlorn hopes" came to be much feared, as their mission apparently was to be killed as much as to kill; and their enemy shirked too close contact. The little men repeatedly ran from their saps and trenches when these ferocious attacks were made, and more than once big reinforcements had to be brought up before the lost works were recovered. The bolting of the Japanese in this fashion was partly stopped by their officers shooting down all who ran or tried to seek safety by falling back upon the interior lines.

General Kondrachenko, who was as bold as a lion, and an expert in military devices, introduced the use of the deadly grenade to his men. He was the real hero of Port Arthur, the soul of its defence. Admired and respected by his fellow-officers, he was worshipped by the men. With that ill-luck

which has befallen Russia on many occasions, Kon-drachenko was killed by the chance explosion of an 11-in. shell on December 16, within the north fort near East Keekwan. He had gone into a bomb-proof to hold council with a number of his brother officers, and was so engaged when one of the ponderous missiles, striking a coping near the end of the work, exploded, and the blast went forward into the caponiere, killing the majority of those inside. It is said that amongst those blown to pieces on that occasion was a woman, the wife of an officer, who had been permitted, because of her personal daring and courage, to share the fortunes of the detachment holding the north fort.

So destructive was the effect of the grenades which came to be used in large numbers by both sides, that a large percentage of the casualties at the assaults were caused by these missiles.

All around 203 Metre Hill, and upon the slopes of Erhlungshan and the Keekwans, where so often the Japanese had been foiled in their furious assaults, the ground was covered with corpses which had been fearfully mutilated, as much by grenades as by shell fire.

For days, for weeks, the slain in thousands had been left unburied, so near together were the opposing forces and so perilous the situation. It was a sorrowful, a gruesome spectacle, to see the broken, dismembered bodies of Russians and Japanese lying out upon the bare slopes, locked, frozen together, in a common heap.

The attacks towards the end of November and in December were precipitated by superior orders from headquarters, the instructions being that matters were assuming such an aspect that every nerve must be strained at once, so that at least the Russian Fleet within Port Arthur could be taken or destroyed. Generals Kodama and Fukushima, of Oyama's headquarters' staff, visited Port Arthur at that period to hasten and infuse further vigour into the operations. The senior military attaché, Sir William Nicholson, was with them, and was permitted to witness the attack, a privilege that was denied to correspondents. But the correspondents on more than one occasion had their privileges much curtailed by the Japanese leaders.

After another general assault on 203 Metre Hill, the Japanese so furiously bombarded the place that they destroyed all the cannon, leaving the defenders but half a dozen or so of machine-guns in working order. Most energetically, by parallels, by sap, the besiegers dug nearer to the Russian works, in one corner up to within fifty yards, in another to within 150 yards. They protected themselves in their trenches by dug-outs or bomb-proofs, and got ready. Metre Hill 203, is one of the highest peaks in the tumbled foot range north-west of Pigeon Bay. It is twin-topped, sloping away to the north-west, but ere descending to the plain shoots up into another knoll a couple of hundred feet less in height.

For the great assault which began on November

27 the Japanese brought up reinforcements drawn from a neighbouring division. A heavy mist that day hung over the hills and completely shut out the view until night, when the phosphorous star-shells lit up the darkness and outlined the hill. Soon the rattle of musketry and the chortling sound of the machine-guns denoted that the subtle hidden night attack was sprung. Throughout the long hours until dawn, with unabating fury, the strife continued. The first bayonet rush had carried the crest, but the Russians quickly reinforced, reformed, and returned to the attack. There was cruel bayoneting and grenade throwing, ending in the Japanese being forced to retire out of their trenches and relinquish their hold on the position. Undismayed by the awful carnage, two fresh regiments of the left division stormed the hill at half-past eight in the morning, and gained a corner of the trenches. The Russian batteries of the western forts, watchful and ready to assist, rapidly hurled hundreds of shells amongst the stormers, forcing them to withdraw; but ten minutes later the same men reinforced re-stormed the hill, only to be again driven back by the deadly fire of the Russian forts. There was a wait to draw breath and reorganize. At four in the afternoon another assaulting column stormed forward. They had to cross a glacia already corpse strewn, becoming blacker and blacker with the dead. Yelling "Banzai," the whole line swarmed with deliberate ferocity, overcoming all



opposition, struggling through the entanglements, they gained the crest, fought hand-to-hand, but the Russian forts, never silent, fired more rapidly, round after round, crushing the assailants with salvoes, so that by seven o'clock the hill had again been won for Russia. Throughout that night the fighting was renewed, the slopes becoming more terrible, strewn with mangled dead. The dreadful alternating bombardment of Japanese and Russians had battered the trenches beyond repair, and altered the very appearance of the hill itself. Not a single loophole remained, yet in the burning timbered shelters valiant Russians crouched and sniped the Japanese sheltering in their parallels beneath. Two fresh regiments were sent in to reinforce the assaulting Japanese columns. Through the narrow lines, reeking with blood, over the dead and the dying, they hurried anew to win the hill, to cap it with the flag of Japan or to die. At three in the morning of the 29th they rushed for the north-east knoll. The instant they appeared on the glacis the Russians volleyed with rifles and smote them with machine-guns and cannon. Still they held on until a small remnant, broken and crushed, flew back to cover. But a few of the stormers clung to positions until the last were killed. Another assault was made at night, and the knoll was won, and all through the Japanese held on tightly up till midnight, when once more the few left had to retire or accept death. So the dawn of

the 30th found the hill 203 still Russian. Yet the crests were destined to undergo many changes of hands. Sanguinary, bloodthirsty encounters continued day and night. Sometimes the crest would be Japanese for an hour, or for half a day, then with bombs and bayonets the Russians resumed the position.

On December 2 a general night assault was made on the south-west ridge, and the summit recaptured. A counter-attack was repulsed with heavy loss, and the Japanese guns destroyed in succession two small detachments of eighty men hurrying up to reinforce their comrades. With frenzied ardour the Japanese worked to connect their parallels with the captured position and to throw up defensive works to entrench the infantry, and they closed in their saps on the lower trenches and made ready for the capture of the whole hill by an assault delivered from the north-west. Cleverly during the afternoon of December 5 the Japanese dribbled up their infantry, securing them under cover of the irregularities of the ground. When all was ready a rush was made upon the first of the Muscovite trenches, supported by the second line. The Russians were crushed under the throng of stormers, and at four o'clock they broke and fled, leaving the Japanese in full possession of "203." Still in the terraces and caves on the flank of the position the Russians stayed. When night came the Japanese sought by a stratagem to distract the

garrison from making a further counter-attack to regain possession of the hills. They pretended to make a general assault in another quarter, and the reinforcements which had been sent up by the Russians to recapture "203" were hastily withdrawn, and in the morning the Japanese had made their position so secure that "203" passed no more from their hands.

The hillside, the trenches, and the passages were choked with the dead and dying. The face of nature itself was altered during the course of that terrible struggle. It was a hill which had been made to look as if a thousand quarries had been worked out, and the shattered stones flung over the slopes, but it was long ere the hecatombs of those who had fallen in the struggle were removed.

It was significant that after the fall of Port Arthur none of the correspondents were permitted to enter the fortress before January 13th. And it has been said this was done with an express object. What that object may have been will probably be known more accurately by-and-by.

After the surrender, the Japanese summarily executed a large number of the Chinese in Port Arthur, on, presumably, the charge of having assisted the Russians. So the visit of Generals Kodama and Fukushima inspired attacks which resulted in considerable slaughterings, the Japanese losing in a brief space of time over 14,000 men. But the Russians also suffered casualties, though

only to the extent of 4,000, or thereabouts. These losses were sustained in connection with attacks made upon 203 Metre Hill, Erhlungshan, and the Keekwans. General Nogi's eldest son was killed at the battle of Nanshan, his second fell at the capture of 203 Metre Hill.

A wounded Russian officer, who left Port Arthur in a small open lifeboat on December 31, gave me the following story of the last days of the siege: "Life in Port Arthur was a terrible and trying experience. Accustomed as most of us became to the daily shriek and whistle of hurling projectiles, the boom and roar of ordnance, and the crackle of rifle-fire, still the incessant clamour ultimately got upon the nerves. Day after day the Japanese poured their shells into the town, scattering them over houses, harbour works, and forts. The new town became absolutely uninhabitable, nearly every third house was wrecked. The women-folk and many of the non-combatants were removed from the Chinese villages to the south slopes of lofty Liaotishan, where they were protected by ridge upon ridge of hills to the north, and by White Wolf Hill on the east. There, during the latter days of the siege, they remained secure from the enemy's missiles. We had fought hard to prevent the Japanese from gaining a footing upon High Hill or 203 Metre Hill. Unfortunately our men had become all too few, and we finally lost the day on Metre Hill. That position was not fortified,

as our batteries commanded it on the flanks, and it should have been untenable. Unluckily for us, however, the supply of shells for our commanding big guns was exhausted, and the small ordnance with which we continually shelled the height proved insufficient to prevent the Japanese from finding lodgment on its summit. It was several days, though, before they were able successfully to accomplish that feat. Thereafter their next operation was to place big guns in new positions behind the cover of 203 Metre Hill.

“The use by the Japanese of High Hill as an artillery position was disastrous to our fleet. The *Sevastopol* and six destroyers were the only vessels, torpedo-launches and other small craft excepted, which escaped destruction. In a direct line with High Hill, along a channel which is only ten or twelve metres wide, lay our hospital ships, the *Manchuria* and her three sisters. At first the Japanese shelled these vessels, but they soon discovered their error and diverted their fire to the warships, which lay beyond to the eastward. The *Bayan*, which was under the shelter of the land about the end of New Town, was discovered, and sunk by a terrific plunging fire. The torpedo village on Tiger’s Tail, which had been previously damaged, came in for very heavy punishment, being utterly destroyed. The arsenal works on the southern side of the east end of the basin also suffered, although our chief factories upon the north and east side were kept

working until the end. The *Sevastopol*, being practically undamaged, was ordered to take up a position outside the harbour, within the bay, which lies at the foot of Balishan, or White Wolf Hill. There she lay secure from the fire of the shore batteries. The Japanese subsequently made attempts to destroy her, persistently sending in torpedo-boats to attack under cover of night. Up, however, to December 31, the *Sevastopol* was practically uninjured and quite seaworthy, whilst the Japanese had lost two destroyers, sunk by the *Sevastopol's* guns, and also two other destroyers that were torpedoed by our destroyer, the *Vashny*. It may not be generally known that, after the Japanese third, and partially successful, attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur, we sank four of our own vessels in such a way as to secure the channel from further attack, and at the same time to leave ourselves a clear, though tortuous, passage out and in. To the south of Tiger's Tail lighthouse, in a line at right angles to the channel, we sank the *Harbin*, and at a little distance the *Hailar*, also at an angle of about 90 degrees. With these, and at about two ships' distance, the *Shilka* and *Edward Beire* were also sunk in line with the Japanese wrecks off Golden Hill. The sunken ship, which our enemies had succeeded in placing across the channel off the lighthouse, thus became a protecting feature, as, without knowledge of the position of our obstructions, a vessel steering a course to avoid the sunken

Japanese craft would almost certainly run upon the *Shilka* or the *Edward Beire*. By taking an "S"-shaped course, however, we still had a clear passage for our largest vessels. The destroyer flotilla was continuously active, and had many brushes with the Japanese torpedo-boats, frustrating many attempts of theirs to enter and destroy our remaining battleship. By night the Japanese came in and laid mines across Balishan Bay. The dangerous task of exploding these diabolical machines was regularly performed by us, and usually became the daily duty of our destroyer *Sexlet*. One method adopted to be rid of these mines was for the destroyers or launches engaged in the task to patrol the bay in pairs, dragging between them a species of trawl. The mine-catcher was made of two steel hawsers, partially floated by transverse wooden beams, weighted at the lower extremity. When at work the lower hawser would catch the anchor chain of the mine and drag it along until the top of the mine came into contact with the upper hawser, whereupon the infernal machine would explode. Many mines were disposed of in that way, no accident whatever occurring to our operating vessels.

"Within the forts the labour became most strenuous. The opposing lines came closer together with startling rapidity, until Japanese and Russians stood but a few feet from each other. In the intervals between the fighting—all too few and far between—the combatants chaffed one another and

exchanged items of news. The friendly interchange of conversation was not the limit of Japanese courtesy, for messages for home were thrown from the forts and trenches by the Russians into the Japanese lines, and some of these are known to have reached their destination, telegraphic replies having been received through the same medium. Food in the beleaguered garrison was plentiful. Beri-beri was raging in the fortress, and latterly claimed its victims daily by hundreds. All the hospitals were crowded, and the medical staff was wearied with overwork almost to the limit of collapse. This also reduced the number of men available for the defence, so that scarcely 5,000 could be spared for our vital positions. The supply of big gun-shells completely gave out, so continuous search was made for unexploded Japanese missiles. These, when found, we fired back from our guns, and in some instances shells were found which had been twice fired at us by the Japanese. The fact that such was the case was shown by the copper gas-check bands, as our rifling is in the opposite direction to that of the Japanese guns, the bands showing two marks of their twist and one of ours.

“The Japanese got so close to the forts that rifle-fire became merely a waste of ammunition, it being impossible for either side, entrenched as they were, to get a flat enough trajectory to be effective. The fighting then resolved itself into a series of hand-to-hand encounters, in which both Japanese and



Russians lost heavily, although the attackers naturally suffered more than we did. In the attack of Fort No. 3 some magnificent fighting of that character took place. Time after time the Japanese were forced back by our men, who countered bayonet against bayonet. But this defence was too expensive in men for our depleted garrison, and at length we were compelled to abandon the position. The streets of the new town were littered with wreckage. When we left the place was not quite deserted, for a few foreigners and many Chinese remained in the town, although it was a scene of desolation. The old town was also an uncomfortable residential quarter, though the arsenal and dockyards induced many to continue to have their abodes in that locality. Bomb-proof caves in the hillsides were at a premium, and within such shelters most of the workmen made their homes. The dockhead had been destroyed before we left. Had it even been intact, the docking of vessels would have been too hazardous to be risked. The daily processions of the ambulance and the mortuary cars ceased to surprise us or to excite any special feeling, though the fierce attacks of the Japanese and the constant inroads made by sickness in our ranks increased the frequency of their going to and fro. There is one vivid impression left upon my mind, and upon the minds of all of us who passed through this ordeal of fire, blood, and din of shot and shell, and that is the appalling loss of human life which

such work entails. Though callous to the danger which one habitually runs, yet the recurrent sight of seeing a comrade smashed into ensanguined pulp, a quivering mass, a fearsome horror, always caused a sickening sensation to the soul. You screwed yourself up to pay the last sad offices to what was left of a fellow-creature whose warm remains had passed out of all recognition. You found yourself asking, 'What am I doing? What is it all about?' Then, as likely as not, the roar of attack instantly called you back to the dread business and hard duty of fresh slaughter. But when the pressure of battle had relaxed, the excitement passed, you recalled the shocking scenes. Here, even in this atmosphere of peace, these scenes troop before the memory, harder to face than the actual inferno of war. I hope these feelings will wear off, and I am thankful that the mind can have impressions partly effaced."

Russian officers most friendly disposed to General Stossel assured me that they could have held out in Port Arthur for at least one or two weeks longer. But to what good? That casuists can discuss, if for me remains the fact as stated. Those who failed to put the fortress in a fit condition to withstand a long siege—and that it was in a state of unpreparedness I openly remarked upon a year ago—are primarily responsible for its loss. The final breakdown of the defence was mainly due to the want of ammunition and big guns, so said the majority of

the best-informed Russian officers ; and the situation was made acute for the besieged when the Japanese took to pulverizing the place with avalanches of 11-in. shells. Those hurtling missiles made sleep a mockery, and the capture of Port Arthur became but a matter of a few more determined assaults against a disheartened garrison. It was notorious that General Stossel had long desired to surrender, but his views were opposed by the majority of his brother-officers, who wished to hold out to the last man and the last cartridge.

And, alas ! the Far East, though the land of Buddha the Gentle One, is characteristically cruel. Is it not in China and other parts thereof that, day by day, you may see men and women inhumanly tortured, often in a manner not to be described in any English journal ? I have not gone to witness any of the revolting executions, where human beings' heads are chopped off in the streets and other barbarities are transacted, such as flaying and slicing victims to death by cutting away, piece by piece, the living flesh. But I have seen photographs of these fiendish practices, and amongst the lookers-on were Europeans. It may be the saying of a Pharisee, but I thank God that amongst these onlookers there were no Englishmen. Even the Chinese attendants use a fan to hide the gruesome horror of the victims' faces. The decapitations are usually performed with skill and quick despatch. The victims placidly await their turn. When their time comes, each, his

hands tied behind his back, shuffles forward upon his knees to receive the fatal stroke. It was in Manchuria one morning, near Mukden, seven Chinamen were thus called upon to lose their heads. You would think they had been of little use to them, for they parted with them with such indifference. An assistant pulled the victims' pigtails, stretching out the prisoner's neck to its utmost length, and down came the headsman's heavy two-handled sword with a swish. A murmur and gurgle, the head shot forward, the eyes stared, and the tongue protruded, and to the countless tale of the dead was added another unit. But this is only limned in to show you what the East is in reality. Yes, and the Russians—so many are half-Asiatic—can be and have been cruel too, if in another way. And the moral? It is well that we keep strong, to be saved such calamity.

Besieged and besiegers at Port Arthur often interchanged greetings, but the exchange of lead was always found to be the main business of their neighbourhood. I have told you, and the statement has been amply borne out by certain of the Japanese themselves, that in the latter days of the siege the Japanese stood in fear of the Russians, of the little bands that were wont to sally with grenades and bayonets, slaying and driving them from the outlying pits and trenches. The Muscovite officers and men who have been in the siege entertain the conviction that one Russian is a match for four Japanese any day. That is a vainglorious way of

comparing yourself to an enemy that many nations practise. But, at the same time, the Tsar's soldiers beyond a doubt displayed splendid fighting qualities at Port Arthur. Indeed, there were many occasions when they proved themselves to be possessed of the highest and most undaunted courage. A naval lieutenant who commanded a torpedo-destroyer was blown up twice within half an hour, and yet hastened to fight upon a third craft. Most of his crew perished on each occasion. He was one of those who escaped at the end in a small boat to Chefoo. At the Green Hills fight, outside Port Arthur, an officer had five horses shot under him during the course of the day. The last-named officer was one of those who was wont to sally at night against the Japanese trenches with grenade and revolver, followed by half a company of soldiers. On one occasion a young Japanese captain, sword in hand, rushed out to meet these assailants, but he was pistoled and bayoneted. Yet, although badly wounded, he contrived to cut down a Russian.

In a lighter vein, let me tell of certain doughty chef, a restaurateur, a Russian, "Pankratov" by name. His portrait, I vow, should be in every kitchen in every land, and hung in the rooms of all *bon-vivants*. I know the man, a stout, jolly, rubicund boniface, rather below medium height, of some forty years of age. Whoever has been in Port Arthur will easily recall his bungalow restaurant, with the green lattice-work, standing at the water front,

midway between the Basin and the Creek bridge. His *zakouskies* were grand, a substantial meal in themselves ; his soups a triumph, his liqueurs excellent and inexhaustible. But the man in himself was better than all else. He knew a word or two of English, and made the most of it. There was nothing mean about him, either in his welcome of a customer or the "Good Host's" attention to your wants. I have enjoyed refreshment in his place late and early, with foreigners and countrymen, amongst the latter a young editor of the *Novi Krai*, a most studious and yet most adventurous Irishman. Neither the big shells nor the little shells spared Pankratov's restaurant. The walls, napery, the delightful glasses, and dishes went, but the food and liqueurs appeared upon his broken boards in undiminishing quantities, becoming more appetising every day. When the terrible 11-in. shells scattered his place to the winds, he felt it was his duty to keep the restaurant going, and in the latter days he wrought amid and beneath the ruins—in the cellar ; there he set up his *batterie de cuisine*. His wife, too, helped him, for she bravely stuck to the place with her husband. And so all through the siege there was food prepared and served to all comers. The hungry were never turned away unfed. Yes, even those who had not a stiver in their pockets !

• And all this is but the least of what jolly Pankratov did. When the wintry winds sped icy shafts, that cut the skin keen as razors, and the Japanese were

furiously violent in their bombardment, or vexatiously prolonged their assaults, out Pankratov would sally with two of his menials, or a little donkey, loaded with kettles, filled with hot soup, and hampers of bread and meat, together with the wondrous vodka. Right into the vortex of the fire he would serenely hold his way, up to Erhlungshan, or to fort No. 3, or wherever the fight raged fiercest, there to cheer officers and men with good food and good liquors. "Where have you come from, in the name of all that's holy? How have you got here?" they would cry. That was in the early days, for the officers and men soon got to know him, and even to expect him, so no more questions were asked as he came gaily marching in to regale them with delicacies. Bowing and spreading apart his fat palms, Pankratov would say with a smile, "I felt you must be tired and hungry, and as I have to do something for my country too, I have brought you something to eat and to drink." And the smell of the savoury soups did all the rest. Pankratov, or, as some called him, "Saint Pankratov," often put new heart and blood into his fellow-countrymen. More than once his generous meals helped to win battles and to save forts from capture. Nor did he, of his good nature, fail to minister to the sick and wounded. The latter were always his first care. His pots and stores were scattered more than once, and several of his assistants were wounded and killed, whilst Pankratov escaped repeatedly, as by a

miracle. If he, as he richly deserves, has honours bestowed upon him, he will not be the first chef who has been ennobled by a sovereign; and no one has ever more bravely won in the field soldiers' reward, and no one has ever more handsomely deserved decoration. Your health, hero chef, brave, jovial Pankratov!

It is true, and perhaps not unkind, to say that Russian society and manners to-day are not unlike what they were more or less a hundred years ago in England. In war's rude ways men forego not their accustomed modes of life, nor do they eschew follies when they take the field or defend besieged towns. England has had her experiences, her Moll Flanders, and others still less worthy who have followed the soldiers to war without and with skirts. I for many reasons must always regret that women are not sternly forbidden from actual battle-fields and combatant camps. Keep them far from the scene of slaying bullets and murderous shells. I repeat, "Keep the women away," and much for the same reason that no ship captain belonging to any crack liner is allowed to carry his wife on his ship. In Port Arthur there were many women who remained shut up with the besieged. And, alack, there were numbers of unfortunates! But let this be said on behalf of our common humanity, whilst the good behaved as angels ministering to the sick and wounded, cheering the sorrowing, the Magdalenes proved that their better nature was not dead,



for with daring courage they, too, tended and nursed the patients in the hospitals. There their behaviour was exemplary. Without shrinking, they cared for their charges, war's wreckage, braving and suffering wounds and death in the discharge of their self-imposed tasks.

## CHAPTER XXIV AND LAST

THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN—THE RUSSIAN DEBACLE—  
TERRIBLE LOSSES—BY WAY OF COMMENT—THE  
YELLOW AND THE WHITE RACES—IS THERE  
DANGER AHEAD FOR ENGLAND?

AFTER the battle of the Shaho, which was precipitated by the Russians upon the express instructions from St. Petersburg to relieve Port Arthur, a quietus was given for awhile to further exploits of the kind. Both sides contented themselves in seeking to put their armies in order. The Japanese, wary as ever, took care to construct very strong defensive works to cover their positions. So the months passed and spring came round. General Kuropatkin had made every effort to reorganize and reinforce the Manchurian armies. It was said he had gathered a force of 300,000 men with 700 guns. About the middle of February the Russian general massed all his troops for an advance against the Japanese, to hurl them back upon the Liao-tung Peninsula. But • mischance made worse failure than ever of this new attempt by the Russians to gain an ascendancy over their enemy's land forces.

The forward movement was begun by a column of Muscovite cavalry and infantry crossing the Talien passes far to the eastward, beyond the outposts even of Kuroki's army. On February 22 they had got round and fallen upon the Japanese flanks and outposts near Chintouku, to the south-east of Mukden, and gained various small successes. But the Japanese were not taken altogether by surprise, for they had been informed by their scouts and spies of the advance of their enemy. The chief wings of the Russian force were apportioned—the left to General Rennenkanpf, the left centre to Generals Kaulbers and Bildering, the centre to General Linevitch, and afar to the westward General Grittenberg with a large number of cavalry and infantry. Grittenberg, who had charge of a turning movement on that side, marched far into the open plain. He came down by way of the Liao river and turned and surprised the Japanese left flank. General Bildering, who was linked up with General Linevitch, moved south a little distance alongside and to the east of the railway.

General Grittenberg had been directed to make a wide detour, and to await orders before pressing his attack. He actually sent some of his troops as far to the westward as Sinmintun railway station, and posting patrols to within twelve miles of Liaoyang, he attacked and occupied Heikoutai, a town nineteen miles to the north-east of Liaoyang. It has been said that it was owing to the rash operations

of General Grittenberg that Kuropatkin's hand was exposed, and that the whole detail of his intended operation became known to the Japanese. The Russians intention, apparently, had been to grapple with the Japanese centre, and at the same time turn and overwhelm their right. Whilst the two armies were engaged in that struggle, it was to have been the mission of General Grittenberg to suddenly appear upon the opposite flank and at least threaten, if he could not cut, their line of communications with the south. The Russians came on very well, and, being in high spirits and hopeful of success, struck hard and secured good positions. There they stayed and battled for days, gaining various qualified successes. But the Japanese were now on the alert. Men were hurried to the front and reinforcements brought up. General Nogi, who had come from Port Arthur with the five divisions of his veterans, went to oppose General Grittenberg. That Russian commander was in his turn outflanked by the wide sweeping march of the Japanese, who actually threatened his communications with Mukden far more seriously than Grittenberg had succeeded in doing with those of his enemy upon Liaoyang. Along a line of over 100 miles a furious sanguinary battle was waged, in the course of which both armies changed directions, due mainly to the operations of the Japanese centre and left (west). By March 2 Nogi had got round upon the Russian right. Kuropatkin, realizing what was about to happen, made

desperate attempts to distract his foes' attention by striving to pierce their centre. Here and there he seemed at times as if he might almost realize his ambitious hopes, but only for a short time, for Oku and Nodzu, and the former more particularly, always completely foiled the Russian efforts. The Japanese dispositions in the action fought along the lines of the Shaho up to and beyond Mukden, were Nogi on the left or west, and, reading on to the right or east, Generals Oku, Nodzu, and Kuroki, and Kawimura, who had what was called the Fifth Army, a force comprising reservists and an independent brigade. Upon the left the Russians, being menaced and opposed by Kawimura and Kuroki, began to fall back as far as Tita and Manchuantan. The heavy guns of the Japanese were again to be their salvation, for they had wisely brought up many big cannon that had been used at Port Arthur, including twelve of the 11-in. howitzers, and 250 of the 15-centimetre cannon.

Nogi, with his left thrown far to the north, changed direction somewhat, and swung in. Very smartly the Russians also moved, and with great speed lined up on new ground, facing west of the railway, to oppose the further operations of the Japanese left. The further Russian change was to face strong bodies of troops at right angles between the railway, with their right resting near Sinmintun and their left upon Mukden. Kuropatkin moved his men up to take these new fronts, but some of the troops, raw and not over well-disciplined,

became mixed, and got out of order. The country was covered deeply with snow, and the cold was intense. Yet the troops had to bivouac with no more cover than their blankets and overcoats. Kuropatkin's left was soon being pressed steadily back, whilst Grittenberg's force had already been severely hustled. The Japanese central army occupied the heights north of Koshadashi. Still full of dash, the Russians made four heavy counter-attacks, anxious to close with the bayonet to recover the ground. But they were badly repulsed with aid of rifle-fire and machine guns.

Meanwhile, General Nogi on the left continued his victorious progress, pursuing their enemy to within twenty-five miles of Mukden. This happened on March 3. Next day the Japanese advanced to Sholokatou. On the Japanese right, after having made a most determined struggle, the Russians were driven back on their first lines beyond the Shaho. The Russians did not altogether give up, but persisted in making savage counter-attacks upon the Japanese right. They advanced somewhat, but, on the whole, the balance of successes lay with the Japanese, who took, lost, and re-took Huaisen on the 6th. Enraged at their defeat, the Russians came on and assaulted with the hottest fury, and well-nigh succeeded, only in the end being checked, after heavy losses had been sustained on both sides. Vigorously, steadfastly, applying pressure in the proper places, the Japanese

continued to advance. They re-occupied Heihiko, five miles south of Mashuntan. On the centre the Japanese were equally successful. Kuropatkin tried again and again to break through the line of steel in which he found himself being gradually enclosed. There was further furious fighting over eastern Kangopau and Nitashi. Another last desperate effort was made on the left by the Russians, with a division and seventy guns, to shake Kuroki, and prevent the Muscovites being enveloped. Kuropatkin, who was at Fushan, directed the latter movement, but he found the task he had undertaken was beyond his men's strength. Up to March 7 the Japanese remained as before, clinging stolidly to their ground, but their central army, repelling repeated attacks, took up a vigorously offensive attitude. Russian reinforcements had arrived, but they were not able to avert disaster, and Nogi, closing in, was able to occupy all of Kangopau and Likwanpau. Had forty battalions not been unwisely transferred from the west to the east wing, all might have gone well for the Russians. A further counter-attack to reverse the issue, which had already been practically determined, was made by the Russians on March 8, but that operation likewise failed. Thereafter began the great debacle of the Russian forces under Kuropatkin. The Japanese, with Kawamura, pushed aside all opposition, and strode straight across the mountain passes, turning the vast and strong Russian lines upon the

Hunho, protecting Mukden. They threatened to march up to Tiehling, causing fresh alarm in the rank of their enemy. The central armies, under Oku and Nodzu, drove the enemy on their front in disastrous retreat upon Mukden, whilst the Second and Third Armies had forces deployed driving in the Russian right.

On the 9th the Japanese received strict orders from their headquarters to press their retreating enemy as hard as possible. Eagerly they took up the task, and carried positions at Chito, the town and walls of Fushan were also occupied, whilst the extreme right wing, Nogi's force, succeeded in getting around upon the left and north of Mukden, cutting the railway north at Pehling or Puling, and at Santaitzu. The revered holy places of the Chinese, even the sacred tombs of the dynasty of the Manchus, and their palaces at Mukden, did not escape the storm and shock of modern battle. Mukden fell on March 9 or 10, and 4,000 disorganized and drunken Russian soldiers were captured in the city, and 400 wounded Japanese rescued. The Russians retreated at once to a point thirteen miles to the north of Mukden. On the 12th the pursuit was again pressed, and they fell back to twenty-seven miles from that capital. But still backward and further backward they were driven by the impetuous Japanese. A portion of the Russians were caught in retreat, and, severely shelled as well as fusiladed



by a relatively small infantry force, broke in disorder and fled, helter-skelter from the field, abandoning guns, ammunition, stores, and small arms. The disorganization spread to their other armies, and, indeed, the only force that maintained a semblance of order, and retired under their own leaders from the battle-field, was that commanded by General Linevitch. The other sections who quitted the field became little better than straggling hordes of fugitives, who streamed in every direction that seemed to offer a chance for escape to the northward.

It had been a fight between 600,000 and 700,000 men, the forces being about equal upon either side in numbers. The Russians had 1,360 cannon, and had the decided advantage in working behind their very strong lines of the Hunho, which extended to the westward of that river, and to the eastward beyond the important town and district of Fushan. Amid frost and snow the troops had marched and fought. The Japanese had managed to find a ford, and passed over and through the Hunho when the thick ice was broken and drifting to and fro. The Russians had successes, none of great import, beyond the occasion whereon Linevitch's troops carried a position and took about sixteen guns and several hundred Japanese prisoners. General Myliooff, who was inopportunately detached with forty battalions to oppose Kuroki and Kawimura, made no impression upon his opponents. Still, with better luck, things for the Russians might

have gone adversely for the Japanese. The latter's descent upon the railway station of Santaitzu all but failed, and for days the most they could do was to hold on like grim death to half the houses of that village, the Russians occupying the other portion. At the last, when things went ill with Kuropatkin, thirty or forty trains, each of fifty or fifty-two passenger-coaches, were brought down from Tiehling. In these, with really commendable skill and, for them, most rare executive ability, soldiers, sick and wounded, were rapidly removed from Mukden to the rear, beyond the danger area of the Japanese turning movement. But things had gone too far to the bad for the Muscovite armies, and by all roads and no roads, some in disciplined formation, more than half as a mob, they sought safety in retreat. There was much destruction wrought at Mukden, enormous quantities of stores were destroyed or burned, but a vast quantity nevertheless fell into the hand of the Japanese. It was not quite with the Japanese as at the Shaho, where they had been fought to a standstill, or as at Liaoyang, where they failed to press their advantage. On this occasion Marshal Oyama bestirred himself, hurling his whole strength upon the Russians, dogging their footsteps, trying to head them off, that he might make an end of their Manchurian armies. Rapidly as he moved, and adroit as his commanders were, they failed to quite succeed. However, they marched steadily,

doggedly on, driving the Russians back upon Tiehling, which the Muscovites also partly burned, then evacuated. There, also, more captures of stores, guns, and men were effected by the victorious Japanese. And ever the retreat was pressed, and doubtless will be, up to Kirin and Harbin, for the Japanese have apparently quite decided to endeavour to turn the Russians out of all Manchuria. Various estimates have been given as to the dread nature of the casualties. It is said that the Japanese in the long series of actions and great battles which have been fought since February 28, up to the capture of Tiehling, sustained a loss of over 60,000 killed and wounded. It is probable that their entire loss in the savage and prolonged series of struggles within the period mentioned may be more accurately represented by the figures 100,000. Still, this is of little import compared to the defeat and losses of the Russians.

The following are the approximate spoils of the battle which have fallen into the hands of the Japanese :—

| Prisoners.        |                      | Trophies. |            |
|-------------------|----------------------|-----------|------------|
| 40,000            | Ensigns              | .         | 2          |
| Killed.           | Guns                 | .         | 60         |
| 26,500            | Rifles               | .         | 60,000     |
| Other casualties. | Ammunition-waggon    | .         | 150        |
| 90,000            | Shells               | .         | 200,000    |
|                   | Small-arm ammunition |           | 25,000,000 |

Other captures included: Cereals, 74,000 bushels; materials for light railway for 46 miles; waggons of light railway, 300; horses, 2,000; maps, 23 Chinese carts full; clothing, over 1,000 Chinese carts full; bread, 1,000,000 rations; fuel, 150,000,000 lbs; horse allowances, 223,000 bushels; hay, 125,000 poods.

A Japanese statesman, talking the other day, observed—and he did not underestimate what had befallen—that Japan had suffered a loss of nearly half a million of men, sick, wounded, and prisoners, during the war. This terrible war must go on until Russia sues for peace, the Powers intervene, or both combatants desist through sheer inability to continue the struggle. I set no great store by the movement even of the now united second and third Baltic squadrons in the Far East under the Russian Admiral Rojdestvensky. Admiral Togo will fight near his base in Japanese waters, though with a numerically inferior fleet; but he will be supported by such a swarm of torpedo-boats and destroyers, that the chances of the Russians, at this stage, obtaining the supremacy of the seas is remote and most improbable. Still, accidents do happen in war, but they are less likely in this, with so careful and experienced a seaman as Admiral Togo in command of his country's navy.

## BY WAY OF COMMENT AND CONCLUSION

Will the Empire of the East pass into, and remain long, in the hands of Japan? That Japan, for a time, will be the dominant factor in the Far East, I, personally, have little doubt. Wonderful, many-millions China was a nation, the largest in the world, using one language, and under one government, before any of the nations of Europe were born. Even Japan will not absorb, nor altogether transform, her four hundred and odd millions. John Chinaman will insist anon in governing his country. But before then many things will happen. That the belated yellow races should ever achieve coequal place in civilization in that which makes for advance in science, art, moral and material blessing of nationhood, with the white races, will only be when we cease to properly use the gifts of our birthright.

As regards the war, what is to be done next, if it is to be continued? Unless Russia is to bleed to death quicker than Japan, a new campaign on different lines must begin. I long ago hinted that an advance south from Mukden would be defective, and that the recovery of the command of the sea by Russia cannot be seriously attempted before May, when Vladivostok will be free from ice. A better route lies south, *via* Vladivostok and Possiet Bay, into Korea. At Gensan the Russians would

menace Wiju and Liaoyang, and overrun the whole of the Hermit Kingdom, where the population is more or less friendly. Korea, occupied, would almost nullify Japan's sea power ; but success, even in taking up such ground, means thoroughness of preparation, self-denial, and hard work in constructing railways and highways of communication, in all of which necessary details Russia has shown herself inept, as instance those who cheated Port Arthur of the necessary supplies, men, and stores, and wrought blunders worse than crimes. No restless energy upon either side will have any but a transient effect, and it will impair the power of the side that put forth such efforts, when it has to match itself against an opponent who has calmly and stolidly persisted in completing his arrangements for the whole campaign.

Russia had everything to gain, and nothing of value to lose, had she played a waiting game whilst continuing her work of permanent settlement in Manchuria. Six months ago I was convinced, and still am, that avoidance of war, even temporizing about Korea and Port Arthur, was Russia's wisest policy. Indeed, there were no concessions which she should have hesitated to make in order to avert the conflict. And, to think of it, there were no demands either asked or insisted upon which would have materially altered the security of Russia's then acquired position, or seriously hampered her approaching achievement of the overlord-ship of

Manchuria and China. But her ill-advised, bumptious, bluffing officials miscalculated their country's prowess in the East, despised the Japanese, and so blundered into a disastrous war. They sowed the dragon's teeth, they see the crop, and, too irrevocably for their generation, Russia has fallen to humble estate in China and the East. Will she obstinately persist in continuing the contest to her further exhaustion, to "risking the loss of Vladivostok and Siberia, is a question that the Tsar and his advisers should plainly ask themselves. I also realize that in a measure Russia's defeat must be Britain's gain, but with qualifications, as vanquished there, she will display extra inimical zeal against our interests in Persia, India, and elsewhere. Happily such efforts of hers will be more futile than heretofore, for she must intrigue as a discredited, beaten Western Power. With the fall of Port Arthur and Mukden she has reached the crossing of the most perilous ways in her whole history. There is talk of interventions and negotiations anew in high circles. Who will save her from herself? Will history afford another of the many satires upon human events, and France, the child of revolution, be called in to save Russia from change and disintegration? How will Russia decide? For peace and reconstruction; or, will she in the end have for epitaph that which is written of so many who lacked upright purpose in life: "Through folly and failure, passed into the limbo of the sad forgotten."

Ichabod?" That would but add another chapter to the doleful story of fallen nations, and make sad reading for all in the kinship of the white stock. Yet who shall truly say that the Japanese are not a parent root of that selfsame race, for in that land I often saw types, even unto complexion, very similar to those of the British Isles and upon the Continent of Europe.

As a nation we have been slack, to culpable carelessness, of the interests, the welfare, the livelihood of our toiling millions; and particularly in respect to the Far East. Russia, if any matter involving such grave issues should be put upon so mean a ground, is likely to be a better customer for our wares than Japan. Cut out of the figures, military stores, including Cardiff coal, and machinery, for which the demand is but temporary, the value of our trade with Japan is never likely to advance by "leaps and bounds." How we have weakly yielded place and given way over our rights as a trading nation in China! We stood by and saw Port Arthur occupied by the Russians without lifting a finger, even when, as our admirals knew, the presence of the British fleet off that harbour would have led to the instant withdrawal of the Russians. Such were their orders, and the fact was and is well known in the East and elsewhere. We have even stood by and seen a great populous maritime province annexed by what in the East they now call the "Maily Fist." Already the Germans call that



acquisition of theirs "Unser Shantung." Both Chefoo and Wei-hai-Wei, and many other important places besides Kiao-chou, are within its confines. So British trade is permitted to suffer uncalled-for diminution. Who, other than a British Government, would have given an undertaking not to build a railway from Wei-hai-Wei into the interior? Yet such is the fact. No wonder the Germans speak of Shantung as "Unser Shantung." I know it to be an exceedingly rich province, with between forty and sixty-five millions of inhabitants.

It would be well enough for us and the world if the phrase, "the open door," was something more than a diplomatic still-birth. Both Russia and Germany have shown that they ignore its existence. And Japan is also protectionist. And more; she is a poor country, with a needy, poverty-stricken population, who have to work for the meanest necessities of life. She has iron and coal in abundance. Already she is introducing with great eagerness huge factories on European lines. There is plenty of tin ore in the East. So anon there will be a new competition in the world's markets for the sale of manufactured articles of all kinds—from steamships, silks, and general merchandise to toys. We ask for and should insist upon a fair field and no favour, even when Japan comes into her kingdom of the Empire of the East. Now, commerce is a most excellent missionary, sowing peace and other good things. We owe most of our greatness as

a nation to the spirit of industry and adventure in commerce. We have rightly claimed to have the finest fleet in the world, our traders have been pioneers in every strange land, and our merchants are princes in all quarters of the globe, by right of enterprise and honourable dealing. And those our adventurous countrymen who have carried our ways and fame into every sea and among all people, have we loyally upheld their hands in the free exercise of their rights as citizens of the Empire? Not so. Officiously and persistently, too often, they have been ignored, and left to fight their own battles, which were also ours. And wherefore? Chiefly because many of the public servitors of that department of State known as the "consular body" concern themselves more with high politics and the stationery of State papers, not realizing that it is the volume of our trade which has made and keeps England strong. The Americans, and in particular the Germans, manage matters in a different spirit. Let but one of their dealers be in any way hampered in the pursuit of business, they are instantly up in arms, for they realize that the road which is made smooth for one is an asset to the nation. He was an American consul who the other day said to me, "We have to hustle around to assist our citizens, or else we should hear of it pretty quick, and in a way no one likes; but you Britishers are Imperialists, and every official thinks himself, not the servant, but the master of his public." But such is not

necessarily the case when the highest in the land sets splendid example, doing ready and great service for his people.

It is not easy to determine the measure of our duty to sister nations and to ourselves. We have grown to dislike as well as to distrust the Russians ; and that causes have awakened this feeling of antagonism goes without saying. But there are those still living in England who think that an honest friendship and alliance with Russia is not impossible. Russia, like ourselves, has long been diligently extending her borders, and her public men have been mostly industrious empire builders or expansionists. Whether it be the taking up of the white man's burden, or but the operation of a law which compels nations to move forward or submit to be pushed back, it comes to the same thing in the end. There is no standing still, and leastways not in the world of states. Happily the majority in England are yet full of vibrant life. Optimists, we determine to push on, with a belief in the future for the betterment of the nation and the rest of mankind.

Do you know the story of his Britannic Majesty's ship *Andromeda* ? When the news of the fall of Port Arthur was made sure, she steamed out of Wei-hai-Wei, carrying four doctors on board, and plenty of medical stores, volunteering to render assistance to alleviate the awful condition of the sick and wounded within that fortress. In the night the *Andromeda* slipped through the Japanese fleet and lay to, within

ten miles of Port Arthur. In the morning she was boarded by a Japanese crew, man-o'-war's men, who wanted to know what she was doing there. The captain of the *Andromeda* explained, but that did not satisfy the Japanese. They told the *Andromeda's* people that she had passed over a mine-field, and might have been blown up, and that the ship was lying in very dangerous anchorage. The *Andromeda* said she would chance that if they could be of any assistance, and asked to be allowed to proceed into Port Arthur. That the Japanese would not permit. After a number of messages had passed by wireless telegraphy with Admiral Togo, instructions were conveyed to the *Andromeda* to take up a certain position, which put the British cruiser quite out of the sphere of operations, whereupon, being denied the opportunity of doing any good, the *Andromeda* steamed back to Wei-hai-Wei. Of course, the Japanese behaved with the utmost punctilio of politeness. They made excuse that they had called up plenty of transports to carry forthwith all the sick and wounded. But that did not turn out to be the case, for though they sent the American consul to notify the Russian consul at Chefoo that over a thousand refugees would arrive there from Port Arthur on the following day, not a soul was landed there for over two weeks; and this took place after the Russian consul, acting upon the communication made to him, had gone to the trouble and expense of engaging all the available

rooms in the place and fitting these up for the convenience of the refugees, besides preparing supplies of food and clothing. Indeed, I personally offered to convey daily, and free of any expense, 100 to 150 persons from Port Arthur to Chefoo. But the Japanese declined all assistance.

The whole truth about the East is not to be gleaned from its press, vernacular or foreign. Public opinion, as expressed through that medium, is often mostly a matter of business pre-arrangement. Newspapers exist there, as they do in some places on the continent of Europe, upon official subsidies, which are more or less covertly paid them. The Japanese in this respect are also showing they are as up-to-date and as capable as the Russians themselves in nobbling the press. They also have their representative English journals in China, and they have started a new series of Chinese newspapers, whose work is to inform the natives of the Flowery Kingdom how successful they are in the conduct of the war, and what excellent good friends and brothers they are of the Chinese race.

An ancient Spanish proverb has it that "To him who is well shod, the whole world is covered with leather." Now, war is a sharp-set, rough road, which the Japanese are beginning to find out, step by step. It is no track for "swelled heads" to travel by, and even the "colossally conceited" come to grief thereupon. And so the Japanese public have happily become alarmed at some phases of the

situation, realizing how far off still lies their goal—a victorious peace. How their pragmatic military chiefs have blundered, and are blundering, is of common knowledge in Japan. Though most subtle and secretive with strangers, the Japanese readily exchange news and views with each other, as freely as did the old, and do the modern, Greeks. Remember, about 95 per cent. of the adult population of Japanese men and women can read and write. Besides, they have a multifarious cheap Press, at once inquisitive, passably bold in speech, and loquacious. There were many colleagues there, to be associated with whom was an honour—earnest and industrious men, eager and hopeful in the service of their country. But the Japanese military headquarters hold the crude ideas, yet considered sound doctrine in our own War Office, which alone might justify doubt respecting war correspondents. First, to do without them; second, to trick them; third, if possible, to burke or crib them. “Other times, other manners.” No general can eliminate education or the printing-press from the world’s affairs. As he cannot, if wise, he will have these agencies, or such of them as he can muster, fighting for his side. If not, he and his cause will suffer in some degree. For if he won’t have war correspondents, then all he issues for publication is properly received as a mere *ex parte* statement, of little value compared with independent testimony. Have not both the Russians and the Japanese had experience thereof in relation to

their respective charges of cruelty and outrage preferred against each other during this war? And your modern general, moreover, will find that his soldiers, his officers, his camp followers, and "rumour" with its huge ears and many tongues, does more hurt than any number of reputable correspondents. The plain truth is that the military autocrat wants to be above all possible adverse criticism.

What a creature that correspondent would be who would betray the host with whom he remained as an honoured guest! And what a contemptible enemy that must be who trusts to the newspapers as its intelligence department in time of war, and not to their own and well-organized and costly system of spies, scouts, and special service men! The general of to-day wages war, not with swords and arrows, but with magazine rifles; and the correspondent is of the new age, whom to exclude, and to expect thereafter the support of independent nations, *sans* question, is folly; and to the thoughtful and unprejudiced his words will have weight when terms of peace have to be signed. The genus correspondent is yet, and the need for him is greater than ever, nor is his occupation upon the wane. Keen observers of the signs of the times, the Japanese realized they had made a mistake in their treatment of the war correspondent, whereof the proof was in the recent official rescript. I allude to the circular sent out by Marshal

Yamagata under Imperial instructions. War offices and public authorities generally lie far behind popular opinion and broad-mindedness.

In another sense, "The gilt is off the gingerbread." There have been illusions, now vanished illusions. A humbled Russia, a victorious peace, and overflowing exchequer have not come within six months from the outbreak of hostilities. Not quite, yet they will eat their cake, though with diminished gusto, that it has become somewhat tarnished and battered. The huge, golden-lacquered, round, basket-work, topped poles that stood for Venetian masts in Tokyo, which were erected nine months ago for the celebration of the fall of Port Arthur and peace, have become downright tawdry. Their grassy cordage is frayed, their gaudy bunting is nowhere, and the great spars meeting crossways, overhead in the streets, to serve as triumphal arches, are weatherbeaten as sea-shore wreckage.

In the East you need not talk through your hat to tell of strange things. The Russo-Japanese War is sinking into the mind of the great sleeper, China, and whatever be the provoking cause of the mischievous inspiration, there is no doubt but that there is a general recrudescence of the Boxer agitation. Unless the Imperial Government promptly intervene, or, more likely, Japan forbids, there will be anon further murders of missionaries and of foreigners.

The Chinese officials, with a subtlety kindred



to the Orient, are making purchases of war material in the different towns and ports of the country. It can and does have only one meaning, viz. China is arming some force after the European fashion, an army of which there are already drilled and fit to take the field about a hundred thousand. Further, I need not comment. I presume that it is known in England that by Imperial decree certain of the provinces are to have, within two years, their soldiers dressed in European garb, drilled and equipped in Western fashion, and that the men are all to be shorn of their pigtails, wearing their hair Japanese fashion. So, whether we will or no, the Far East, for a long time to come, will demand the earnest and constant attention of all wise statesmen. It is not the sphere wherein to let loose *dilletanti* soldiers and Oriental-loving scholars. How much I would have given to have seen the downright, vigorous pro-consul, Lord Cromer, placed there; what past and to come peril for us he would have averted! No such luck, and yet our land has been fortunate above many in its affairs.

The war was begun, professedly, in the oft-quoted interests of "peace and civilization," to save the life of Japan as a nation, to ensure the integrity of China, and to preserve the independence of Korea. But the last must have been a figment of speech, that has all but vanished, and, with the new military and civil arrangements which have been made, there will be little further talk of Korea's

independence. Perhaps, naturally, the barometer of Japan's aspirations varies with her successes in the field. I am well aware that in the course of war it is quite customary for either side to promise much and thereafter to do nothing. We are told that Japan means very soon to alter her laws, so that foreigners who now cannot own a foot of her soil may legally hold land, and have fair measure of justice in the courts. Let these things interest others. What can be done to bring about peace? Perhaps, if England had taken up the gauge, and fought some of her own battles respecting China, and its great trade and far vaster possibilities, this war would not have happened. But some day a settlement will have to be faced, calmly, generously, without fear. Russia needs an open seaport in the East—ay, and in the West; harbours would bring her more quickly into the comity of the commercial nations. If she is quite shut out in the East, how long will the peace—a truce—endure? What can be done for her in Europe in the Baltic? As Germany is now the friend of Russia, let her cede an all-the-year-round open seaport in the Baltic to her big neighbour—for a consideration, of course. Were it Hamburg itself, I don't think either France or England would object, and who else should care? And for England, I am not so sure that it would « not be better to have Russia with a port at the head of the Persian Gulf, than to have Germany there with her Bagdad railway and the suzerainty

over Asia Minor and Syria behind her. Irrespective of her militant striving after territorial aggrandisement—and how much of that is owing to natural forces seeking to escape from their environment—there is less about Russia than most nations to cause us to fear her rivalry. And certainly not in the domain of trade and commerce. Aforetime we were friends, but, whether it was through promptings of unfriendly lookers-on or otherwise, she has for years more or less wantonly sought to deserve our enmity, and is duly reaping the whirlwind. But we correspondents, good people, are a tiresome set, starting up all manner of unpleasant subjects.

The integrity of China—well, that country is to be reconstructed under Japanese guidance. Meanwhile, Japan is all-potent at the Imperial Court in Pekin—Japan first, and the rest nowhere. Patience is not only a virtue, but it is clear gain to the strong and the enduring. There are five hundred millions of people in China, the most industrious race in the world. Nowhere does there exist such a field for commerce and trade. But what will our share be if Japan becomes master? The commercial morality of the Japanese is a non-negotiable cipher. Ask any British merchant who knows them, and let him answer. They pirate nearly all our wares, copying them even to the names of the firms and trade-marks, and unblushingly sell these goods in their open markets, and foreigners have taken no

change out of their law courts. "Superior Sheffield cutlery," "Huntley and Palmer's biscuits," and "Hubbock's paints," and so on, and on *ad nauseam*. All labelled and trade-marked, yet but contemptible cheats made without warrant in Japan. Shoals of verifying cases can be cited. And we are, as allies, to take these people at their word, that they will spend a penny or rally to our aid in the event of certain contingencies.

I make no further comment on this. Duplicity and lying are still chief amongst the arts and industries of the Far East. Are they a people who improve upon closer acquaintance? Those who know them longest and are not at their mercy, assure me that they do not. They still entertain a secret dislike and distrust of all foreigners. This is not confined to the common people, but it is often more marked among the classes. This feeling may be partly due to a natural sense of wrong done them from birth. But their new civilization is none too well grown. That they will have a future I have no doubt. They are energetic and ambitious, but shine as copiers rather than as inventors. Still, let me do them justice. Men of position amongst them vaunt that they were ready to undertake to fight our South African war to a finish for us at a cost down of £100,000,000 sterling. It wouldn't have been cheap at that or any other figure of third parties. But that's another subject. The Bushido soul of Japan shows that in matters of speech,

writing, and honest dealing, they do not stand on the same plane as all Western nations. A lie is but a natural form of expression, devised to avoid unpleasantness to another or to yourself. Suspicion is the keynote of the Japanese character allied with secretiveness. No need for them to be bid, "Let not your right hand know what your left doeth." They wear gloves upon their hands even on the battle-field, and they would wear masks upon their faces were they necessary to conceal their thoughts. In commercial integrity and business morality they are nowhere to be compared with the Chinese, who in that respect are the equal of any nation. And John Chinaman has another pretty quality; he has self-respect, a fine sense of personal dignity.

One thing further: without question, neither the Koreans nor the Chinese love overmuch the Japanese. The accusations they bring against them of being overbearing and so forth matter little. There is this fact, they have failed to win the affections of the Koreans and of the Chinese in those towns where they have become better known since the war. The Chinese seem to prefer the old Russian devil they knew, to the new devil they don't. But the answer thereunto mayhap is this, the sluggish sleeper will ever dislike his awakener, and Japan is striving to arouse both in her own way from their profound slumber. For ourselves, have we, too, not been slack, letting others take up the work we could and should have done in the Great

East, allowing ourselves to be shouldered to the wall? As at home, where our latch has been left to hang loose, free entrance to all, regardless of deadly risks to the well-being of our household, we have been careless of interests that spell trade and commerce, bread-and-butter and something besides, for the English millions engaged in other industries than farming.

Japan is the ideal land for the tourist and globe-trotter. But for the rest of us? Yet the people have plenty of good qualities, in spite of many that shock us of the West. Let that pass, for there are numbers of charming clever people in the land of the Rising Sun. And they are a frugal and industrious folk, though they do most things in a curious topsy-turvy way. In twenty thousand years they will have terraced or levelled most of Japan for rice cultivation, so those who wish to see a land where the beautiful is sought in the quaintly grotesque had better haste to pay their visit. For me, old England is good enough. There you are not wearied with the bizarre, and there is a sense of fulness with colour, odour, crisp air, song of birds, an abundance of sweet beauty; that is what is included in an English landscape.

By the Yellow Sea, that euphemism for a sea of mud, how many causes of quarrel and sanguinary wars have those "Oh, let us have peace at any price," radical Brahmins of the United Kingdom cost ourselves and the world? They shirk or would

have us delegate to others our duty by ourselves, and the consequences must ever be the same as the putting off the evil day. A war averted only when properly put aside is a real peace gained. Vodka for a Russian, saki for a Japanese—what have we to do with that, or either, except to see that none overrun us, or limit our activities? I have no faith in entangling alliances, and fear that in the end we will be the losers. It had been wiser that we did our own work, as time, I am convinced, will show. If there are to be alliances, prudence would suggest that they be with our nearest neighbours, France and America. But I would not that we curtail our sympathy one jot for Japan, whether she is fighting our battle, or her own, or both together. Sympathy, yes, and good luck to Japan. She has bravely entered the lists, and in a magnificent manner acquitted herself of her big enemy, great and holy Russia. Still, half-Asiatic and of the Dark Ages, how can a free man sympathize with Russia? But we may deplore the condition of that 'country, and wish it soon changed for the better. And sympathy is not always of barren growth, but bears fruit. Therefore is sympathy even a marketable commodity, as the Japanese are sharp enough to know.

I have not written as a partisan, either pro-Japanese or pro-Russian, but as I have seen and learned, and have no need to take a reef in my conscience. Whatever I saw to admire in the Russians I have not been slack to prize—the size and daring

of their schemes, their lavish outlay to gain an object. Nor have I forgotten their lack of consideration, their contempt of moral obstacles, and their overhaste and incapacity for detail. But here is England crying out, "Well done, little Jap!" Certainly, he deserves all credit for the successful manner in which he has vanquished his Muscovite enemies. But be not misled in two things. Lord Wolseley and others long ago quite realized that Russia was not an all-powerful colossus; and all the frothy bunkum that has been published notwithstanding, the Japanese soldier is not the "best infantryman in the world." The past has made, and the future alike will make this most clear. The fount of the Norse, and of the Anglo-Saxon blood, has not yet run dry, nor has its vigour ceased. I know of regiments, and of battalions of British marines who are second to none, and have seen them in the field, as well as the little men of Japan, and I have no fear of the so-called Yellow peril; for I am still a believer in my own race and Tommy Atkins's superiority. I still hold to that opinion, despite all the blazonment of Japanese bravery and fierce courage. Give Tommy a cause and a heartening, such as they have had, and he will meet and beat Dervishes again and again, and there are no living beings better fighters than my friends the Fuzzy Wuzzies.

And as for the Japanese. There be many I admire, I like, and would implicitly trust, but as a



nation, I confess, I distrust them somewhat, and have fears for the future. Still, they may emerge and rise to higher and better things. They are not without a certain divine afflatus, a desire to achieve higher ideals, and, if needs be, die to accomplish their object. Many amongst them ponder how to best bring about reforms, to advance art, science, morals, life. You cannot altogether despair of such a people, and must but hope and pray that all go well with them. And so, too, for Russia, and the rude, untutored, belated races thereof, whose peasants are simple and most kind of nature, loving their friends, hating their enemies.

My original barbaric, best issue of the war was, for the future peace of the world, that both nations should have something of the fate of the two fighting Kilkenny cats; therein, I thought, lay the avoidance of future trouble from swaggering Samurai or marauding Cossack. And I am not yet unapprehensive of "difficulties" being created for England out of the situation if Japan emerges as triumphant conqueror. Is it not strange that our own kith and kin, though their nearest neighbours, distrust, yea, dislike the Japanese? I refer to the Americans, the Canadians, of British Columbia, and the Australians. The United States of America pointedly decline to admit them to residence or citizenship, the Australians do the same, and British Columbia has adopted a like attitude, but their local legislature had been over-ruled by the Central or

Dominion Government. But the latter will not always, even for reasons of State, be enabled to override the express will of a prosperous, independent sub-colony. Wherefore this apparently intolerant attitude directed against the Japanese? We in England have sometimes a worse, an uninformed and impertinent, telling others that we know their immediate interests and business better than themselves. The fact may be, and is, deplorable, but intense dislike of the Japanese does exist in the countries named. Therein lies but one of the sources of quarrel, of conflict for us in the future with Japan. If the Mikado's Government after the war insist that their citizens shall enjoy the same rights, the same freedom as other nationalities to entrance, liberty of action, and citizenship as other people, and the white races, and the Australians decline to concede these privileges, as they will, are we going to attempt to coerce our colonists to change their views and their laws? Should we? Can we? That the questions as here foreshadowed will speedily arise in some form, there can be no doubt. And anon you will have the same issues presented in British Columbia. What America may do is her concern. It is ours with regard to Canada and Australia, and therefore here has place. Remember, when Japan wins through this war, with salved and new ships, she should be in possession of about twenty battleships, not counting what China may add thereto. What Power is there that

will find it possible to send a fleet of forty battle-ships ; with requisite auxiliaries in cruisers and torpedo craft, to deal with Japan in the event of a dispute, still worse in the event of another sudden declaration of war against a first-class Power? To send less would be to court disaster, and even forty would not, at that distance, ensure success. Surely there is in the situation that which should give pause, awaken attention, and cause measures to be taken that will ensure future peace, the free exercise of British enterprises in commerce, and good government in the Empire of the East.

THE END





